THE WEST

TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

SEPTEMBER 1964
35¢ PDC

REVENGE OF LIVER-EATING JOHNSON

A new story by Raymond Thorp, the West's greatest authority on this weird character

HANGINGS IN OLD SPOKANE

PETE'S PICKLED INDIANS

TEXAS' CRAZIEST WAR

DID BEN WATTSON KNOW SECRETS OF THE GUADALUPE MOUNTAINS?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEED MONEY?

SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER!

OVER 50 YEARS SERVICE BASED ON CONFIDENCE AND TRUST
STATE SUPERVISED

TO INTRODUCE
OUR CONFIDENTIAL BORROW-BY-MAIL
PERSONAL SERVICE IF YOU ACT NOW

BORROW ANY AMOUNT
FROM $100.00 TO **$1000**

ON YOUR SIGNATURE
IN COMPLETE CONFIDENCE
HANDLED ENTIRELY BY MAIL

THIS CASH CAN BE WAITING FOR YOU APPLY NOW

PAYMENTS AS LOW AS $5.61 MONTHLY (depending on amount borrowed)

NO AGENTS • NO RED TAPE • FAST SERVICE

Always have money when you need it! Live a little better, have the things you want, enjoy peace of mind and freedom from financial worries! This confidential BORROW BY MAIL PLAN provides cash for any purpose. Borrow from the privacy of your home. No agents will call, no red tape . . . handled entirely by mail on your signature. You get fast service no matter where you live. The chart on the right shows monthly repayment plan. Other amounts accordingly. You deal with an old reliable company who has helped thousands of men and women solve their financial problems.

PERSONAL LOANS BY MAIL
All transactions are handled in strict confidence. Nobody need know that you are borrowing. This is a personal confidence that we maintain. All details sent in plain envelope. You are charged only for the actual time you keep the money. Pay faster — your cost is less.

MEN AND WOMEN CAN APPLY
Borrowing money is a good idea. You pay your bills promptly, have a good credit rating, live better, have more peace of mind. One small monthly repayment eases your financial load. All we ask is that you be steadily employed and able to repay the regular monthly payments.

EASY TO BORROW BY MAIL
To get the money you need, fill in the HANDY REQUEST COUPON. No obligation. As soon as your application is approved, the cash you want will be sent. What's more, we guarantee that you'll be 100% satisfied with the way we do business or you can return our money within 15 days after the loan has been made without any charges or cost to you. What could be more honest and straightforward than this! Act now!

Amount of Loan	24 Monthly Payments
$100	$ 5.61
$300	$16.83
$500	$27.73
Amount of Loan	**30 Monthly Payments**
$800	$36.33
$1000	$44.39

GUARANTEE
You must be 100% satisfied with us. If you are not completely satisfied with the entire transaction, you have the privilege of returning our check within 15 days at no cost or charge to you. What could be more honest and straightforward than this!

AMERICAN LOAN PLAN, Dept. XY-155
City National Building, Omaha 2, Nebr.

BORROW MONEY FOR ANY PURPOSE

MAIL THIS HANDY REQUEST NOW

American Loan Plan, Dept. XY-155
City National Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebr.

Gentlemen: Please rush details in plain envelope. I understand that I am not under any obligation and that this will be kept in strictest confidence.

PRINT INFORMATION REQUESTED BELOW

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____
NO. STREET

CITY _____ STATE _____

HOW LONG _____ TEL. NO. _____

EMPLOYED BY _____
NAME

ADDRESS CITY STATE

HOW LONG _____ SALARY _____

OCCUPATION _____

NAME OF WIFE _____

EMPLOYED BY _____

DATE YOU WISH TO PAY _____

CREDIT REFERENCES

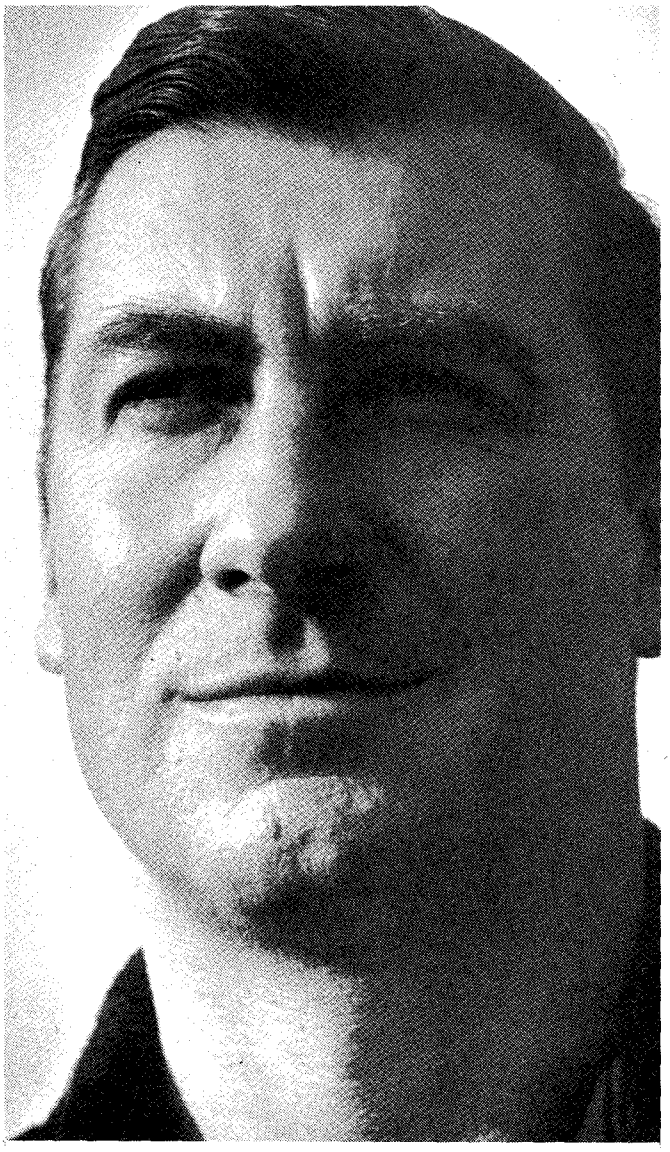
1. _____
ADDRESS CITY STATE

2. _____
ADDRESS CITY STATE

3. _____
ADDRESS CITY STATE

Signed _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IT TAKES A REAL MAN TO WIN AN I.C.S. DIPLOMA!

Here's training for the man who can take it "straight"—without the fancy trimmings.

With I.C.S., your "classroom" is your home. Your "laboratory" or "shop" is the place you work. Every minute you spend is productive—no commuting, no long-winded discussion groups, no waiting for slower students to catch up.

You gauge your progress not by marks and grades alone but by pay boosts and promotions. And these are likely to come fast.

This is the most demanding kind of training. You select your own subjects, set your own pace, apply what you learn to your own specific needs —all while holding down a full-time job and possibly supporting a family.

Is it any wonder that men who can win I.C.S. diplomas often turn out to be leaders in their fields? I.C.S. has more of its former students now in supervisory and management positions than any other school.

It takes a real man to win an I.C.S. diploma. And the first step is mailing the coupon. Such a simple act sounds easy. Actually, it's the one thing that separates the "planners" from the "plodders." If you're the man we think you are, you'll mail the coupon NOW.

Clip coupon here—and take your first big step to real success! **I.C.S., Scranton, Penna. 18515**

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS ICS

Box K1550F, Scranton, Penna. 18515 (In Hawaii: P. O. Box 418, Honolulu. In Canada: I. C. S. Canadian, Ltd., Montreal.)

Without cost or obligation, rush me FREE Success Kit, with 3 valuable booklets: (1) How to Succeed; (2) opportunity booklet about the field I've checked below; (3) sample I. C. S. lesson.

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING TRADES
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Carpentry & Millwork
- ☐ House Planning
- ☐ Painting
- ☐ Plumbing & Heating

ART and DESIGN
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Interior Decorating
- ☐ Magazine Illustrating
- ☐ Show Card & Sign Painting
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding
- ☐ Auto Electrical Technician
- ☐ Automobile Mechanic
- ☐ Engine (Gas & Diesel)
- ☐ Engine Tune-Up
- ☐ Transmission Specialist

AVIATION
- ☐ Aero Engineering
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Aircraft Mechanic

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Bus. Administration
- ☐ Executive Training
- ☐ Mgmt. Accounting
- ☐ Marketing
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Programming for *Digital Computers*
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Real Estate
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Sales Mgmt.
- ☐ Small Business Mgmt.
- ☐ Traffic Mgmt.

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Engineering
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Nuclear Energy
- ☐ Plastics
- ☐ Pulp, Paper

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Highway Blueprints
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Structural Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineering
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Architectural
- ☐ *Drafting Technology*
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ Mechanical

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Elec. Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Motor Repairman
- ☐ Industrial Telemetering
- ☐ Instrument Technician
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman

ELECTRONICS
- ☐ Automation
- ☐ Basic Electronics
- ☐ Electronic Computers
- ☐ Electronics Technician
- ☐ Hi-Fi Stereo and Sound Systems
- ☐ Industrial Electronics

ENGINEERING (*Professional*)
- ☐ Chemical
- ☐ *Civil*
- ☐ Electrical
- ☐ *Mechanical*

ENGLISH and WRITING
- ☐ Better Business Writing
- ☐ Introductory *Technical Writing*
- ☐ Short Story Writing
- ☐ *Practical English*

HIGH SCHOOL (Diploma)
- ☐ High School General
- ☐ High School Math
- ☐ High School Secretarial
- ☐ High School Vocational
- ☐ College Preparatory

LANGUAGES (Edited by Berlitz)
- ☐ French
- ☐ *German*
- ☐ Italian
- ☐ *Spanish*

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Gas and Electric Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Toolmaking
- ☐ *Safety Engineering*

SECRETARIAL
- ☐ Clerk-Typist
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Shorthand
- ☐ Stenographic
- ☐ Typist

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ *Boiler Inspector*
- ☐ Power Plant *Engineering*
- ☐ Stationary Diesel *Engineering*
- ☐ Steam Engineering

SUPERVISION
- ☐ Foremanship—Supv'n
- ☐ Personnel—Lab. Rel'ns

TV-RADIO
- ☐ Radio and TV Servicing
- ☐ Radio-Telephone License
- ☐ TV Technician
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Engineering

MISCELLANEOUS
- ☐ Textile
- ☐ Other (please specify) _____

Name _____ Age _____ Sex _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Occupation _____

Employed by _____ Working Hours _____

Special low rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAMOUS PRINTS of the OLD WEST

in full color, now offered to readers of THE WEST

CHARLES M. RUSSELL WATERCOLORS OF THE OLD WEST

Exciting paintings of Indians and life on the open plains, by the famous "cowboy artist." These PENN PRINTS reproductions are in vivid color. Russell's truthful observation and stirring subject matter make these an American art event of first importance. Portfolio of six prints originally published at $7.50 —now $3.00.

Mercer, Arundel & Co., Ltd.
P.O. Box 111
Freeport, N.Y. 11520

Please send: (Cash, M.O. or check enclosed)

_____Russell portfolio(s) @ $3.00
no C.O.D.s — Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

please print

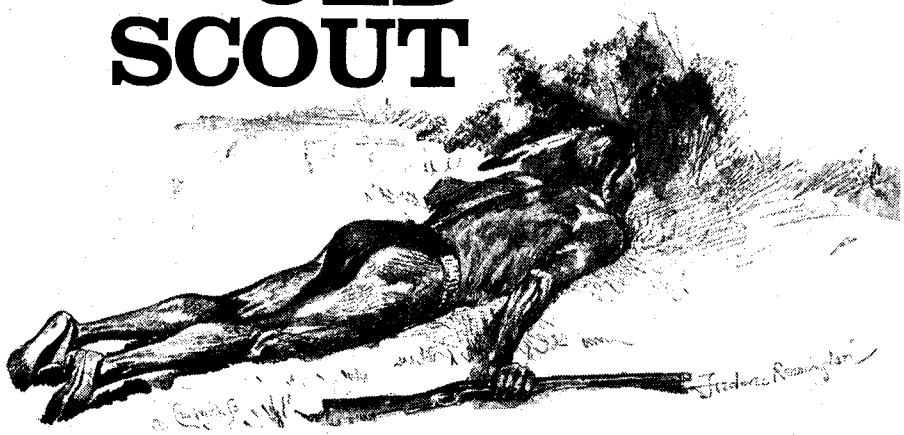
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zone _____

THE EDITOR SPEAKS

THE OLD SCOUT



A Frederic Remington Picture, Century Magazine, July 1891

OLD COYOTE JAKE, friend of my youth in New Mexico, would have called it, "One of them dang blamed crazy miracles." That's the only way we can describe the sale of our first issue of THE WEST. The final figures are now coming ni from the distributors and they have the circulation men, the advertising men, the publisher, the editor, everybody, blinking like night owls to make sure they aren't looking at some mirage in the desert.

They just don't seem to make sense, the sales figures, but they are there and as a result we can announce now that with the next issue of THE WEST, you will be getting it monthly, which is what most of you have been yelping for in your letters. Not only will THE WEST be a monthly, but another Western magazine is being planned. The title can't be given now because the contest—$100.00 for the person who gives us the best title for the new magazine—is still going on at this time. You can be sure it will be as outstanding a Western magazine as THE WEST. More about it in the next issue.

★ ★ ★

This decision by the publishers to make THE WEST monthly instead of bi-monthly hit us in the editorial department like a blast from a Kansas cyclone. Just as we thought we might sit back long enough to catch our breath from the frantic day and night work of getting material for the first issues, we get word that the magazine will be a monthly.

So again we are at it day and night, going through the story outlines our regulars have sent to us, getting rare pictures for each story, and all the work that goes with getting out a magazine. But we have everything in hand, and even though it means day and night work, it is thrilling and we are having a great time and we know you'll find the stories our correspondents have found in the old records and historical societies exciting reading and something fresh and new about the Old West. We have some real surprises for you, ones that will set some so-called historians back on their heels, and as with all our stories, every detail will be documented and this documentation is yours for the asking.

★ ★ ★

We have received a number of complaints from subscribers that their copy of THE WEST came folded in an envelope and the folding has left a crease that won't come out. We have notified all subscribers by mail that the practice of mailing copies of THE WEST folded in an envelope will be discontinued and the magazine will come to them flat. Also we have notified subscribers that if their copy was badly creased and they want a new copy, tear off the cover of your magazine and mail it to THE WEST, P.O. Box 359, Merrick, Long Island, New York 11566. A new copy of the magazine will be mailed to you.

★ ★ ★

Just how rough was the life on the prairies in those old days? You probably have asked yourself that question many times. The dime novel boys have given this life a certain romantic touch, tinged with heroic death, that certainly is not the true picture of those days. We think we have found the answer for you in the remarkable series starting in this issue, LIFE ON THE FRONTIER WAS ROUGH, by Robert M. Wright. Wright was one-time mayor of Dodge City in its heyday of excitement and is the author of *Dodge City, the Cowboy Capital.*

But long before Dodge City was even thought of Robert M. Wright was out on the prairies, enduring the dangers and the hardships, and in these articles, a speech given before the Kansas State Historical Society, he gives us a graphic picture of those days and what really happened. We think this feature is a real gem and we know our readers will find it both interesting and exciting. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEST

TRUE STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

SEPT. 1964 VOL. 1, NO. 4

Editor— MILT GRAYSON

Research Director— JOHN LYNCH

Art Director— WALTER PINKAVA

Picture Editor— HERBERT FRANCESSO

MOSE MILLER, MAD KILLER OF COOKSON HILLS ..... by Jack Forbes 10

DID BEN WATTSON KNOW SECRETS OF GUADALUPE MOUNTAINS? ..... by T. L. Knoles 13

HANGINGS IN OLD SPOKANE ..... by Gary Williams 14

WHY "OLD ABE" DIDN'T SPIT FIRE ..... by John J. Miles 16

STRANGE CRIMES OF BILL THE HEALER ..... by Major Frank Mahon 19

LIFE ON THE FRONTIER WAS ROUGH ..... by Robert M. Wright 20

PETE'S PICKLED INDIANS ..... by Dave Brandon 24

REVENGE OF LIVER-EATING JOHNSON ..... by Raymond Thorp 26

EARLY WESTERN HUNTERS ..... by Kit Carson 29

THE STRANGE STORY OF "CLUB FOOT" GEORGE ..... by E. Laughlin 30

THE SHAME OF SAND CREEK ..... by J. P. Dunn Jr. 32

TEXAS' CRAZIEST WAR ..... by Harold Preece 36

DOUBLED BARRELED HELL ..... by Morton Gray 39

THE WHITMAN MISSION HORROR ..... by Jack Bishop 40

WHO WERE THESE GIANTS? ..... by John Mathais 43

MINING GOLD IN CATTLE ..... by Joe Dugan 44

● SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OLD SCOUT ..... The Editor Speaks 4

THE MAIL POUCH ..... Letters From Our Readers 6

ROUND-UP TIME ..... Questions and Answers 46

● SHORT FEATURES

NAMING OF THE MINE 58

SURE THING 62

Cover painting by Douglas Rosa

THE WEST, published monthly by Western Periodicals Inc., 1472 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10036. Vol. 1 No. 4, Sept., 1964.

Copyright 1964 by Western Periodicals Inc.

Price 35¢ per copy, $4.00 per year. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material submitted must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the U. S. A. at World Color Press, Inc., Sparta, Ill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAIL POUCH

THE LETTERS are still pouring in from our readers praising our new magazine, and you'll have to excuse the vanity of a rip-roaring old-time cowpoke if some of these letters are published. But included in these letters are arguments about the stories and the points raised in them.

Harold Preece stirred up something like a miniature cyclone with his story STRANGE TRUTH ABOUT PRINT OLIVE. It seems that this midget sawed-off gunman (he wasn't much more than five feet tall) suddenly has developed a new group of defenders. His defamers throughout the years have been as numerous as ticks on a Texas longhorn. The number of letters received about Print Olive are far too many for all of them to be published. So here is a sample of both sides of the argument.

AGREES WITH HAROLD PREECE

Howdy Milt:

Congratulations to you and to that excellent writer, Harold Preece, for the fine story on Print Olive in your second issue. My nephew in New Mexico sent me a copy of THE WEST. Mr. Preece has hit the nail right square on the head about this character, this midget gunman. You see, my folks come from Custer County and my granddad knew Print Olive and all the facts about the lynching and burning of Ketchum and Mitchell. There wasn't much dispute in those days about the facts. The few that were in the hire of Print Olive stood up for him, but they didn't do it with any great enthusiasm.

The rest of the population had Print Olive tabbed for what he really was — a psychotic killer. Granddad said that because he was small, Print Olive did a lot of strutting and to him brutality was proof that he was really a man. Granddad didn't give Ketchum and Mitchell a clean bill of health, but nothing in their background justified their brutal murder by a blood-crazed beast, which was all Print Olive was. Everybody knew at the time that Print Olive had the bodies burned and there were plenty who could swear that he poured the coal oil on the bodies himself.

In keeping with a new trend of Western history, some writers have attempted to paint Print Olive as a fine and upstanding citizen. One writer even has him crying like a baby because somebody had killed Ketchum and Mitchell. Just how silly can these writers get? It isn't difficult to change a word here and there in a sentence and make it mean something else. Facts can be suppressed. This is what this new school of defenders of Print Olive are doing. To anybody knowing the story, their theories have holes big enough to drive wagons through.

Every student of the Old West must take his hat off to Mari Sandoz, the magnificent historian. Read her book on Print Olive and you will get cold stark truth about this beast of the prairies. Other books and many fine magazine articles have been written about him and painting him in his true colors. And now Harold Preece enters the picture with a fine piece on Print Olive, and nobody is going to say that Harold Preece is not a first class historian whose books are among the finest on the Old West.

Your magazine is the finest thing on the newsstands about the Old West. It leaves the other mags miles behind in accuracy, fine reading, and rare old pictures that often tell the story of the West better than words.

Yours for the truth about the Old West,
Dave Unruh
P.O. Box 189,
Times Plaza Station
Brooklyn, N.Y.

DISAGREES WITH PREECE

Dear Mr. Grayson:

Mr. Harold Preece's "Strange Truth About Print Olive" was interestingly enough written, but it seemed to contain most of the emotional mish-mash which has dogged the Olive trail for many years.

Mr. Preece, although mentioning Harry Chrisman's book, *The Ladder of Rivers,* does not mention the considerable amount of research done by Mr. Chrisman. He also mentions the book by Mari Sandoz, *The Cattlemen,* and he likewise failed to mention the sources for that version.

According to testimony, Print Olive gave Barney Gillan some money after Mitchell and Ketchum were hanged. Mr. Preece would have the money exchanging hands in Plum Creek when the prisoners were placed in a wagon for the trip to Custer County.

There was no evidence presented that I know of that Whit Ketchum was tortured by Olive or any of his men, although admittedly, being "ironed" as he was with a wounded arm was probably something akin to torture.

Bion Brown's testimony did not brand Print Olive as a *man burner* as Mr. Preece suggests. Quite the opposite! Brown's testimony was as follows:

"Olive had a Winchester rifle in his hand and stepping up shot Mitchell in the right side; the wagon was driven by Gartrell to a large elm tree which Olive said would not do; Gartrell then drove to a smaller tree. Olive tied a rope around Mitchell's neck and the *(Continued on page 59)*

ALL MAIL POUCH letters should be addressed to Western Periodicals, Inc., 1472 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036.

WESTERN PERIODICALS INC.
Subscription Department
P. O. Box 359
Merrick, N. Y. 11566

Please enter my subscription to THE WEST. I enclose:
$4.00 for a year's subscription (12 issues)
$7.00 for a two-year subscription (24 issues)
IMPORTANT: Please start my subscription with the _____ issue.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Order on a separate sheet of paper if you do not want to cut this magazine. Be sure to include name, address, city, state and zip number.

NOW WE'RE MONTHLY!

Due to the large number of requests received from readers THE WEST goes monthly with this issue.

Subscribers who sent in money for a yearly subscription (six issues when we published bi-monthly) will receive six issues on the monthly basis. All subscribers will be notified the month before their subscription expires.

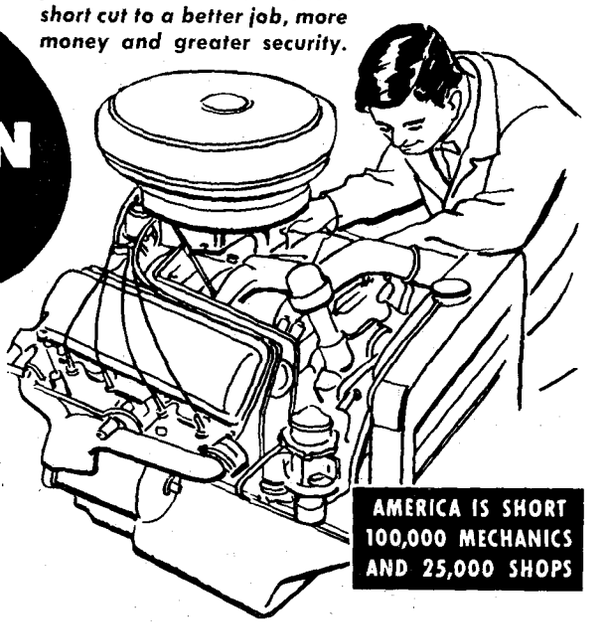
The new rates are $4.00 for one year (12 issues) and $7.00 for a two-year subscription (24 issues).

REMEMBER the next issue of THE WEST will be the October issue, on sale at your newsstands July 30th.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMAZING NEW HOME TRAINING PLAN IN AUTO REPAIRING

Important news for the inexperienced man who needs a short cut to a better job, more money and greater security.

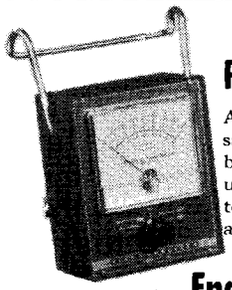


So practical that many students earn money repairing cars in their spare time . . . while training for a top pay job or their own business

No longer need you stand by as experienced mechanics take their choice of thousands of job openings in the auto repairing field. Now you can get ready for a better-pay job—or your own business—by training at home in spare time.

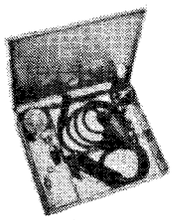
CTI's fine home study course is expertly written, clearly illustrated, easily understandable. It offers up-to-date knowledge. It includes mechanic's tools and accurate test instruments. It provides, Job Experience Projects which help you put knowledge and tools to use. It's so practical that many students earn money in spare time while training. Get the full story: *Mail coupon below for the CTI catalog, sample lessons, and a booklet, "Proof From Graduates."*

You learn by practicing — get experience — with tools and instruments that CTI sends



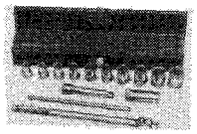
Portable Viso-Analyzer

Another CTI "first." Called "the most versatile of all trouble-shooting instruments" by a leading auto trade magazine. You will use it to detect failures in the electrical system. A great time and work saver. Available only with CTI training.



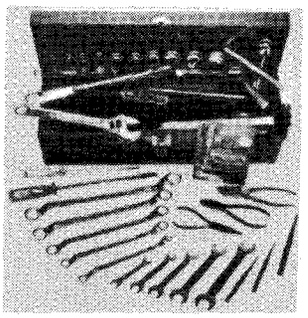
Engine Tune-Up Kit With Case

You get an engine Tune-Up Kit. It includes a Compression Tester; Vacuum Gauge & Fuel Pump Tester; Ignition Timing Light; portable steel case. These accurate, quality instruments help you locate engine troubles quickly. Simple to use and read. Indispensable for efficient and speedy mechanical work.



A Set of Tools

(including socket set)



You also receive a set of Mechanic's Tools, including socket set and tray. CTI kits are professional in design — the kind that experienced mechanics own and use. *No extra charge for kits!*

30 Job Experience Projects!

As part of its practical training program, CTI sends you 30 Job Experience Projects. These *exclusive* projects make it easy for you to make the transition from lessons to repairs. You learn by practicing, gain skill in the use of tools and test instruments, acquire useful experience that builds your confidence. CTI shop projects do away with — or sharply reduce — lower pay apprenticeship . . . get you into the top pay bracket more quickly.

Go in Business for Yourself—Be the Boss

The average pay of an auto mechanic compares favorably with the best in all industry. But, if you prefer, you can open a shop—start your own business. It is estimated that America is short 25,000 shops. CTI provides you with the required all-around mechanical training to go on your own. You learn tune-up and overhaul; electric, cooling and lubricating systems; power steering and brakes; automatic transmissions. Even a choice of either Diesel Mechanics or Body & Fender Rebuilding instruction!

Proof of Success Is Progress of Students

"Am now a senior auto mechanic. Made $800 during training."—*Ronald Wharton, Md.* "Started a small business in my garage. Now have two part-time helpers."—*John Reed, Cal.* "Am proud I finished course. Have two job offers."—*Barden Vance, Ind.* "Am working as a mechanic and earn twice what I used to. Made $25 a week as I trained."—*Jerome Slowik, Ill.* "Have three job offers. Made $170 as a student."—*Willie Cooper, Fla.*

Many Earn Cash Soon After Starting Course

Many CTI students begin fixing cars after a few lessons. They earn extra money—which helps pay tuition, buys extra equipment. At the same time, these students become more skillful and experienced in the use of tools and testing instruments.

Diesel or Body & Fender Rebuilding Included

Diesel Mechanics or Body and Fender Rebuilding instruction is provided by CTI in addition to the complete course and 30 shop experience projects in Auto Mechanics. No extra charge for this training. Only CTI offers you this generous choice.

This Is How You Get the Complete Story

First get the facts—then decide. Fill out and mail coupon. We'll send valuable free catalog, sample lessons, testimonials, other information. No obligation. Act today! Mail coupon at once.

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE
1400 GREENLEAF AVENUE
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS DEPT. A-460

Mail me your three booklets: *Make Big Money in Auto Mechanics, Lesson Samples, and Proof From Graduates.* All are free.

NAME_____ Age_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____

CLIP COUPON BEFORE YOU TURN THIS PAGE—MAIL TO CTI TODAY

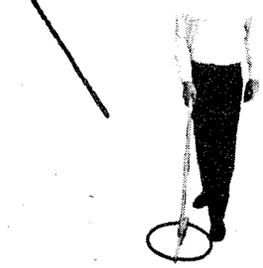
COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE • CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS
ACCREDITED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sensational.....12T.....

Visual Indicator Assists in Pin-Pointing Object

Handle Adjustable to suit Operator's Height



FANTASTIC LOW PRICE

JUST $19.95 KIT

★ Folding handle for easy carrying in hand or car. Removable handle for easy storage.

★ A 2 pound featherweight that does the work of a giant.

★ Fully Transistorized, Sensitive, Rugged.

★ Not affected by salt or fresh water. Works through mud, concrete, wood, rock, snow, ice. Ideal for beach combing, exploring ghost towns, detecting war relics, gold deposits.

TRANSISTOR

TREASURE DETECTOR

FOR BURIED TREASURE! GOLD & SILVER! EXPLORING GHOST TOWNS! Use the Model 12T for locating all types of metal and detectable mineral. It works through mud, concrete, water and wood.

The 12T has a range of several feet for large metal objects. For instance, it will detect a three foot square treasure chest about five feet deep. Smaller objects are detected at shorter ranges.

The 12T is lightweight and easy to carry. Its flashlight battery powers the RELCO 12T and needs replacing only once or twice a year under normal operating conditions. The 12T is transistorized—there are no tubes to break or become weak. Use it on the beach, parks, around abandoned houses—anywhere. It is not affected by salt water.

The 12T is designed for use with any kind of portable radio. The detection signal is heard in the radio's speaker. The 12T is one of the most completely functional metal detectors available. It actually uses the highly stable signal from a radio station (tuned in by the portable radio) as a reference signal for greater stability. This serves to prevent false indications due to reference signal drift. It is not necessary to make any connections to the radio as it can be several feet away from the locator. If you don't already own a portable radio you will find that many five and six transistor models are now quite inexpensive. Chances are you have been wanting one anyway.

Additional literature available.

ASSEMBLE YOUR OWN LOCATOR AND SAVE

Even if you have no electronic experience you can follow our clearly illustrated instructions and assemble the 12T. All holes are predrilled. Simply insert the leads from the color-coded components in the numbered holes in the mounting plate and make a few simple solder connections.

If you prefer we can ship our 12T-B kit, same as the 12T, but with the entire electronic circuit pre-assembled and tested at slightly additional cost. You need then only to assemble the exploring coil, base, and attach the handle. No soldering is necessary. The only tools needed are pliers and a knife.

RELCO, Dept. B-17, BOX 10563, HOUSTON 18, TEXAS.

Please ship the following immediately:

( ) 12T ($19.95), ( ) 12T-B ($24.50). Add $1.00 for postage and shipping.

( ) Send additional free literature.

Amt. enclosed $_____ (cash, ck., M.O.)

All items shipped parcel post. C.O.D. orders require $10.00 deposit. No dealer discounts.

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____ CITY_____ STATE_____

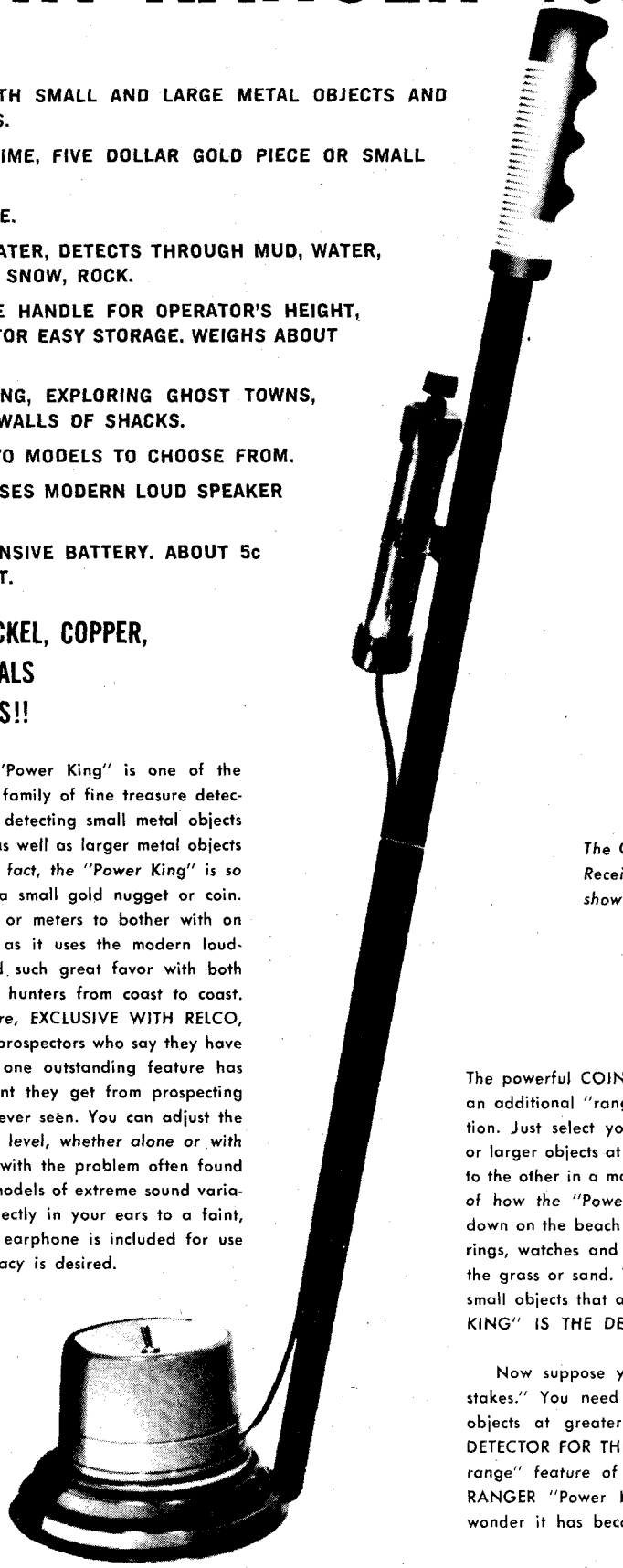
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COIN-RANGER "POWER KING"

TRANSISTOR

TREASURE DETECTOR

- HIGHLY SENSITIVE TO BOTH SMALL AND LARGE METAL OBJECTS AND DETECTABLE MINERALS.
- WILL DETECT A SINGLE DIME, FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE OR SMALL NUGGET.
- EXTENDED RANGE FEATURE.
- NOT AFFECTED BY SALT WATER, DETECTS THROUGH MUD, WATER, WOOD, CONCRETE, ICE, SNOW, ROCK.
- LIGHTWEIGHT, ADJUSTABLE HANDLE FOR OPERATOR'S HEIGHT, HANDLE DETACHABLE FOR EASY STORAGE. WEIGHS ABOUT 2 POUNDS.
- IDEAL FOR BEACH COMBING, EXPLORING GHOST TOWNS, SEARCHING BETWEEN WALLS OF SHACKS.
- EXTREMELY SENSITIVE. TWO MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM.
- FULLY TRANSISTORIZED. USES MODERN LOUD SPEAKER TECHNIQUE.
- USES ONE SMALL, INEXPENSIVE BATTERY. ABOUT 5c A DAY OPERATING COST.



The COIN-RANGER in action. The "Companion Receiving Unit" containing the loud-speaker is shown clipped to operator's belt.

DETECTS GOLD, SILVER, NICKEL, COPPER, IRON AND ALL OTHER METALS AND DETECTABLE MINERALS!!

The transistorized CON-RANGER "Power King" is one of the most popular members of RELCO'S family of fine treasure detectors. It is designed specifically for detecting small metal objects such as individual coins and rings as well as larger metal objects and deposits at greater depths. In fact, the "Power King" is so sensitive that it will easily detect a small gold nugget or coin. There are no annoying earphones or meters to bother with on the COIN-RANGER "Power King" as it uses the modern loud-speaker technique that has gained such great favor with both amateur and professional treasure hunters from coast to coast. Incidentally, reaction to this feature, EXCLUSIVE WITH RELCO, has been overwhelming. Seasoned prospectors who say they have "tried them all" tell us that this one outstanding feature has added more to the sheer enjoyment they get from prospecting than any other feature they have ever seen. You can adjust the volume for a comfortable listening level, whether alone or with companions, and not be bothered with the problem often found in some conventional "earphone" models of extreme sound variations from ear-splitting screams directly in your ears to a faint, barely audible whisper. A plug-in earphone is included for use when prospecting in complete privacy is desired.

ONLY

$85.00

COMPLETE WITH ALL ACCESSORIES, READY TO OPERATE.

Additional literature available.

The powerful COIN-RANGER "Power King" is equipped with an additional "range extender" feature for greater penetration. Just select your range, small objects near the surface or larger objects at greater depths. You can change from one to the other in a matter of seconds. Here is a typical example of how the "Power King" can be used. Suppose you are down on the beach or park-site and want to search for coins, rings, watches and such other valuables as are often lost in the grass or sand. You need a detector that will detect these small objects that are usually near the surface. THE "POWER KING" IS THE DETECTOR FOR THIS JOB.

Now suppose you decide to search deeper for "bigger stakes." You need a detector that will detect these larger objects at greater depths. THE "POWER KING" IS THE DETECTOR FOR THIS JOB TOO. Here's where the "extended range" feature of the "Power King" pays off. The COIN-RANGER "Power King" is like two detectors in one. No wonder it has become a leader in its field.

RELCO, Dept. B-17, BOX 10563, HOUSTON 18, TEXAS.

( ) Ship "Power King" at once. ( ) Send additional free literature.

Amt. enclosed $_____ (cash, ck., M.O.)
We ship parcel post. C.O.D. orders require $10.00 deposit.

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____ CITY_____ STATE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Jack Forbes

MOSE MILLER, MAD KILLER OF THE COOKSON HILLS

Mose Miller (above) met his match in a man named John Brown.

HE FIGURED Old Man Madden was one more country storekeeper whose life or wares he could take without payment. This burly blackguard was known as Mose Miller, the mad killer of the Cookson Hills.

His .45 was trained on the elderly merchant in Braggs, the wildest hamlet of the outlaw-incubating Cookson Hills. "Uncle Billy" Madden, as everybody called the grayhaired storekeeper, saw death in those eyes and wanted desperately to live.

"I been good to everybody around here, Mr. Miller," he quavered. "Injun or white, I put 'em on my books for grub and hoss feed. Don't shoot. Don't——"

There was no appeal from Mose Miller's six gun. It roared. Uncle Billy Madden slumped across his counter, blood from a punctured lung spilling into a box of red striped stick candy that he kept set out for any kid with a sweet tooth.

His offense in the eyes of Mose Miller was that he had recognized Miller and his men after a raid on a bank in Sallisaw. This in itself was bad enough, but Old Man Madden hated the vicious killers the Cookson Hills bred and he told others what he had seen, which to the posse-dodging Miller meant he had to die.

The old man was stone dead as Miller walked out of the store. Outside a confederate was holding two broncs, both saddled. Miller's companion at arms was Andy Pettit, wanted with Miller and other six gun confreres for endless high crime in Arkansas and Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

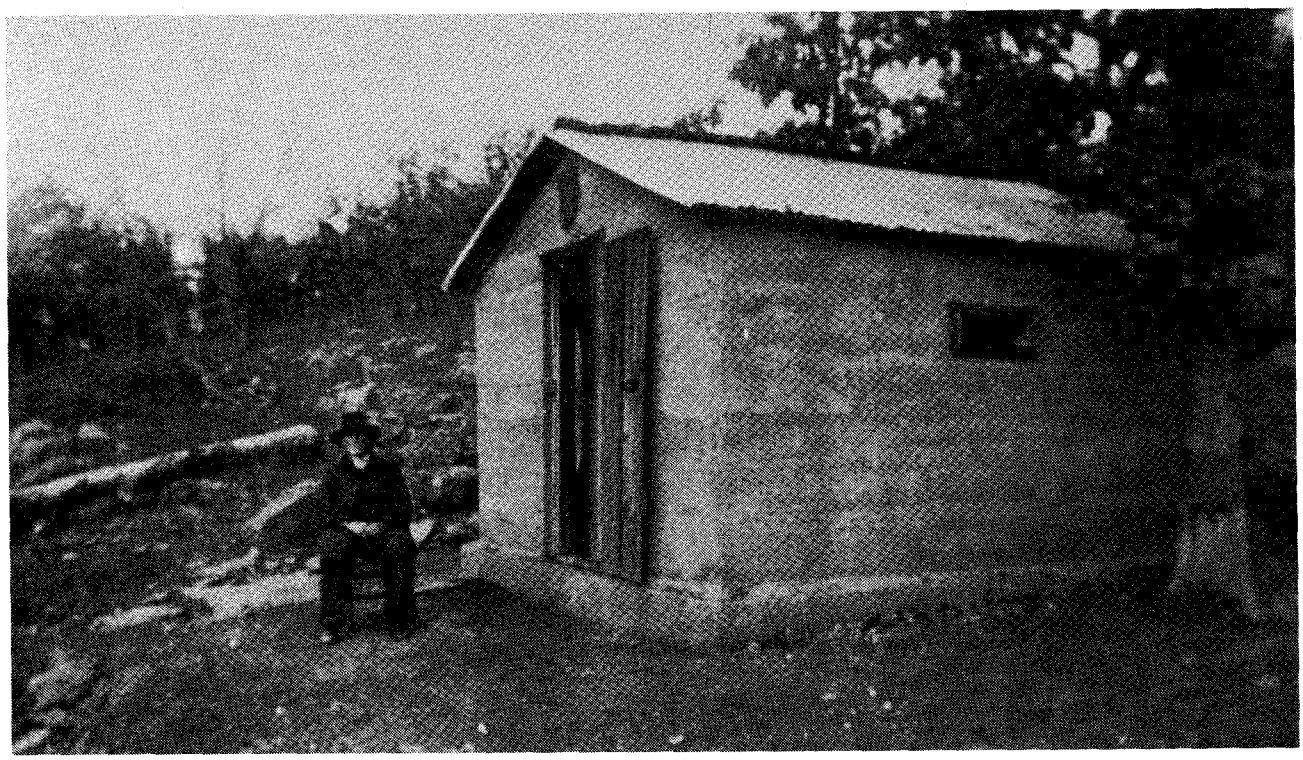
The two outlaws swung into saddles. "Got the old fool," Miller said as they headed down the miniscule main street of the settlement. "His goddam tongue won't be rattlin' anywhere now 'cept in hell."

Andy Pettit's face flushed from the news and from nips of Cookson moonshine. "Reckon the boys'll be right proud to hear it, Mose. Come on. Let's let this town know we been here."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only a mad killer such as Mose Miller could have conceived such a heinous surprise for a peace officer; and only John Brown could bring such a beast to justice

Bateman Collection Photos



Holing up in this little house failed to save the life of the Cookson Hills badman.

Their horses raced down Main Street scattering Indians and whites. The outlaws pulled their six guns to shoot into houses and to pot dogs barking frantic alarms.

On that warm March 22, 1894, drowsy Braggs was awakened once more by bad men come to hurrah it. Outside the town, groves of trees were marked with bullets fired in one battle after another between lawmen and outlaws. A Cherokee full-blood needing credit for a sack of flour found Uncle Billy Madden dead in his store. The little community on the remote eastern edge of the Cherokee Nation was thrown into a pall of grief for its kindliest and most popular citizen.

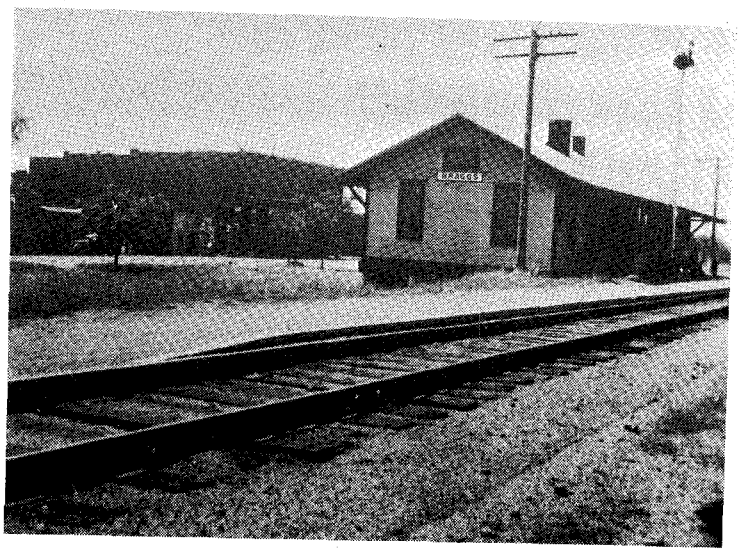
Two days later, Uncle Billy was buried following services conducted by a free lance preacher who happened to be passing through. Whites, full-blood Indians, half-breeds, aging Negroes who had once been slaves of rich Cherokees —all turned out to pay their last respects to the man whose generosity had seen them through many hard days.

One of the men staring at the face in the casket was John Brown of the Cherokee half-breed clan. Old Man Madden had been like a father to him. After Brown's father had died when Brown was still a youngster, the old storekeeper had given the family credit and fed them through two hard winters.

The eyes of Brown tightened and his lean face paled a little. A Cherokee never showed his grief outwardly. Brown was something of a nemesis to the outlaws of the Cookson Hills. He knew the Hills like a book, having spent his life in them, and when it came to trailing, few could surpass him at this skill.

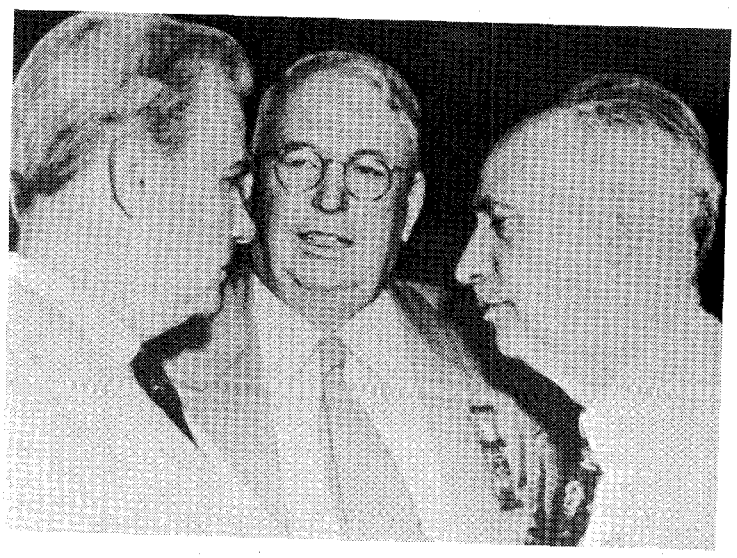
He left the graveyard abruptly, rode to Talequah, capital of the civilized, if weak, Cherokee Nation. He had hardly got started for Talequah when Mose Miller's spies brought word to Miller that Brown had been at the funeral and had left the unspoken impression that he would get the killer of old man Madden. Miller laughed. "That damned breed," he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Braggs was scene of Brown-Pettit shooting.

Marshal Morton Rutherford in later years.



Bateman Collection Photos

sneered. "Does he think he can corner Mose Miller? We'll give him a surprise he won't forget."

MOSE MILLER was right. Jim Brown never forgot that terrifying surprise and neither did Mose Miller until his neck dangled at the end of a rope.

At Talequah Brown talked with J. C. Harris, president of the Cherokee Nation, Charles Le Flore, head of the Cherokee Police, U.S. Marshals Morton Rutherford and Bud Ledbetter. They offered Brown any help he wanted to track down the Mose Miller gang, but Brown worked alone and all he wanted was warrants for the arrest of Miller and his men. He got these and rode out of Talequah, and as he did, Mose Miller was preparing for his heinous surprise.

Shortly after dark the Miller gang rode to Brown's little ranch and reined in before the house. From still another of his informants, the murderous hardware flinger knew that the owner was in the Cherokee capital on a mission boding no good for his business.

"Hey, Brown!" the outlaw called. "We got news for you. News about Mose Miller."

The door of the house opened. The figure of the lawman's fourteen-year-old son, Charlie Brown, stood revealed in the glow of the lamplight. Miller raised a rifle and fired three times. The boy fell dead across his own doorsill.

John Brown arrived home at dawn. He looked down at the face of his dead son and the face seemed to shrink a little and into his dark eyes came a look of deadly hate. And as he stood there patches of gray came in his hair, the mark of the grief that was tearing him apart. Marshal Rutherford and Bud Ledbetter came later that morning. Brown spurned all offers of help.

"It was my boy that was killed," he said. "The law of my tribe says that I must find the killer and I must do it alone."

From a part-Cherokee Negro freedman, Bob Howell, Deputy Brown learned the hiding place of the Miller gang. Their encampment was in a dense thicket at the foot of Packrat Mountain, a few miles north of Braggs. This information Brown kept strictly to himself. But he undertook a course that puzzled the residents of the little towns in the Cookson Hills.

His ability as a trailer and a woodsman was legendary. Among lawmen only Marshal Bud Ledbetter knew the Cooksons—that Western sub-range of the vast Ozarks—as well as John Brown.

Brown had hunted men and hunted deer all over these towering peaks and cavernous ravines. His son had been murdered. So why was he wasting time loafing and gossiping in the settlements when honor decreed that he be out stalking killers?

Whispers began going around that John Brown had lost his nerve. The more charitable said that he had gone a bit daft from the loss of his son. Marshal Rutherford, visiting him frequently, was puzzled, but Deputy Brown kept his own counsel when his superior tried to draw him out.

At the bandit rendezvous, Mose Miller heard of the lawman's behavior and whooped with laughter. "We sure learned that old breed a lesson," he shouted. "He'll be coming up after us soon and then we'll blast him to hell."

But Brown had no intention of going after Mose Miller and his men. He knew too well a posse never captured anybody in those Hills where a hundred caves offered perfect hiding places. He knew also that if he went up to Miller's hiding place, Miller and his men would get him before he got near the hideout.

His game was simple. Mose Miller and his men would have to come after him. The natives of the Hills didn't understand this. Brown didn't care. His only care was to avenge the murder of his 14-year-old son. The puzzled townsfolk did notice that Brown always made his unexpected appearances with an extra six-shooter strapped around his waist and a .12 gauge shotgun nestling in the pit of his arm. His face grew haggard. His lips were always silent in the flow of a small town's small talk.

Sometimes he showed up wearing an Indian blanket draped across his shoulders. Acceptable garb this was for the primitive full-bloods, but uncommon for a literate, church going half-breed. Rumors began circulating that John Brown was seeking consolation from the old medicine men of the full-blood clans, and that they were turning him into a "blanket injun."

At first Mose Miller was puzzled by Brown's peculiar actions, certain that he was too frightened to try to get him, but as the days and weeks passed and all the hill folk were talking about Brown and Mose Miller, it began to get on Miller's nerves and he decided to do something about "that crazy Breed," as he called Brown.

Mr. Miller's representative was considered expendable by his boss. He was Hank Flail, traveling in heady company after breaking jail in Arkansas.

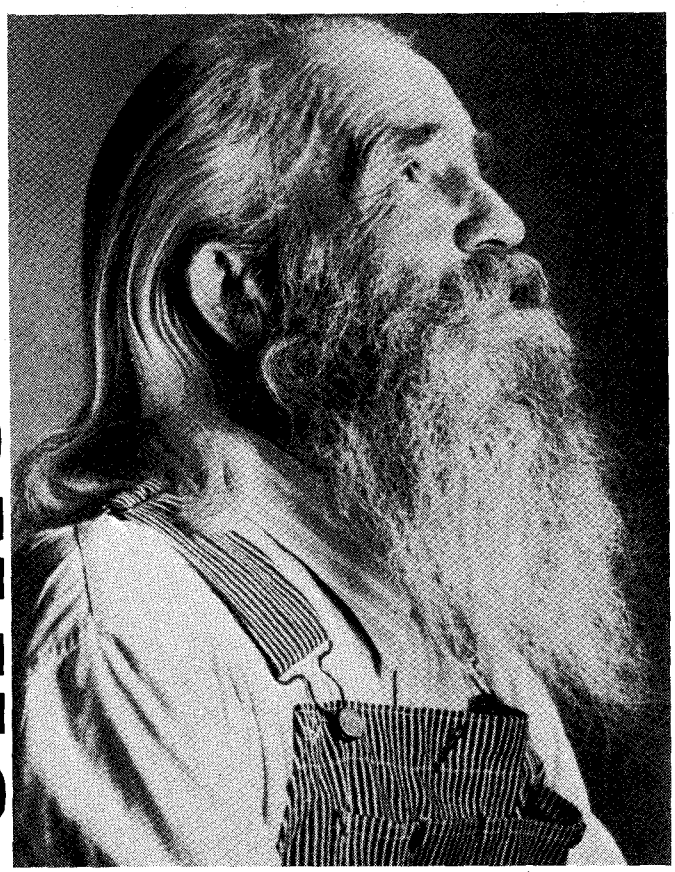
On the evening of April 15th, 1892, Flail, never too bright, committed a fatal error *(Continued on page 52)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by T. L. Knoles

This interesting old character knew more than any living soul about the legendary treasure buried in the Guadalupe Mountains

DID BEN WATTSON KNOW SECRETS OF THE GUADALUPE MOUNTAINS?



Author's Photo

EL CAPITAN PEAK of the Guadalupe Mountains, between Carlsbad, New Mexico, and El Paso, is renowned for more than the fact that it is the highest point in Texas, 9500 feet above sea level. Towering, rugged, awe-inspiring, it glows golden in the sun with a light that seems to emanate from within. Local legend has long claimed that Signal Peak—Texas' and New Mexico's name for El Capitan —contains the buried "Ark of the Covenant," which is the source of its radiance. In Carlsbad today there is a modern seeress who states that many times she "sees" the peak sparkling like diamonds.

The aura of mystery surrounding El Capitan is as mysterious and unfathomable as was the life of Uncle Ben Wattson who spent most of his 99 years in the Guadalupes. He looked, talked, and lived more like a patriarch of Bible times than a picturesque ancient who, in his later years, entertained tourists stopping at Signal Peak Gas Station with tales of treasures buried in his beloved mountains. "I can take you to them," Uncle Ben would declare, and the listener was bound to believe him.

During the past century Signal Peak has overlooked a varied parade of history. Those same years brought varied adventure and experience also to Ben Wattson. With only thirteen cents in his pockets he ran away from his home in Manito Island, Michigan, at the age of ten. He carried the bootblack box with which he had earned money to help his mother buy food. New York City was his goal, so he boarded a freight train going east. He immediately began his "career" by shining the shoes of the trainmen. They liked the boy's spirit and at the end of their run made arrangements for young Ben to take another train going on east.

He yearned for a sailor's life and found a captain who let him work his way across to France. Ben loved the sea, but not the grouchy captain. When the boat docked in France the youngster skipped ship. He roamed the countries of Europe, working his way and learning about people and places. At sixteen he grew homesick and decided it was time to go back to school, so he took ship for America. However, with his worldly experience he felt too old for children his age, and too wise even for his teachers. He quit school and started west.

Near La Mesa, Texas, he met a band of men traveling on horseback to the Guadalupe Mountains. They invited Ben to join them. When Ben discovered that they were thieving cut-throats and wanted to leave they forced him to stay in their mountain camp. They kept the seventeen-year-old boy as a slave, cooking, hauling wood, caring for the horses. That was how Ben Wattson first came to live in the mountains that he was to call home for many decades. He was to become as acclimated to the wild canyons and steep slopes as the native mountain sheep.

The bandits offered to share the loot of their regular raids with Ben as a form of pay, but he refused. He accepted money only for running errands and special services, and hoarded all he could toward the time when he'd have an opportunity to escape. He dared not just run away. He had often watched the men fighting, then the angry departure of one, always followed by a former companion. Soon the deserter's horse would be brought back to camp, empty-saddled. Many times Ben watched the thieves bury their plunder, and tried to mark the spot so he could find it in the future.

It was three years before Ben made his getaway. He was sent to Eddy, now Carlsbad, to buy *(Continued on page 71)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You are respectfully invited to be
present at the Execution of
CHARLES BROOKS
on Tuesday, September 6, 1892
F. K. Pugh,
Sheriff

THIS INVITATION WAS ENGRAVED with beautiful old English type and sent to a select group of Old Spokane's society elite. Hangings in old Spoke were events with all the trimmings of gracious grandeur. This invitation to Charles Brooks' demise via the noose was the first of such gala entertainments for Spokane.

In the small open yard between the northwest corner of the courthouse and the Spokane County Jail the awe-inspiring gallows stood in mock silence awaiting Charles Brooks. It was approaching noon on September 6, 1892, and the crowd anxiously anticipated the appearance of the ill-fated star of that afternoon's entertainment.

Charles Brooks, a 63-year-old Negro known as "Old Charley," was about to make history as the first man to be hanged in Spokane. The condemned man had been employed by Superior Court Judge George Turner as a servant. The judge, among others, had worked diligently in a movement to try and win a reversal of Brooks' death sentence. It was no use. Old Charley had killed his white wife over a trivial matter by shooting her three times on downtown Front Street and the jury had decreed hanging as his punishment.

The bizarre drama came off on schedule. A large gathering was on hand to watch Old Charley swing, those who had received the sheriff's cordially printed invitation. All eyes were fixed on the solemn procession as Brooks, accompanied by Sheriff Felix Pugh and other officials, emerged from the south door of the jail and started across the yard to the wooden gallows which had been built especially for this unprecedented occasion.

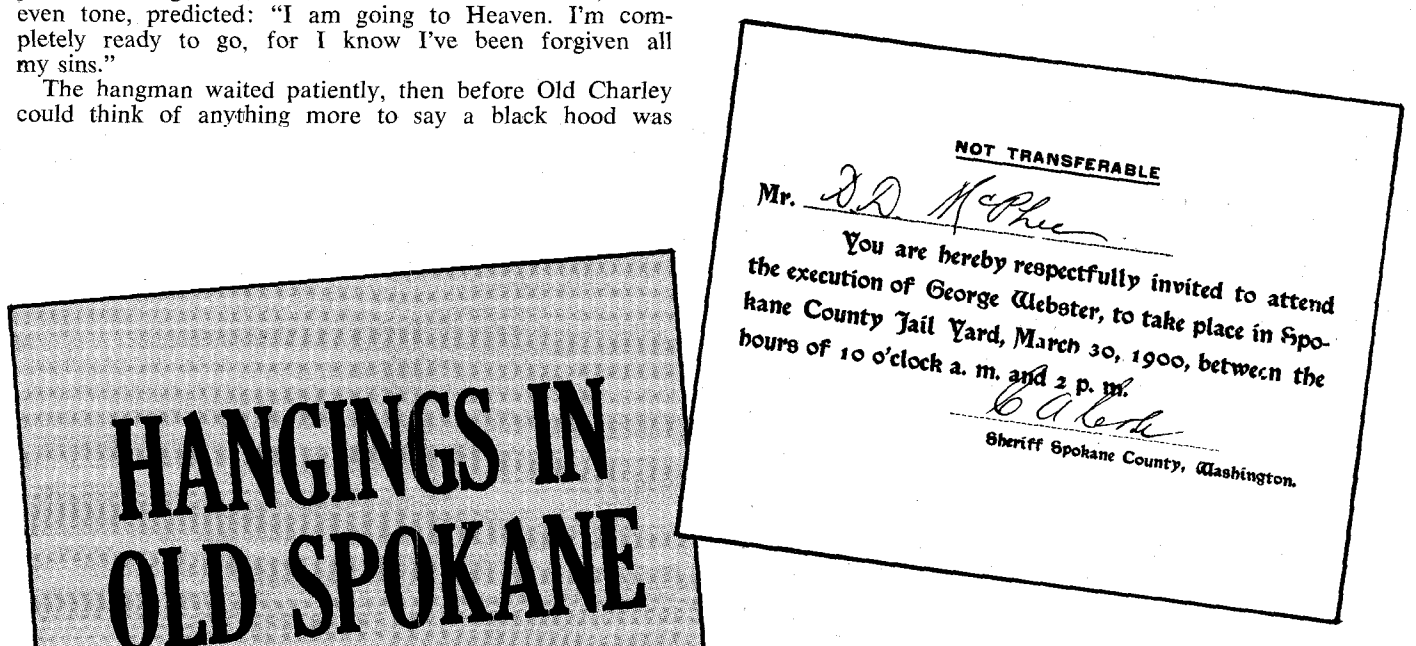
Old Charley appeared to be resigned to his fate as he slowly climbed the thirteen traditional steps to the wooden platform. He gazed around at the crowd below and, in an even tone, predicted: "I am going to Heaven. I'm completely ready to go, for I know I've been forgiven all my sins."

The hangman waited patiently, then before Old Charley could think of anything more to say a black hood was slipped over his head shutting off his last view of this world.

Though Charley Brooks was the first to receive the death penalty from a Spokane court and the first to be executed in the city limits, he was not the first to be strung up in the county. In the late 1850s hostile Indian tribes were running rampant in the area and the army sent out Colonel George Wright and his men to quell the trouble. During Wright's historic march nearly a score of renegades were hanged. Toward the end of his campaign Wright called a meeting of all tribes who had not made satisfactory peace treaties. This gathering was held along Latah Creek, just east of Spangle, Washington. Here the no-nonsense colonel administered a large dose of his famous frontier-style justice. In his cryptic report for September 24, 1858, Wright wrote: "Qualchan came to me at nine o'clock and at nine-fifteen he was hung."

That did about cover the facts, except that it had apparently slipped the colonel's mind that shortly after Qualchan's speedy demise, the soldier had six of Qualchan's followers hanged from the same limb. Following this, Colonel Wright didn't honor Spokane County with any more hangings before moving south to Fort Walla Walla, but on the way he did string up a few more Indians for good measure. For many decades after this affair, Latah Creek was called "Hangman." Some years ago the original name, Latah, was restored.

GIN PONG, a not-too-bright Chinese, was the second man to entertain the populace with a noose around his neck. On March 14, 1896, Pong, swinging not one but two hatchets, had literally hacked to ribbons a fellow countryman, Lee Tung, in a downtown hotel on First Avenue. Pong spent a little over a year in jail before his execution day rolled around. Sheriff C. C. Dempsey sent out the engraved invitations which read:


NOT TRANSFERABLE

Mr. D. D. McPhee

You are hereby respectfully invited to attend the execution of George Webster, to take place in Spokane County Jail Yard, March 30, 1900, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 2 p. m.

C. A. Lester
Sheriff Spokane County, Washington.

HANGINGS IN OLD SPOKANE

by Gary Williams

Eastern Washington State Historical Society Photos

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

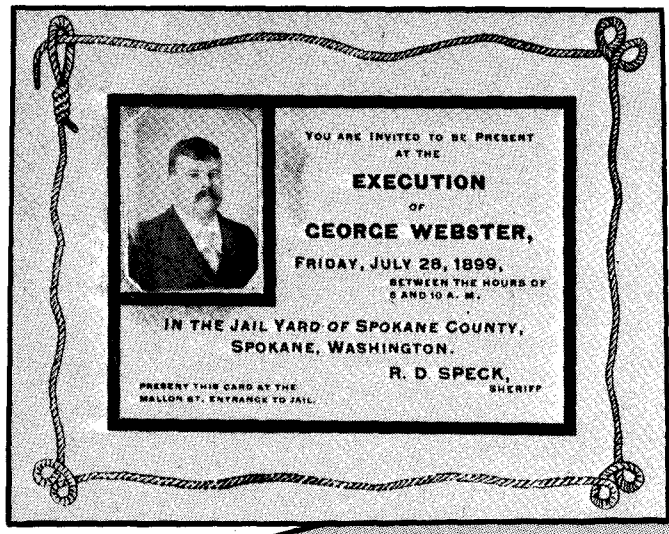
"To Mr. (whoever the lucky man was)
Pursuant to the statute,
you are respectfully invited to
attend the execution of
Gin Pong
at the Spokane County Jail,
Friday, April 30, 1897, 12 o'clock, Noon."

A picture of the Chinese accompanied each invitation. (We wonder if they were personally autographed.)

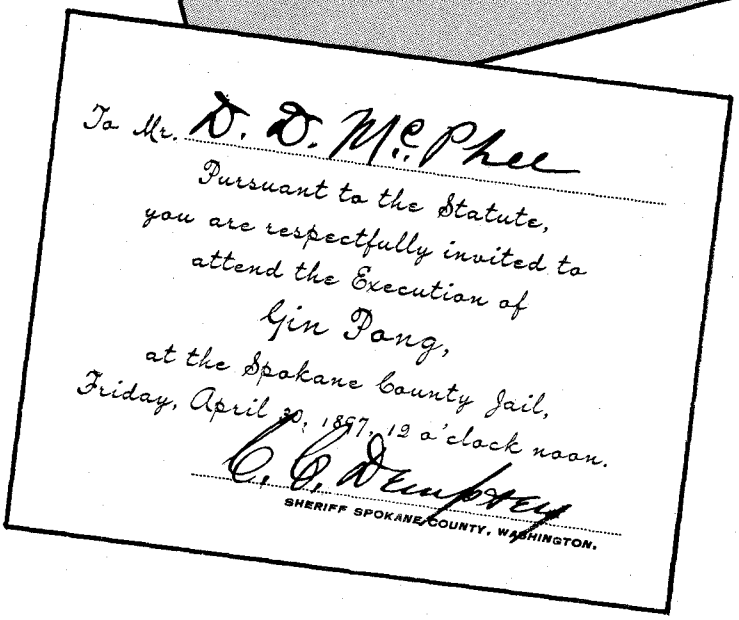
Throughout his jail stay Pong put on quite a show for the spectators who came to visit him. When anyone, whether he knew them or not, appeared outside his cell, Gin would go into his act. He would giggle constantly while attempting, not too successfully, to imitate a graceful hula-hula dancer. He would sometimes change to another dance, but one thing never varied. Before, during, and after each performance, Gin Pong laughed loudly and hysterically. As his final day drew near his mad-cap capers increased and he often attempted to execute tricky athletic feats in his small cell; stunts that a professional acrobat would have deemed impossible in such cramped quarters. George F. Brill, Jr., an engineer who witnessed the execution told: "All the time Pong was getting ready to be hung he laughed and giggled. It was a gruesome thing to watch. The Chinaman seemed to think it was all a joke or something."

The hangman's rope strangled off Gin Pong's last giggle a little before the noon hour. It was reported he drew a large crowd for his last performance.

George Webster, a ne'er-do-well, was the last man to be executed in the open courtyard. He had been found guilty of the murder of Mrs. Lize Aspland at her farmhouse four miles northwest of Cheney. On the night of May 5, 1897, Webster, who was sharing a bunk with his employer, Andrew Aspland, slipped out of bed and crept into the next room where Mrs. Aspland and her children were sleeping. When she asked him what he wanted, Webster, who had taken on an admirable quantity of liquor during the day, said he wanted to get into bed with her. She ordered him out of the house. A few moments later Webster appeared at the window and asked for his coat. Mrs. Aspland put the coat on a stick and thrust it through the window to him. At that moment a gunshot sounded and Mrs. Aspland fell to the floor. She died in a hospital two days later. Webster claimed to his last breath that another man, a stranger

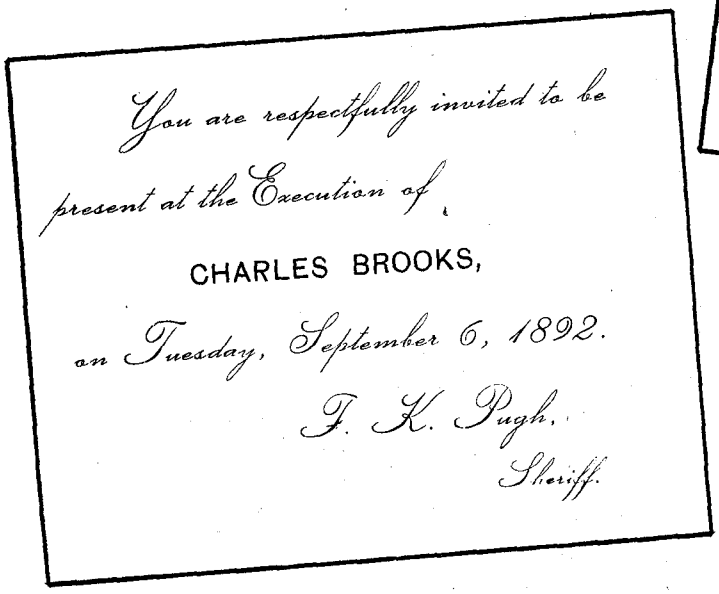


They did hangings up in fine style in the old Northwest


To Mr. D. D. McPhee

Pursuant to the Statute,
you are respectfully invited to
attend the Execution of
Gin Pong,
at the Spokane County Jail,
Friday, April 30, 1897, 12 o'clock noon.

C. D. Humphrey
SHERIFF SPOKANE COUNTY, WASHINGTON.


You are respectfully invited to be present at the Execution of

CHARLES BROOKS,

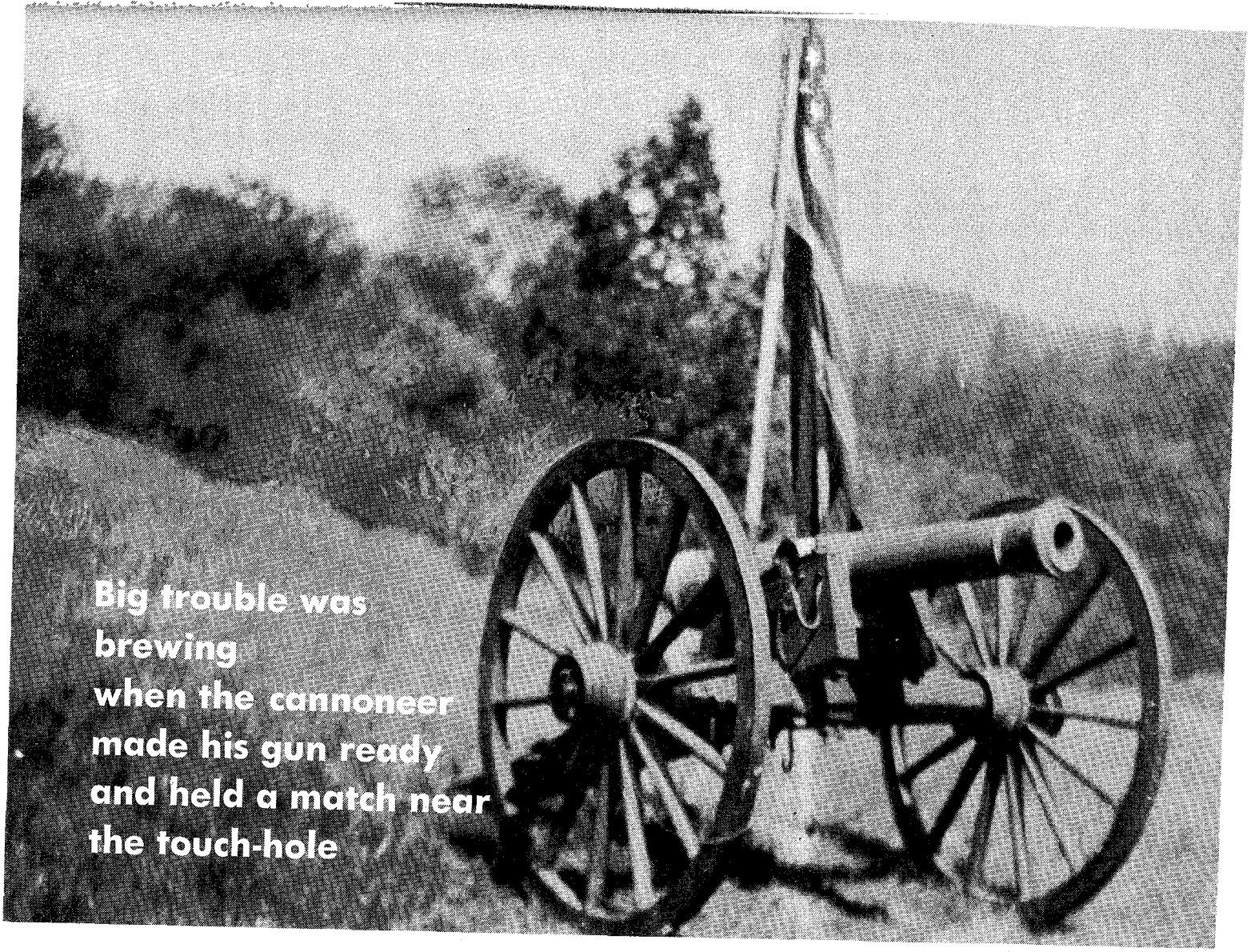
on Tuesday, September 6, 1892.

T. K. Pugh,
Sheriff.

in the night, had fired the fatal shot, but the jury chose the most plausible version and sentenced him to die. Besides being the last, Webster had the dubious distinction of being the only white man ever hanged in the county.

Once again the invitations were sent out. Sheriff Charley Cole was not quite as compliant as those before him, for this time the bids were plainly *(Continued on page 54)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WHY "OLD ABE" DIDN'T SPIT FIRE

by John J. Miles

THE TOCSIN OF CALIFORNIA'S gold was heard with the same clarity below the Mason-Dixon line as it was in Maine, New York, and Massachusetts. During the Civil War, the importance of that call was doubly significant. This fabulous golden resource was covetously eyed by the South, and though California ultimately stayed in the Union, it was nip and tuck. The Confederates were a serious threat during the four years of the bloody contests in the Brothers War.

Volcano, a delightful boom camp in California's Amador County, was where much of the struggle centered for a time. It was there that ragged deserters from Colonel Jonathan Stevenson's 7th New York Volunteers first made rich strikes in 1848, and later secessionist sympathizers were numerous and vocal. Though the exact strengths of the forces were never revealed nor known, the Southern elements divided into two major groups: Knights of the Golden Circle and Knights of the Columbian Star. Both were planning to seize key points in California and take over the entire area.

But before the baby can walk, he must first learn to crawl. And before the state could be seized, possession of the gold country must be effected, but the first step must be made at one point. And Volcano was chosen as that point. Seizure of Volcano would be the signal for a general uprising of the "secesh" elements, and then the Mother Lode bullion could be diverted into the Southern treasuries.

Units loyal to the North openly drilled and marched in Volcano and they were no less than the Volcano Blues, who proclaimed themselves as the voice of the Union. Daily dressed to the nines in their cerulean blue, brass-buttoned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Young Collection
Photos

uniforms, the Blues paraded, keeping up their own spirits but impressing the Southern forces not at all.

Someone in the Blues uncovered the Knights' plot to seize the town and they were practical enough to realize help was needed if the insurrection was to be put down. They had muskets, but an artillery piece was desperately needed. A secret delegation of four Blues was dispatched to San Francisco, armed with enough money to buy an "equalizer" in the form of a cannon. And they hit it lucky. On a ship, now deserted by crew and captain, they found an 800-pound cannon which was immediately dubbed "Old Abe." It was just what they needed. But getting it back to Volcano without alerting the Southerners was quite another thing. It was too heavy to be carried on horseback, even dismantled, and it couldn't be dragged the 150 miles without someone seeing what was afoot.

To divert suspicion and attention, they first put the cannon aboard a Sacramento-bound river steamer and from there trans-shipped it, via a covered freight wagon, to Jackson, about 25 miles from Volcano. But now real caution had to be exercised.

Some pioneer brain-storming brought an answer.

Transport it in a hearse. With miners regularly being carted off to their last six-foot claim of earth, no one paid much attention to the comings and goings of a hearse. Besides, the local undertaker was a patriotic member of the Blues and was willing to cooperate.

That night the heavily laden hearse carried its unusual burden into Volcano where volunteers quickly unloaded it at Goodrich & Adams' blacksmith Shop and hid it under the hay. But next day Old Abe was unlimbered, charged with black powder, and, lacking cannon balls, loaded with rocks taken from the tailings of a nearby mine.

And it wasn't a minute too soon. The Knights decided to move. But the Blues were ready for them with Old Abe. At his commander's order, the cannoneer made his gun ready to fire. He held a match near the touch-hole. Suddenly the Knights realized what they were walking into. They milled about, then retreated to the nearest saloon to re-group, re-organize, and refresh themselves.

With victory in hand, the Blues also repaired to the same saloon and it wasn't too long before southern and northern accents were mingled, happily talking of the day's events. With the tensions relaxed, they realized the foolishness of neighbors planning to slaughter each other, especially over causes neither of them understood or cared much about out in the West.

But that wasn't the only reason for them, especially the Blues, to celebrate. After the affair had been forgotten, Old Abe was carefully examined. Inspection showed several flaws in the cannon which would have blown up if the charge had been fired. No doubt there would have been more casualties among the Blues than the Knights.

VOLCANO isn't remembered only for the rebellion which was put down there. Before it petered out, though the town is by no means dead and is a quaint spot for travelers today, nearly 100 millions in gold was picked, washed, dug, and finally sluiced with giant nozzles out of the hills (which resembled volcanic cones, hence the later name).

After the news of the soldiers' strike echoed and re-echoed the length and breadth of California, miners swarmed into what was first called Soldier Gulch. Many of the miners made a hundred dollars a day. Some as much as $500. But the wily Indians knew the white man's way of coveting gold dust. They hung around to get what they could, even though the Americans resented them being in the area. It came to a head when Joe Chadwick complained that his pick and shovel were missing and he thought they had been stolen by the Indians. The chief of the Sierra tribe spoke with Chadwick, promising to return the implements if anyone in his tribe had stolen them. The chief turned and stalked away, and a rifle cracked. The Indian fell to the ground, dead.

The Indians prepared to slaughter the few miners at this lonely site, but the Americans ran into Volcano and alerted the others. The Indians had attacked them, the men lied, and were coming back for more. The men were aroused, and attacked the Indian band before they had a chance to defend themselves. Several were killed in what was afterwards called the Volcano War, but when the rest of the miners discovered that Chadwick had lied, they ran him out of town, too.

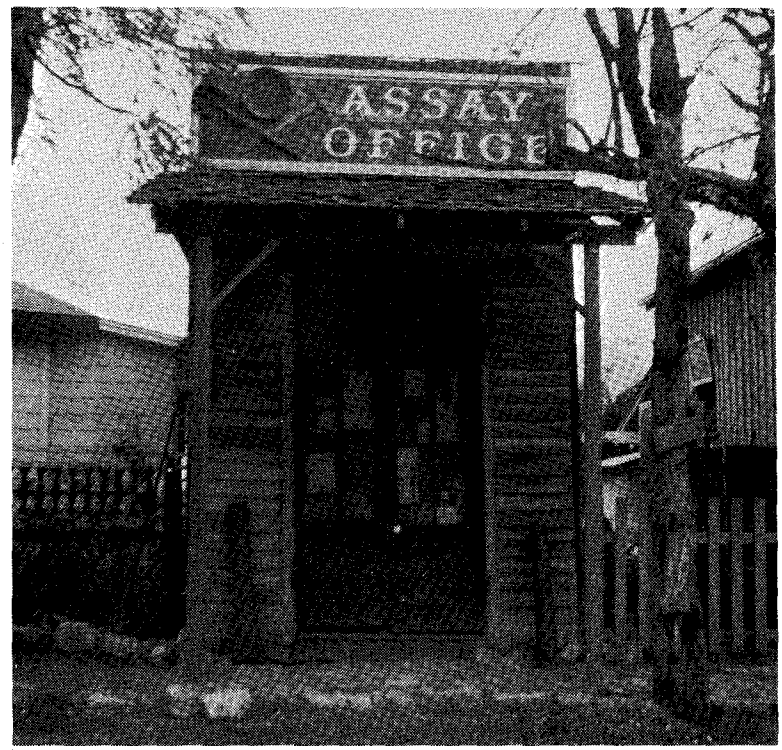
But Chadwick came back and got into more trouble. He stabbed one man over a card dispute, shot and wounded two others in a saloon fracas. A miners' court decided they'd had just about enough of Joe Chadwick. They stripped and publicly whipped Joe, then banished him again. But before he was able to leave town, word came that one of the wounded men had died. With a fine sense of justice, they reconsidered their previous verdict. This time, hanging was decreed, and Joe Chadwick swung that night from a tree near the edge of town.

With such a blend of men from every state, in the early years there was also great emphasis on the celebration of Independence Day, but many of the usual accessories were missing. Before Old Abe and the Blues and the Knights, there was no canon, no bands, no parades, no orators, or even women to prepare a suitable feast.

But there were pistols, rifles, blasting powder, a pair of fiddles, a dented horn, a couple of silver-tongued drunks and plenty of beans. And there would be some marchers, those staunch enough to survive the eye-popping popskull dispensed at the local watering places.

Plans had been completed in the Hard Rock Saloon and the boys repaired to savor of the bottled joys available. In the rear there was a poker game, presided over by a shrewd gambler named Owen Took. Though Took seemed to be

Hopeful miners took their findings to Volcano assay office.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capable of making the cards spit apple cider at will, he had never been caught cheating and there was always action at his table. But that night one of the Independence planners had tried to look through the bottom of a whiskey bottle and thought he saw Took dealing from the bottom.

"Just from the top, Took," Jed Baker said. "None of those cards offn' the bottom."

Took's eyes had the compassion of two steel balls as he looked at the miner. Then his hand dropped toward a belly gun. He killed Jed before his gun was even drawn.

For another person less-liked, Took would have probably gotten away with it. But everyone liked Jed, and nobody likes a winner, anyway. A miners' court was assembled.

Owen Took was quickly convicted and sentenced to be hanged immediately.

"Don't see no need for hurrying," Murt Cress interrupted. "We got a nice day of celebratin' coming up in a few hours. Why not top it off with a full-fledged hanging?"

There were those immediately in favor of the suggestion and those that weren't. And there was a long heated argument before a vote on the issue was called for. It was 103 to 97 to hold the hanging next day, and everyone agreed to go along with the majority. But when they looked around, they decided to change their entertainment after all. During the furor of the argument, Owen Took had simply gotten up and walked away. Now there was no one to hang. But the boys of Volcano were adaptable.

To heighten the enjoyment of the Fourth of July, a fine public funeral was accorded Jed Baker, the only one who didn't have a say in the matter one way or the other.

Justice and entertainment were always subjects near to the heart and the daily living of these pioneers. Volcano boasted the Volcano Thespian Society, and the first lending library in California, a project which didn't endure because the miners just couldn't remember to return the books. But these were simply diversions from the gold, gamblers, and girls. And Volcano residents were reasonable in taking the measure of any man.

WHY, even Glen Lawler admitted that the boys of Volcano had been downright air and reasonable about the whole thing. Lawler made this observation after the miners had dismissed as irrelevant evidence against him which by modern standards might have been considered very damaging.

But even after they had acquitted him and re-established him as a responsible member of Volcano's society, they examined new evidence previously overlooked. Someone went to look for a new rope and a tree with a high branch.

Just the day before, some of the miners busy with washing out color in their pans heard a shot and went a-running to Old Harry Oliver's shack. There they found not only Old Harry, but Lawler bending over him, busily searching the dead man's pockets.

If nothing else, Lawler was quick-witted, and told the boys: "I was here when he shot hisself and was looking for something to restore Old Harry, here. Thought he might have somethin' in his pockets."

Lawler explained that Harry was feeling low and put a pistol to his head before he could stop him from firing a shot.

The other miners were skeptical, but it all seemed to make sense. Men of meaner natures might have wondered why the bunk was disarrayed, a chair overturned, and other objects out of order, but then everyone knew that Old Harry had never been noted for his neatness.

No one remembered that Old Harry was left-handed and the slug had entered the right side of his head, which was quite a feat, even for a man of Old Harry's many and varied talents.

Together, the men got shovels and dug a grave, while others hammered a pine box together in which to bury Old Harry. With the words of the Lord's Prayer, Old Harry was lowered into his eternal rest.

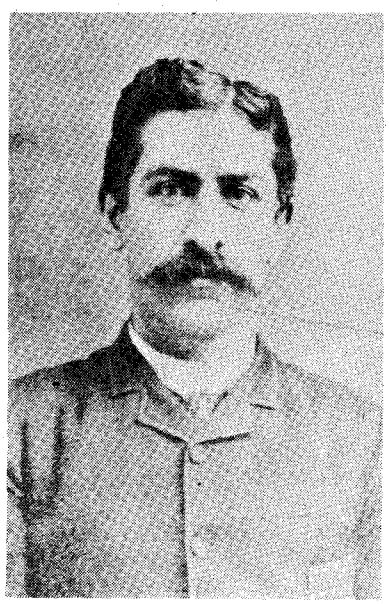
Tired with their work, they all walked into Volcano to slake the raging thirst which had accumulated. Along with Lawler, a number of toasts were drunk to the lately departed Old Harry Oliver, who now had acquired a mantle of virtue never noticed while he was among his mortal brethren. The celebration was resumed the next day and men began to discuss the curious facts of Old Harry's demise. One fleeting thought kept nagging at Jack Randall's mind, but he just couldn't pin it down. Then finally it came, and in a voice that sounded like a bull horn, Jack hollered at the drinkers:

"Old Harry never kilt hisself! I can prove it. Least tell you why."

The other men crowded around him, wanting to be sure they heard the accusation. A couple got Lawler between them.

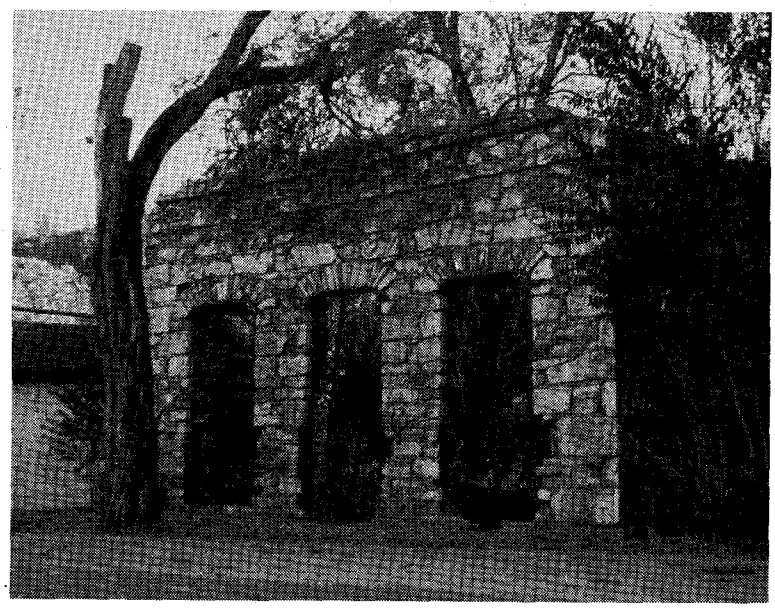
"You 'member there in Harry's cabin there was a half-full jug of booze, don't you?" The other men recalled seeing the whiskey, and nodded. "We all know that Harry's main occupation was drinking and he *(Continued on page 73)*

Joe Chadwick was born to trouble.



California State Library

All that is left of the Wells Fargo office in colorful Volcano.



Young Collection

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRANGE CRIMES OF BILL THE HEALER

by Major Frank Mahon

He was a unique criminal in the Old West; and his bizarre tactics were often more effective and profitable than those of the six gun outlaws

THE DATE WAS August 17, 1876, and the scene was a tent shanty in Laramie, Wyoming. In this tent George Felton lay on a crude bed, racked with fever and dying. George Felton is not numbered among the famous names of the Old West and the fact that he was dying on this date has been given no importance by historians and writers.

Yet that date and the fact that Felton was dying did have an important influence on the city of Laramie, Wyoming, because on this day Laramie got its first introduction to that bizarre, incredible and fantastic character, Bill the Healer. And on this night of August 17th Bill the Healer stood over the fever-racked body of George Felton, his hands rubbing Felton's forehead gently, and as they did, Bill the Healer was mumbling some strange mumbo-jumbo.

Felton died. Bill the Healer shook his head and sadly announced that if he had arrived in the room several hours earlier, he could have saved the life of Felton. The citizens of that rough frontier town had long been accustomed to strange and weird characters, and characters posing as healers and mystics. Combining Christianity and Indian mythology was rather common. Some of these characters were sincere and honest. Most were shrewd crooks who used their so-called mystic healing talents to relieve victims of their money.

Bill the Healer was the master of them all. Nobody seemed to know where he came from. He just appeared that August 17th on the streets of Laramie. He was tall and slim, had a head of hair he had let grow; but it had been clipped around his ears. His face was round, always beaming, eyes small, dark and evil. In the summer he never wore shoes and he always carried a bible as he shuffled through the dust of the main street of Laramie. He wore a tattered old blue shirt and pair of discarded railroad worker's trousers.

On his arrival in Laramie he had heard of the sickness of Felton and he hurried to the tent to offer his services. Since Felton had no family, and not many friends, there was nobody there to accept or refuse Bill's offer. So he played his part with consummate skill in self publicity; and it wasn't long until men on the main street in Laramie were talking about this new healer who had almost brought George Felton back from the dead.

Like all con men who worked the mystic healing game, Bill had a shill working for him. On the second day in Laramie, this shill took violently sick in the saloon, was in convulsions and obviously near death. But just at the moment when the shill looked as if he were crossing the bar to eternity, Bill stepped into the picture, performed with great histrionic ability his mystic gestures, and in a short time his shill was on his feet, shaking his head and muttering he had been saved from the coffin.

How those rough and ready Westerners in that saloon reacted to this trick is difficult to understand. They had all seen that same trick pulled before, yet on this day they were deeply impressed and looked on Bill the Healer as something of a mystic God. The explanation is probably in the mental makeup of those Westerners in Laramie. Many of them in that year were Irishmen working on the construction gangs, and with the Irish went a large amount of superstition, and this superstition gave them a blind spot to such tricks.

Another factor could also have influenced those Westerners. Sickness in those days usually meant death. The prevailing diseases were cholera, smallpox and pneumonia. If a man got any of these diseases, he was as good as dead. And the number that died from these forms of sickness were about twenty times as many as died from six guns, were killed by Indians, or met death in any other way.

There were naturally minor sicknesses, such as cold, La Grippe, ague, indigestion and diarrhea, which often was fatal. Tuberculosis was not very common in those far Western states where the altitude was high. Such cases as were there had come West to cure the TB, which sometimes happened.

It was these minor sicknesses that gave Bill and his kind the chance to prosper. They did prefer that their victims die, but if all died, their fame as healers would quickly vanish. At best, these fake healers had to work fast as they couldn't remain in any one city more than two months as when their patients began dying, the fame of the healers wore down.

But Bill the Healer was not given the privilege of the allotted two months in Laramie. He ran into a piece of bad luck that should not have happened to the most careless con man healer. Yet in defense of Bill's extraordinary talent, it must be admitted that he didn't know old Seth Moman, and if he had his keen judgment would have caused him to hesitate. *(Continued on page 49)*

University of Wyoming Library

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is the exciting recital of the hardships a pioneer suffered, told by one of the great men of the Old West

LIFE ON THE FRONTIER WAS ROUGH

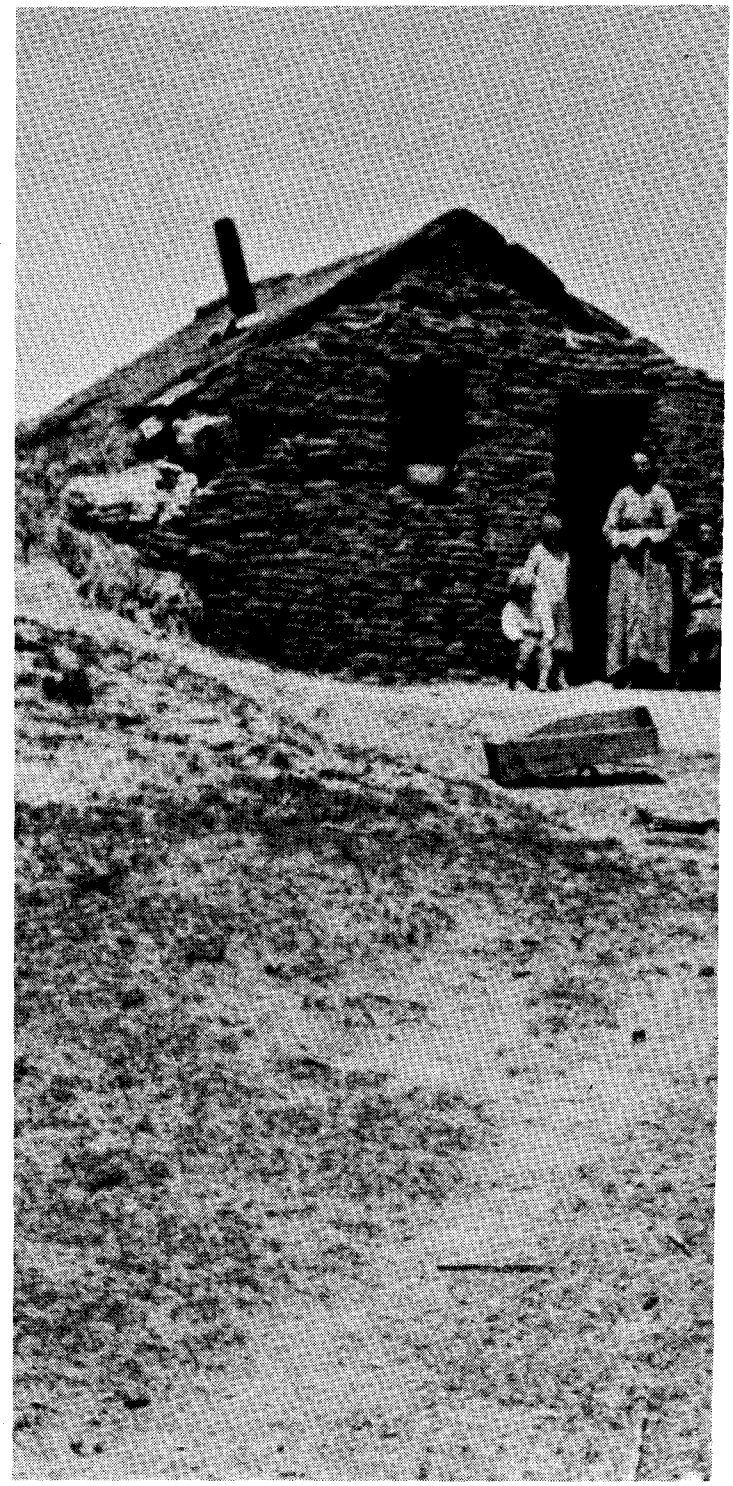
Robert M. Wright

Kansas State Historical Society Photos

IN MAKING MY second trip across the plains, in the spring of 1863, I noticed that the country was dotted with bare chimneys and blackened ruins of houses along the old Santa Fe Trail, from a few miles west of Westport to Council Grove, Kansas. The day we reached Council Grove two men rode in on fine horses and, dismounting, one of them said: "I expect you know who we are, but I am suffering the torments of hell from the toothache, and if you will allow me to get relief we will not disturb your town; but if we are molested, I have a body of men near here who will burn your town."

These men I learned afterward were Bill Anderson and Up Hays. A friend by the name of Chatfield with his family and I with my family were traveling together. We drove about ten miles from Council Grove that day and camped with an ox train going to Santa Fe. Chatfield and I had a very large tent between us. That night about midnight, during a heavy rainstorm, these two men with about fifty others rode up and dismounted, and as many of them as could enter our tent crowded in and asked for water. We happened to have a large keg full. After they drank, they saw that our wives as well as ourselves were much frightened, and they said: "Ladies, you need not be frightened; we are not making war on women and children, but on 'blue coata.' "

(Editor's Note: On the night of July 3, 1862, Bill and Jim Anderson killed Judge Baker and his fa-



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

On January 15th, 1901, Robert M. Wright, one of the West's most famous pioneers, one-time mayor of Dodge City, and author of *Dodge City, the Cowboy Capital,* delivered a speech to the Kansas Historical Society on the frontier life of Kansas prairies. This speech has long been accepted as the most accurate portrayal of pioneer life. With permission of the Kansas State Historical Society, we are reprinting extracts from this speech published in the Kansas Historical Collections, Vol. VII. We are sure our readers will find the wit and the penetrating analysis of Mr. Wright a fine contribution to the history of the Old West.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ther-in-law, George Segur, at Baker's home on Rock Creek, a few miles east of Council Grove. Baker kept a supply store near the Santa Fe Trail. The Andersons were hard characters from Missouri. At the commencement of the war they took to the brush. On one of their marauding expeditions in the spring of the year they stole two horses from Mr. Segur. Baker and friends gave chase, and, overtaking the party west of Council Grove, recovered the horses. Baker swore out a warrant for the arrest of the Andersons. Old man Anderson, hearing of this, swore he would take Baker's life and, arming himself with a rifle, started for Baker's home. Baker had been informed, met him prepared, and, getting the first shot, killed Anderson. July 2 the Andersons skulked around Baker's home, but the latter was at Emporia. He returned on the night of the 3rd. Baker and Segur after dark were called out, both were wounded, and, retreating into the house, took refuge in the cellar. The house was fired and Baker burned to death and Segur, who escaped, died the next day.)

When we reached Diamond Springs we saw what their purpose was. They had murdered the people and burned their houses. The place indeed presented a look of desolation and destruction. Not a living thing could be seen about the premises, and we were too scared to make an investigation. We learned afterward it was an old grudge they had against these people.

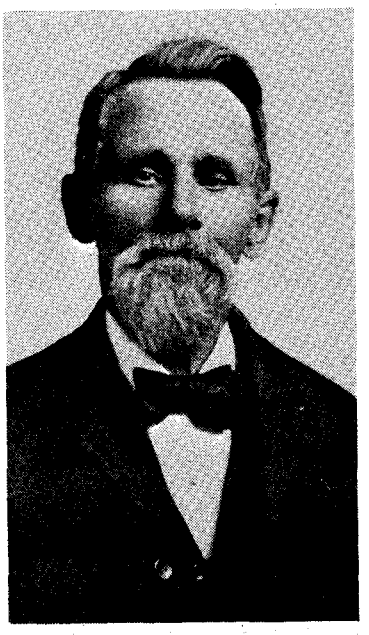
THE RANCHES in those days were few and far between. Beyond the Grove were Peacock's ranch at Cow Creek, Alison's ranch at Walnut Creek, and also that of William Griffinstein, with whom I afterward had the pleasure to serve in the house of representatives. The following is a true story of the fate of Peacock, as related to me a few years after his death. Peacock kept a whiskey ranch on Cow Creek. He and Satank, the great war chief of the Kiowas, were great friends and chums, as Peacock knew the sign language well. He had quite a large ranch and traded with the Indians, and of course supplied them with whiskey. In consequence, the soldiers were always after him. Satank was his confidential friend and lookout. He had to cache his whiskey and hide it in every conceivable manner, so that the troops would not find it. In fact, he dreaded the incursions of the soldiers much more than he did the Indians.

One day Satank said to him: "Peacock, write me a nice letter that I can show to the wagon bosses and get all the chuck I want. Tell them I am the great war chief of the Kiowas, and ask them to give me the very best in the shop."

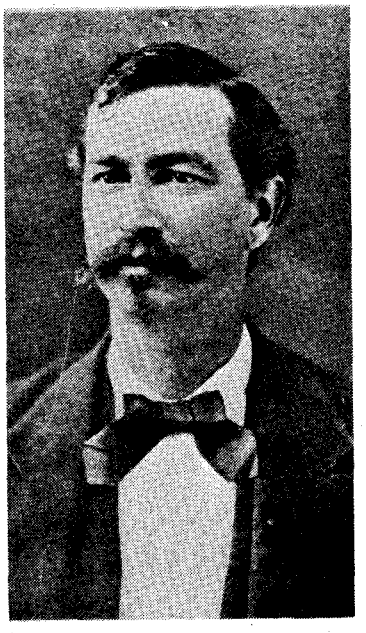
Peacock said, "All right, Satank," and sat down and penned this epistle: "This is Satank, the biggest liar, beggar and thief on the plains. What he can't beg of you he will steal. Kick him out of your camp, as he is a lazy, good-for-nothing Indian."

Pioneer woman and her children found both courage and stamina necessary to survival.

A. J. Anthony bought out the Cimarron ranch with author.



Robert M. Wright left a colorful record of his travels.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kansas State Historical Society Photos

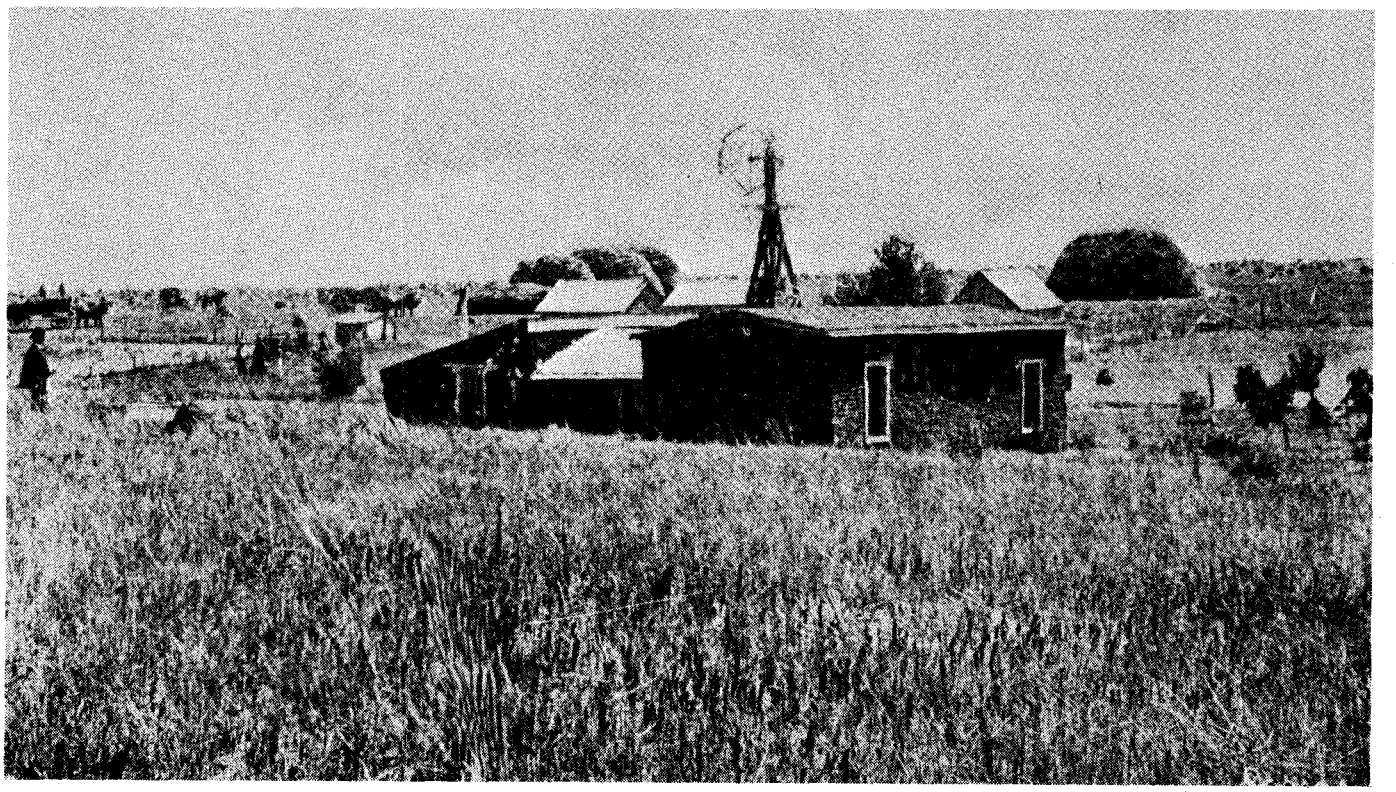
Dodge City in 1872.

Satank presented his letter several times to passing trains, and of course got a very cool reception, or rather a warm one. One wagon boss blacksnaked him, after which indignity he sought a friend, and said to him: "Look here; Peacock promised to write me a good letter, but I don't understand it. Every time I present it the wagon boss gives me the devil. Read it, and tell me just what it stays." His friend did so, interpreting it literally. "All right," Satank said, and the next morning at daylight he took some of his braves and rode to Peacock's ranch. He called to Peacock, "Get up, the soldiers are coming." The summons was quickly obeyed. Seizing his field-glass, Peacock ran to the top of his lookout, and the instant he appeared, Satank shot him full of holes, exclaiming as he did so, "Goodbye, Mr. Peacock; I guess you won't write any more letters."

Then they went into the building and killed every man present, except one, a sick individual, who was lying in one of the rooms, gored through the leg by a buffalo. All that saved him was that the Indians were very superstitious about entering apartments where sick men lay, for fear they might have the smallpox, which disease they dreaded more than any other.

THE SITE for the location of Fort Dodge was selected because it was where the wet route and the dry route intersected. The dry route came across the divide from Fort

Farm and sod house dwelling located 12 miles southwest of Dodge City.

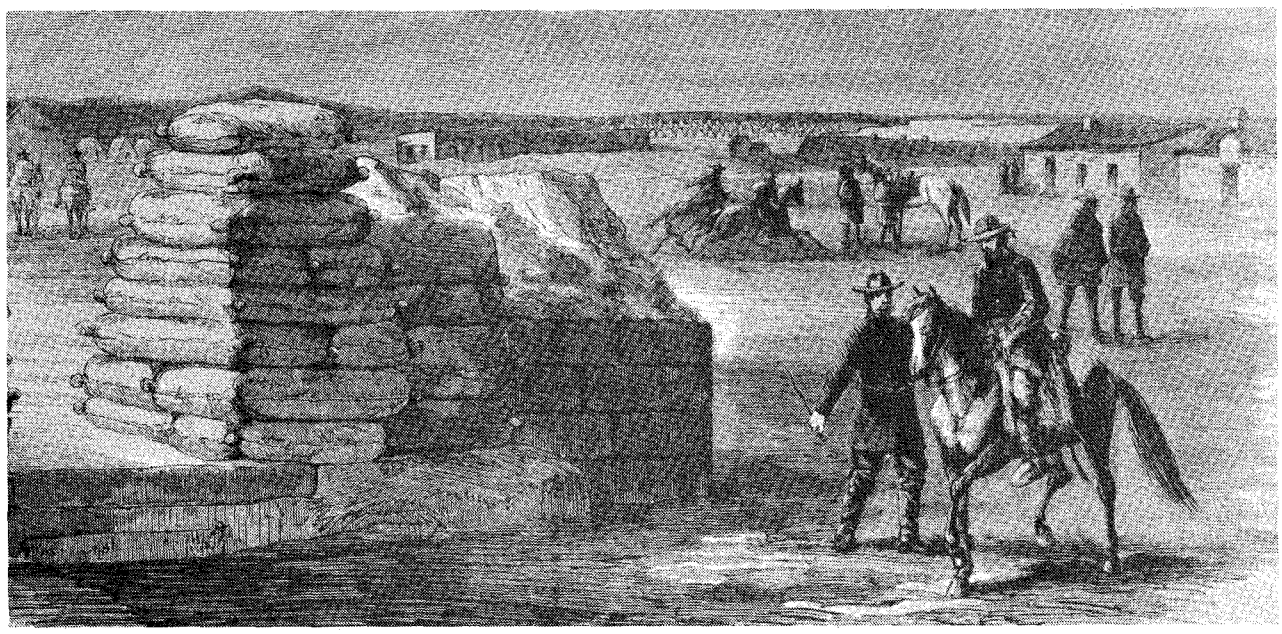


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Editor's Note: Fort Dodge was located in 1864 by Gen. G. M. Dodge, United States volunteers, the site being an old camping ground for trains going to New Mexico. It is in latitude 37° 50′ north, longitude 100° west. A Colorado regiment camped there before the establishment of the post. It was a four-company post, and was abandoned in 1882.)

Larned, on the Pawnee, while the wet route came around by the river, supposed to be about fifteen miles further.

(Editor's Note: Fort Larned was established October 22, 1859, for the protection of the Santa Fe trade, on the right bank of the Pawnee Fork, about seven miles above its mouth, 38° 10′ north latitude, longitude 22° west. It was named June, 1860 for Col. B. F. Larned, then paymaster-general, though first called Camp Alert.)



Fort Dodge as pictured in Harper's Weekly for 1867.

The dry route was often without water the whole distance, and the trains would lay up to recruit after making the passage, which caused this point on the Arkansas River to become a great camping-ground. Of course the Indians found this out, to their delight, and made it one of their haunts, to pounce down upon the unwary emigrant and freighter. Numerous were their attacks in this vicinity, and many were their victims. Men were butchered in the most horrible manner, stock was killed, and women taken into captivity more terrible than death, and even trains of wagons were burned. Some of the diabolical work I have witnessed with my own eyes, and will speak of some of it later.

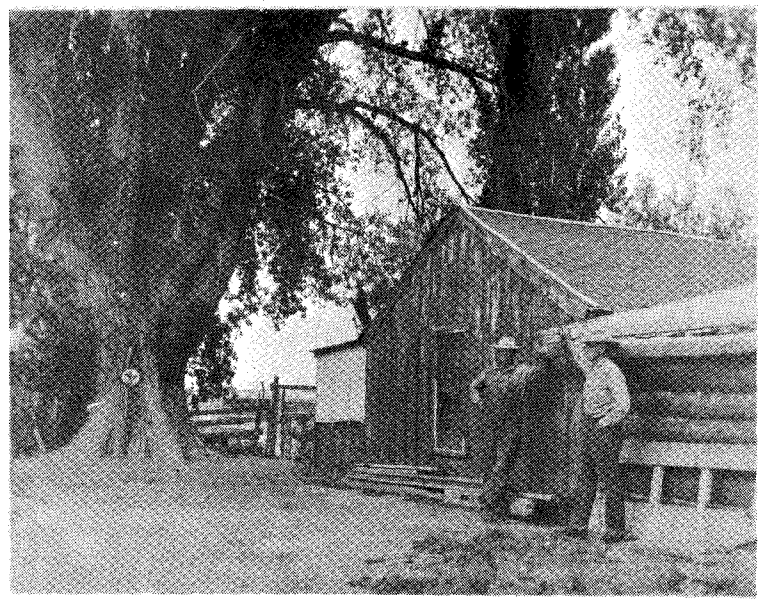
The government was obliged to erect a fort here, but even then the Indians struggled for the mastery, and made many attacks, not only on passing trains, but on the troops themselves. I witnessed the running off of over 100 horses, those of Capt. William Thompson's troop of the Seventh United States cavalry. The savages killed the guard and then defied the garrison, as they knew the soldiers had no horses on which to follow them. Several times have I seen them run right into the fort, cut off and gather up what loose stock there was around, and kill and dismount and deliberately scalp one or more victims, whom they had caught outside the garrison, before the soldiers could mount and follow.

Early one very foggy morning they made a descent on a large body of troops, mostly infantry, with a big lot of transportation. At this time the government was preparing for a campaign against them. It was a bold thing to do, but they made a brave dash right into and among the big mule trains. It was so dark and foggy that nothing was seen of them until they were in camp, and then they made a reign of bedlam for a short time. They succeeded in cutting about fifty mules loose from the wagons and getting away with them, and killing, scalping and mutilating an old hunter named Ralph, just as he was in the act of killing a coyote he had caught in a steel trap not 300 yards from the mule camp. Of course they shot him with arrows, and then speared him, so that no report should be heard from the camp. "Boots and saddles" was soon sounded, and away went two companies of cavalry, some scouts following, or at least acting as flankers, I among the latter. The cavalry kept to the road while we took to the hills. In the course of time we came up to the Indians—the fog still very heavy—and were right in among them before we knew it. Then came the chase. First we ran them, and then they turned and chased us. They outnumbered us ten to one. More than once did we draw them down within a mile or two of the cavalry, when we would send one of our number back and plead with the captain to help us; but his reply was that he had orders to the contrary, and could not disobey. I did not think he acted from fear or was a coward, but I told him afterward he lost an opportunity that day to make his mark and put a feather in his cap; and I believe he thought so, too, and regretted he had not made a charge regardless of orders.

In the fall the Indians would come in, make a treaty, and draw rations, and break the treaty *(Continued on page 55)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Author's Photos



Building on left was once the Willow Springs Pony Express station, Pete's destination. C. N. Bagley (left) and his son, David, can be seen in front. Their family used to make the buildings their home.

by Dave Brandon

Old Pete stumbled on the weird burial practices of the Goshutes, a tribe of outcast Indians, and received the scare of his life

PETE'S PICKLED INDIANS

PETE NEECE'S EYES were two narrow, watery, red slits in his sunburned face as he rode westward across the alkali flats and low desert ridges. Since early morning, he had been in the saddle, following ever-retreating mirages under a blazing summer sun. At noon, he used the last of his water to wash down dried beef and biscuits; and, in the hours that followed, he felt his parched lips crack and the tongue swell in his juiceless mouth. Now, the sun sat on a long, black ridge that extended northward from a mountain range and its searing rays pierced Pete's bloodshot eyes. He pulled the brim of his floppy felt hat down over his face and, for a moment, closed his eyes. Even then, the back of his eyeballs burned until he felt they would pop, like kernels of corn on a hot stove. When he opened his eyes and squinted through the shimmering heat waves, he could see a fringe of green along the base of the black ridge.

"If it ain't another of them damn mirages," he told himself, "that's got to be Fish Springs."

Fish Springs, a series of warm and hot pools of water that bubbled up at the foot of the ridge and flowed out into the desert, was where Pete planned to spend the night. In the morning, he would ride another twenty miles across the desert to Willow Springs, a way station on the Pony Express route between Salt Lake City, Utah, and Sacramento, California. Right now, he could only think of water he hoped to find to quench his burning thirst.

The sun had dropped behind the ridge and darkness had come to the desert, when a warm breeze brought a damp, marshy smell to the man and his horse. The tired animal threw up his head, neighed, then quickened his pace as he walked down the trail in the darkness.

A half hour later, Pete rode through a fringe of willows that ringed a pool of water, shimmering in the moonlight. There was no stopping the horse as it plunged knee-deep into the pool and noisily gulped the water. Neece flung himself to the ground, lay belly-down on the bank, and buried his face in the water. It was warm, tasted of alkali and rotting vegetation, but Pete did not notice. He drank as much as he dared, sloshed the water over his head and neck, then pulled his horse away from the pool and tied it in the willows.

After resting a short time, he again went to the pool, lay on the bank and drank deeply. Then he hobbled his horse in the coarse grass that grew in the slough, rolled himself in his blanket, and was soon sound asleep.

The sun was rising over the hills to the east when his dehydrated body roused Pete and sent him staggering back to the pool. Still groggy with sleep, he flopped down on his stomach and, with his eyes closed, drank his fill of the brackish water. As he lifted his head, he opened his eyes and found himself staring into a horrible, wide-eyed, grinning face. With a cry of terror, he leaped to his feet and looked down into the water. There, floating face up, a few inches beneath the surface, was the corpse of a naked Indian.

"They say old Pete was still spitting water when he reached Willow Springs later that day," chuckled C. N. Bagley, as we sat under the big cottonwood tree that once shaded the tired and dusty riders who carried the mail across one of the wildest, most isolated stretches on the Pony Express route.

The old, lumber-covered adobe house that was once the Willow Springs station still stands under the big cottonwood at the headquarters of the Bagley ranch at Callao, Utah. It is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the deep, bottomless pools seen by George Bean and his party in 1885. Six dead Indians could be seen, standing erect, in the briny water which evidently was used as a burial place.

Seen in front of the Pony Express monument erected at Willow Springs are C. N. and David Bagley. The famous Pony Express station is under the cottonwood tree seen in the background.

now used as an equipment shed and, except for a coat of brick-red barn paint, has changed little in the past hundred years. As one looks at the thick walls, the low ceiling, and the rough lumber, it is not hard to imagine old Pete, sitting by the fire on a cold winter day, telling all who would listen of his terrifying experience at Fish Springs.

ACCORDING TO BAGLEY, whose family has operated the Willow Springs ranch since 1885, everyone just naturally assumed that Pete's Indian had been shot, knifed, or hit over the head, and dumped into the spring because it happened to he handy. The fact of the matter is that Pete might well have been drinking from the grave of a departed Goshute warrior, well on his way to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

The Goshutes, reportedly outcasts, banished from tribes that lived in the more habitable surrounding country, were nomads of the desert. They survived in this barren, inhospitable land by wandering from place to place, gathering seed, and hunting insects, lizards and small animals they could kill or capture. They lived in the open, or in tiny brush and mud hovels that gave little protection from the searing summer sun or the cold, wintry winds that whistled over the desert. They were poorly fed, poorly clothed, and had little claim to distinction, but they had one of the strangest burial customs of any of our American Indians. They pickled their dead in the warm, mineral springs found on the south edge of the Salt Lake Desert.

Although no white men are known to have witnessed the burial ceremony, several early explorers reported seeing the bodies of the Indian dead in the deep, briny pools. One of the few who recorded what he saw was George W. Bean, a Mormon explorer in the employ of Colonel E. J. Steptoe. Steptoe, sent to Utah in September of 1854 as civil governor and military head of the territory, wisely let Brigham Young take care of the civil affairs while he himself scouted a route for a wagon road between Salt Lake City, and Carson Valley, Nevada. According to the Colonel's calculations, a road by a more southerly route would save California emigrants 160 miles and many long, hard days. To help him find the best route, he hired a party of Mormons to explore the desert, south and west of the Great Salt Lake.

Early in 1855, the party, consisting of Bean; O. P. Rockwell, Brigham Young's personal bodyguard; George W. Boyd, who later operated a station on the Pony Express route; Peter W. Conover; and John Nebeker, headed west from Salt Lake City. They went through Johnson's Pass, crossed Skull Valley, and struck the old Hastings cutoff at the edge of the desert. At this time of year, the desert was covered with an almost continuous sheet of shallow, salty water. A cold wind blew the water, splashed up by the horses, over the men; and, by the time they reached Redden's Springs on the west edge of the desert, they were covered with a crust of salt and were so cold they could hardly move.

They spent two days exploring the country, south and west of Redden's Spring, then returned to Salt Lake City where Bean wrote:

> ". . . On this trip we examined some large springs used for burial by the Indians. This spring or lake contained warm salt water and the elevation was twenty feet above the level of the valley base. This crust of elevation was formed by continuous overflow of the mineral water, hardened by its contact with the cold air and projecting over the top. What was most curious, was the six Indian bodies standing vertically and crusted over with the salty deposit in this lake, giving them the appearance of mummies. It was evident that they had heavy weights attached to their lower extremities, thus keeping them perpendicular with their heads three or four feet below the surface of the water. It appeared that other corpses were back of these. We observed that a large camp of Natives had encamped near here on the hillsides in the past . . ."

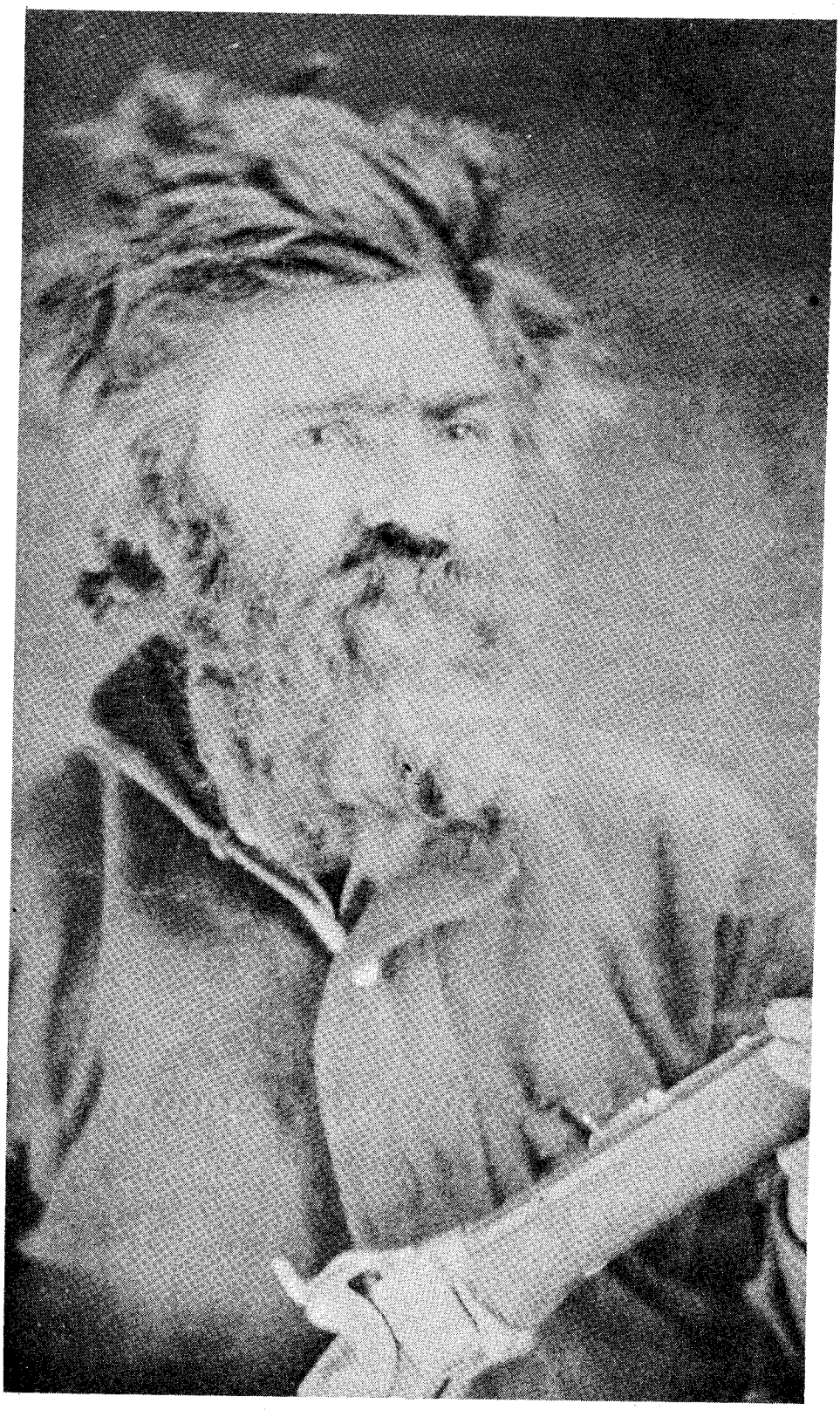
Today, most of the springs that bubble up at the foot of the long, black ridge are in the Fish Springs National Wildlife Refuge, and the water is used to flood the marshes to provide nesting areas for ducks and geese. Just outside the Refuge, a faded sign reading "Wilson's Health Springs" points the way to several low mounds, a short distance from the road. These mounds, built by the overflow from the hot mineral springs, are, no doubt, the springs described by Bean. The water is much hotter than that which springs up in the Refuge, and some say it has remarkable healing power. Occasionally, a few hardy souls travel a hundred miles over rough, unimproved roads to bathe in and drink the hot brackish water. It is hoped that none are as "well cured" as the patients who bathed in the springs a hundred years ago. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

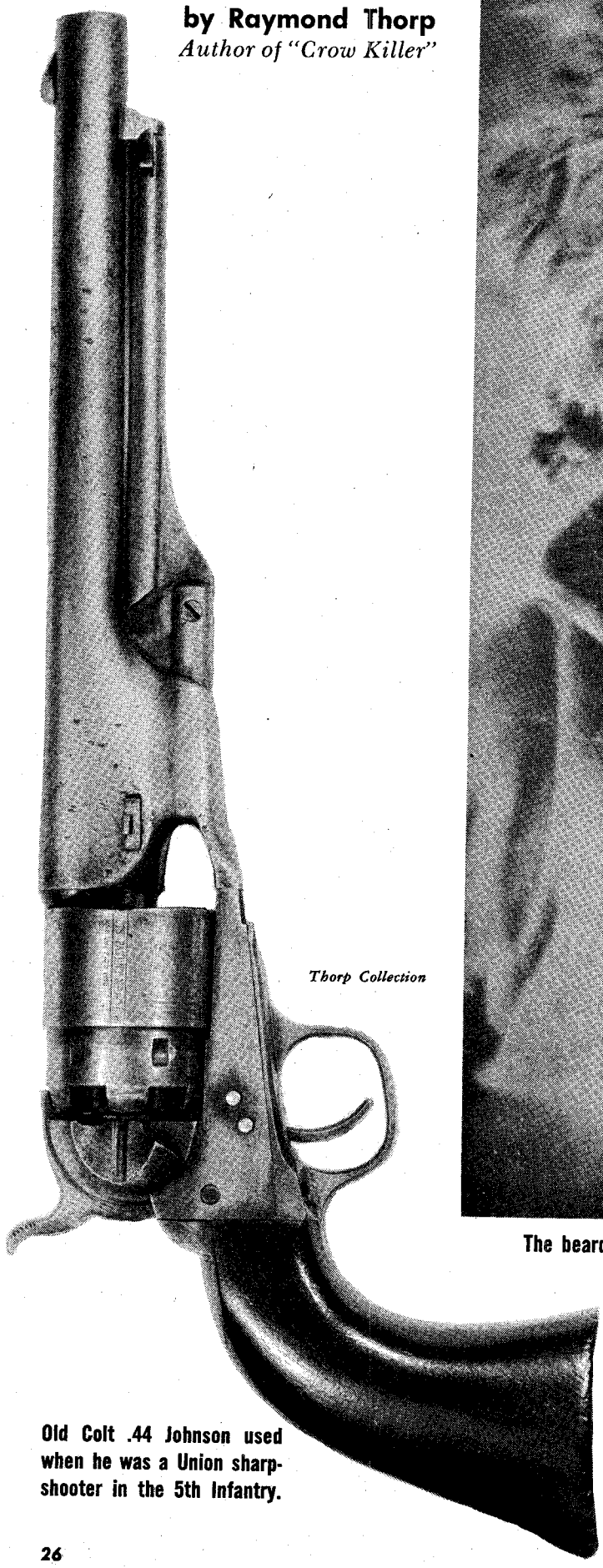
The West's greatest living authority

REVENGE OF

by Raymond Thorp
Author of "Crow Killer"



The bearded Liver-Eater's aim was deadly; and it was said he never missed.



Thorp Collection

Old Colt .44 Johnson used when he was a Union sharpshooter in the 5th Infantry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SUN WAS LOW ON Battle Mountain in northwestern Colorado when the big man on the coal-black stallion rode off the trail among the shale and stones and dismounted.

He stood for a moment sniffing the air and then, evidently satisfied there were no enemies in the vicinity, unfastened and lifted the heavy load from his packhorse. The ease with which this was done denoted tremendous strength, and, actually, he was the most powerful man who ever strode the Rocky Mountains.

He was Liver-Eating Johnson, called Dapiek Absaroka by the Indians, and Crow Killer by the whites. As he uncinched and removed the saddle from the big black horse the lowering sun struck upon his six foot three inch frame and two hundred and sixty pounds of brawn and the heavy red beard which was his banner.

Staking out the animals in a small patch of greenery among the stones, he told them, "We'll stay here t'night, and off fer Lar'mie tomorrow, if the red coons don't git us." All mountain men talked to their animal companions when they felt lonely, and Johnson was the loneliest man the lonely West had ever known.

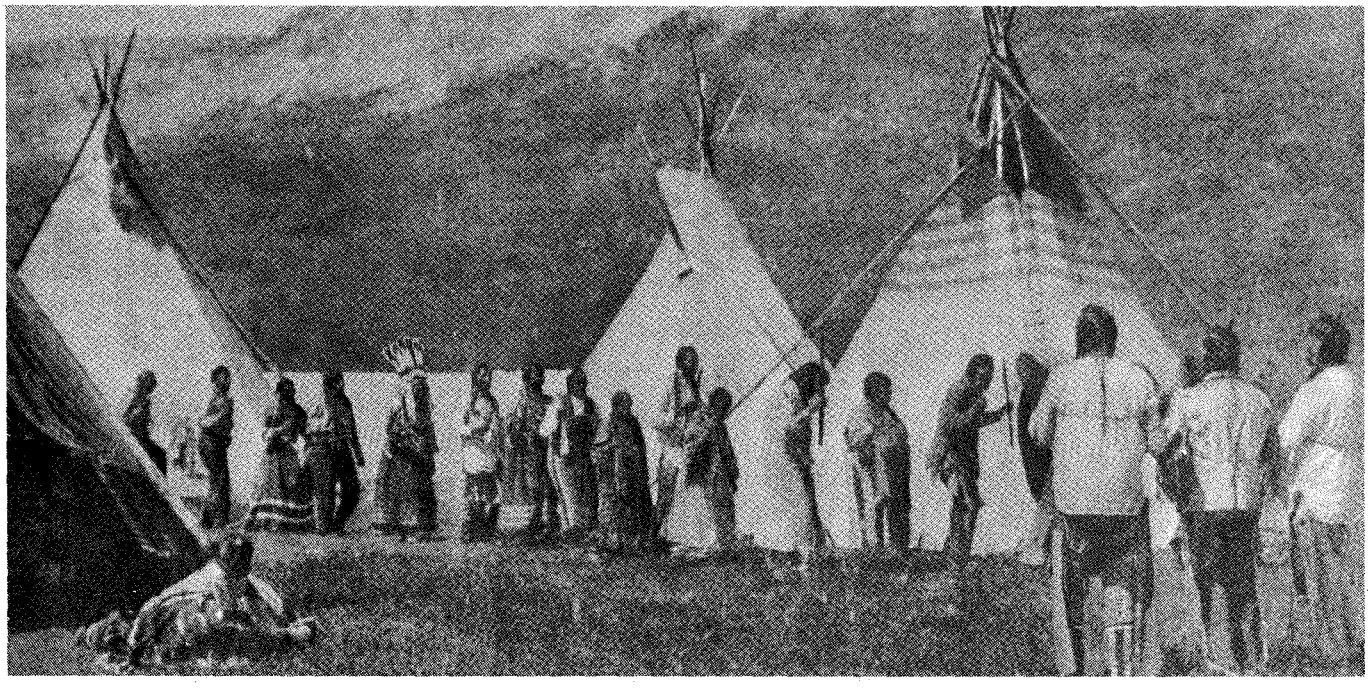
Near the pack which he had removed from the horse was an oblong pile of stones, shaped like a grave. Working quickly, Johnson removed the two top layers of stones in the center and took out a hinged copper kettle.

He loosened the latch and laid back the top, disclosing the contents to view. First he took out the skull of a woman, then a smaller one, followed by an eagle's feather, and several mementoes such as a necklace and armbands. He checked the things long and carefully, then replaced them, put the kettle back in its hiding place, and carefully mortised in the stones he had removed. As darkness came he was sitting, leaning his back against a boulder, puffing his pipe and watching Battle Mountain against the twilight.

He thought of the time, four years back, when he had made that monument of rocks. He had returned from a winter's trapping in the Uintah Range to find his world uprooted. When he neared his cabin on the banks of the Little Snake he noted his lack of welcome, yet in the fall when he had departed his Flathead girl wife, pregnant, had watched him go. Being known as the greatest tracker in the mountains, he knew the danger that hanging silence meant, so he quickly tethered his animals and sneaked on foot through the aspen brush.

Peering from a hiding place at his cabin, he felt a dead emptiness until he heard a rustling sound and saw a huge vulture take wing. Then, cursing, he stepped forth with his Hawken fully cocked and examined the terrain. He found the two skulls and other bones, and chased two more vultures away from the back of the cabin. Although he hadn't known his wife was going to have a baby, he learned it the hard way when he picked up the small skull no larger than an orange.

Ryker Collection



Flathead Indian village such as the one the revenge-seeking mountain man headed for to tell his story to Bear's Head.

on Liver-Eating Johnson gives us an interesting sidelight on this weird character

LIVER-EATING JOHNSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Two wuz kilt hyar," he had whispered, and if the killers could have seen his eyes then they would have quaked. It would require at least one hundred dead men to pay for each skull.

He had found where the braves had hidden upriver, and when he picked up the eagle's feather he knew at first glance that the killers were from the Crow tribe. They were youngsters on their first trail.

In the cabin there was a stool, boxed all around, which the Crows had not bothered to take with them, although they had taken everything else of value, including two pack-horses in a corral near the house. The red-bearded giant upended the stool and took from it a hinged copped kettle, and gathered up his post-mortem family and placed them in the receptacle along with the guilt feather. He had built the monument and then had ridden to the top slope of Battle Mountain, where he made a fireless camp and swore a mighty oath against the Crow nation. Within a year his name had become the most dreaded in the history of the mountains. To the Crows he was anathema, Dapiek Absaroka, for each member of that tribe killed by him was found with a slit in his abdomen and his liver removed. He ate the livers raw, not as a matter of taste, but to spread humiliation and to establish his identity as a master of revenge.

Now, in this year of 1851, he was again on the trail to Fort Laramie, and where else none but himself knew. As his pipe glowed in the darkness he was planning his campaign. Finally he knocked out the fire, got to his feet and sniffed the clear, fresh air. Reassurred (for he could smell an Indian a mile away), he finally rolled up in his blanket and slept, face up, on his back.

THE WIVES and daughters of soldiers stationed at the old fort had heard of his coming. They closed their shutters and peered through cracks at the mighty man of the mountains as he strode by with scalps dangling from his belt. They shuddered at sight of his red beard, thinking of the bloody vendetta and bloodier livers, and pushed their eager children back behind their skirts. The children were not afraid, but desired to talk to the Crow Killer, but the mothers and daughters had caught the cold gray gleam in his eyes, and said to one another that they felt the chill of Death in his passing.

Men who had seen him before spoke to him in the byways, but were repelled by his eyes, which seemed fixed on something afar. Even his two old cronies, Bear-Claw Chris Lapp and Del Gue, were passed by. Chris wanted to talk to him, but Del said, "Leave the Liver-Eater alone, he's on a trail."

From the store keeper the giant purchased salt, and sugar and flour, and traded in the five scalps he carried. Off to themselves men wondered if he "salts them thar livers"—but knew it meant a "death hug" if Johnson heard them talk. In his belt he carried a Bowie-knife with 14 inch blade and a Colt Walker revolver, each with rosewood stocks, and it had been said they were made especially for Sir George Gore, an Irish huntsman who had visited the West.

He said nothing, but made up his pack and walked toward the corral where his horse was quartered. Hangers-on were gathered there and watched him saddle the powerful black and tie on his purchases. The owner had already told them of this almost human animal, and of the way in which he stood guard while Liver-Eater slept, and neighed a warning when an Indian got within a half-mile.

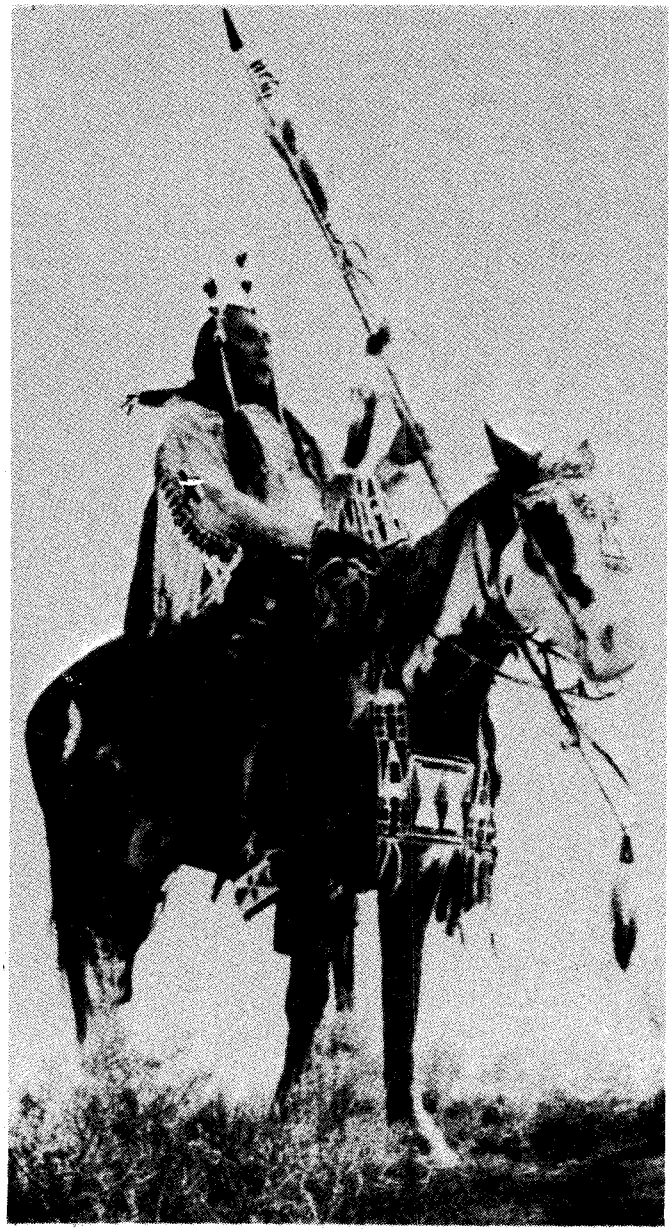
The Liver-Eater heard the crowd mumbling and thought nothing of it, for wherever men saw him there was mumbling. He mounted the big black, placed his Hawken across the Crow saddle, and pointed the beast's head toward the West.

"Wonder whar he goes?" said one to another. "Wharever, ye kin bet ther's Crow Injuns. Thet ol' coon is on a death trail." The stallion threw back its head and gave a shrill, half-human scream, breaking into a sharp trot.

Fifty Crow Indians from the famed tribe of Big Robert, whose young men had caused Johnson's vendetta, were riding toward the Bitter Roots. They were picked fighting warriors, for they had Indian enemies as well as white. Besides the mounts they rode 30 pack-horses were loaded with bulging packs, for they were intending to trade with the Flatheads for horses. They were the best tanners in the West, and carried buffalo robes (the softest), beaded leather work (the fanciest), and grizzly bear necklaces (the largest). Each spring they traded with the Flatheads, whose horseflesh was the most cherished. They rode as a cavalcade, with scouts ahead and behind, and videttes spread out from the column.

Behind them came the *(Continued on page 63)*

Smithsonian Institute



Crow Chief Big Robert, whose young men caused Liver-Eating Johnson's vendetta.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Kit Carson

EARLY WESTERN HUNTERS

Author's Photo

THE METHOD OF BARBECUING 20,000 years ago was not *exactly* the same as it is today. *Neither was hunting.*

And either was most certainly not akin to the way the old westerners did it!

The meat the ancient hunters probably used came from a beast that weighed in the neighborhood of a ton, and was captured in a method almost equivalent to a bare-hand grapple—*an almost incredible feat!*

Needless to say, his procedures were not as simple as buying it from today's butcher shop, flavoring it properly with select sauces and tossing it upon a nice clean barbecue rack, over a bed of softly glowing coals which have been conveniently arranged for at the nearest shopping center.

Yet that man so long ago, in the Great West, hunted, killed, and barbecued!

At least, this is what scientists have just learned after digging into a recent discovery of prehistoric animal remains and artifacts at the Sam Sanders Gravel pit, at Black Water Draw, north of Portales, New Mexico. There they found ancient campsites, mammoth bones, charcoal pits, barbecue pits, hunting equipment, all dug up to tell a fantastic story of what actually happened on the Eastern Plains of New Mexico, over 200 centuries before the pioneers of the Old West made their daring entry—*and every bit and grain as exotic!*

This latest New Mexico excavation tells the strange story of how early man lived in the Old West

As soon as the valuable deposit was discovered, scientists moved in, and commenced painstaking explorations, excavations, and studied the prehistoric remains extensively, to provide us with this vivid picture of the first American nimrods.

Learned heads of the archaeology and anthropology fields at once branded the Sam Sanders Gravel Pit discovery as the "most valuable *(Continued on page 70)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STRANGE STORY

by E. Laughlin

Author's Photos

He was a little man with a club foot and all

GEORGE LANE, TAGGED "Clubfoot George" because of a clubbed left foot, was probably the last person anyone in Virginia City, Montana, would have suspected of being connected with outlaws. He was quiet and unobtrusive and he went about his business saying little to anyone.

He had contacted Walter Dance at the Dance & Stuart General Store on Wallace Street and begged for a little space in the front of his store for his shoe cobbling business. The firm could ill spare the room, but he was a pitiful figure on the old burro that appeared to be on its last legs. So Dance listened to his story of bad luck and finally told him to set up his shop in the front window of the store.

Dance & Stuart had opened their store on Wallace Street in the fall of 1863 with a large stock of goods which filled the shelves and the limited floor space, leaving only a sort of runway for the customers to move about between the counters. The space given to Clubfoot George provided an excellent vantage point to see what was going on outside the store as well as inside. From his window he could watch the activities at the livery stable across the street, and he came to recognize when a shipment of gold was being readied to send overland to Salt Lake by stagecoach.

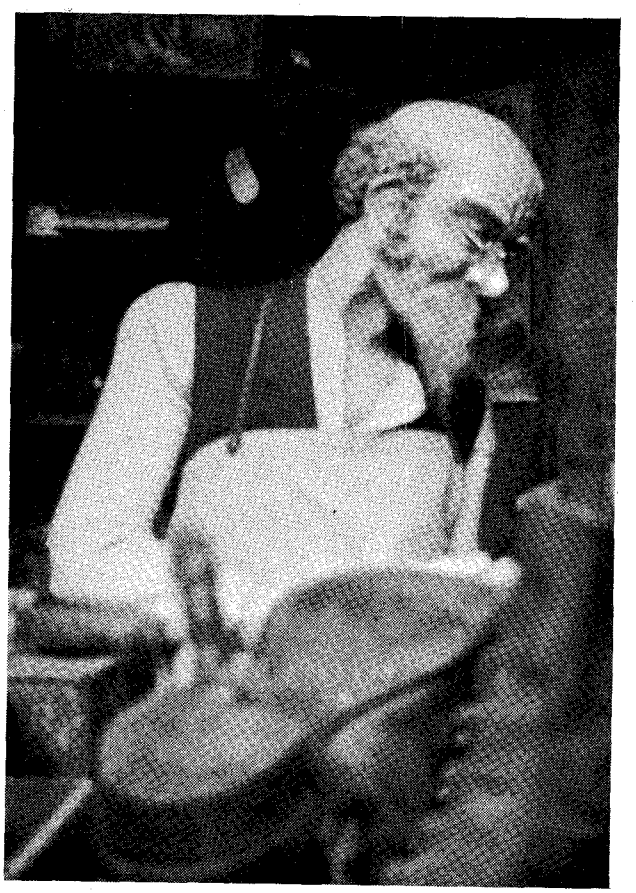
Later when Clubfoot George's background was discussed, some thought he had come down from the Florence mines near Salmon River because of a remark he had dropped about wintering in Lewistown. Lewistown was about 75 miles from Salmon River and here the miners holed up for the winter months. An early settler wrote home in 1862: "A large number congregated here (Lewistown) to pass the winter. Almost 75% of these were cut-throats, robbers, gamblers and escaped convicts. Honest men were in fearful minority and dared not risk the arrest and punishment of criminals. The villains had their own way in everything."

Clubfoot George was a good workman and Dance mentioned to his partner that George always wore neat, well-made boots. The ladies for whom he made shoes, or had repaired those precious ones they had brought with them, felt a sense of pity for the crippled man.

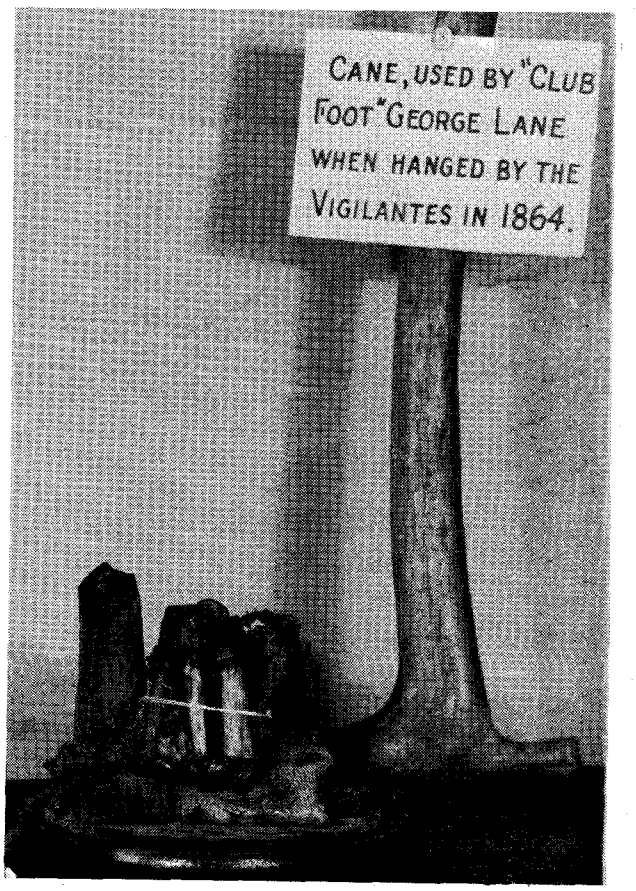
They might as well have saved their pity. Clubfoot George had the neatest racket in Virginia City, one that paid him well in gold dust. He was a member of the ill-famed Plummer gang of outlaws, planted in Virginia City to report on departure of gold dust shipments. And for this he was exceedingly well paid, so well paid that after a few weeks in Virginia City, he sold his burro and was soon seen riding a very good horse on the roads on Sunday.

The placer mining in Alder Gulch was successful beyond expectations and the yield was estimated to be not less than ten million dollars in gold dust before the close of the first year's work. Money was abundant. Merchants and bankers

Wax figure shows "Club Foot" George at work in his shop.



Lane's club foot and cane the crippled cobbler used.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Virginia City took pity on him until they learned the real truth about his purpose in town

were obliged to exercise great caution in keeping it, as there was no regular means of sending it out of the country.

The only stage route was between Bannack and Virginia City, and a stretch of wild, rough country 475 miles between Virginia City and Salt Lake City. There was no post office in the territory when the rich gold deposits were first discovered by Fairweather and party early in June, 1863. Letters were brought from Salt Lake to Virginia City at a cost of $2.50 each, and later in the season at $1.00 each. All money had to be sent at great risk to the express office in Salt Lake by private hands.

Clubfoot George, from his vantage point in Dance & Stuart's store window, could glean a great deal of information merely by observation of what went on outside, and he might have been suspected had he been other than a poor cripple, doing odd jobs around the store and attending to his shoe cobbling business.

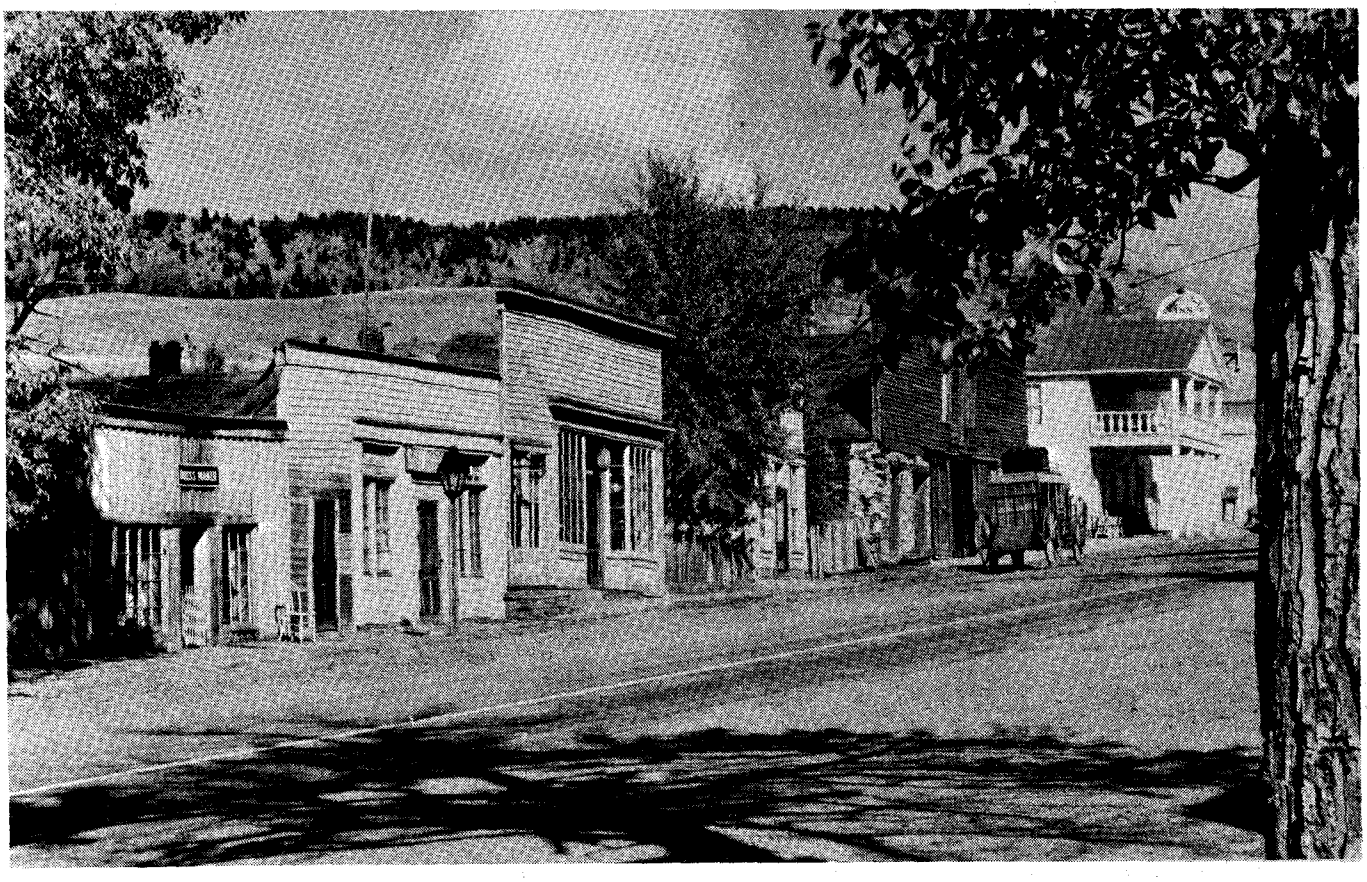
A YOUNG GERMAN by the name of Nicholas Tiebalt had bought some mules and disappeared. His body had been found, dragged into tall grass. He might never have been found if William Palmer, when hunting in the Passam-ari Valley, had not shot a grouse and when it fell he went to find it. He found it had fallen on the chest of the dead man. There were marks of a lariat on the victim's throat showing that he had been dragged some distance. His hands were torn and filled with fragments of sage brush pulled up by the roots in the agony of that terrible process of trying to escape his murderer when being dragged over the ground. A bullet wound above the left eye showed how he had finally been put out of his misery, not through mercy, but merely to dispose of him.

Twenty-five citizens of Nevada City subscribed to a mutual support and protection agreement, and—with others from Virginia City joining them—they started a manhunt for the murderer. They found a whole passel of them sleeping in a wikiup with a supply of arms and ammunition. The one that evidence pointed out as being the murderer was George Ives, who had Tiebalt's mules in his possession.

The posse and prisoners headed back to Nevada City, with Ives protesting his innocence. He begged for a trial in Virginia City claiming that he wouldn't get a fair one in Nevada City as he had shot a fellow's dog there one time. He reasoned that if he could *(Continued on page 69)*

OF "CLUB FOOT" GEORGE

Wallace Street, Virginia City, Montana, where Lane worked in the front part of Dance and Stuart's General Store.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For a century now the horror of the Sand Creek massacre of Indian women and children has been a blot on this country. The brutality and savagery of the white man is demonstrated by this defense of Colonel Chivington and his atrocity

Editor's Note: In November 1864 seven hundred and fifty U.S. soldiers of the 3rd Regiment with a scattering of Colorado volunteers attacked at dawn, without warning and without any provocation, a camp of Cheyennes on Sand Creek in Colorado. When the attack was over the bodies of 60 Indian braves and 120 Indian women and children lay dead, all scalped and bodies hideously mutilated by the white soldiers. Most of the babies and little children had their brains bashed out. The ghastly and senseless cruelty and duplicity of this attack so stirred the country that the leader, the man who urged his men on to these atrocities, Colonel Chivington, was kicked out of the army, criticized by all decent citizens. Yet this Colonel Chivington and his bloody deeds had their defenders in those days, and we are publishing here a defense written by J. P. Dunn, Jr., a well known historian of that period. This article is a reprint from his book, THE MASSACRE OF THE MOUNTAINS. We are publishing it to show the psychotic hatred of certain white men for the Indians, a hatred so vicious and so brutal that one wonders who in the Old West were the savages—the white men or the Indians!

Kansas State Historical Society

The commander rode through the ranks, calling out: "Remember our wives and children murdered on the Platte and Arkansas."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SHAME OF SAND CREEK

by J. P. Dunn Jr.

ON THE NIGHT of November 28, 1864, about seven hundred and fifty men, cavalry and artillery, were marching eastward across the plains below Fort Lyon in Colorado. For five days they had been marching, from Bijou Basin, about one hundred and fifty miles to the northwest, as the crow flies, but some fifty miles farther by their route.

When they started the snow was two to three feet deep on the ground, but, as they progressed, it had become lighter, and now the ground was clear. The night was bitter cold. Jim Beckwith, the old trapper who had been guiding them, had become so stiffened that he was unable longer to distinguish the course, and they were obliged to rely on a half-breed Indian.

About one third of the men had the appearance of soldiers who had seen service. The remainder had a diversity of arms and equipment as well as of uniforms, and marched with the air of raw recruits. About half a mile in advance were three men, the half-breed guide and two officers, one of the latter of such gigantic proportions that the others seemed pygmies beside him.

Near daybreak the half-breed turned to the white men and said: "Wolf, he howl. Injun dog he hear wolf, he howl too. Injun he hear dog and listen; hear something, and run off."

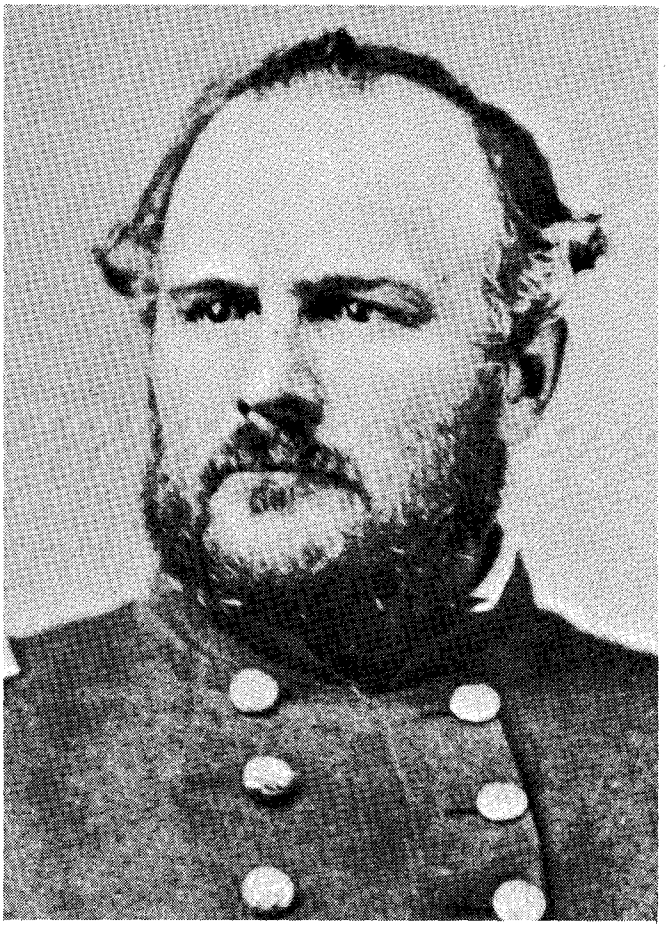
The big man tapped the butt of his revolver in an ominous way and replied: "Jack, I haven't had an Indian to eat for a long time. If you fool with me, and don't lead us to that camp, I'll have you for breakfast."

They found the camp. There were one hundred and twenty Cheyenne and eight Arapahoe lodges in it, stretched along the bank of a shallow stream, which crept sluggishly down a broad bed of sand. On each side of the camp, ranging out perhaps a mile, was a herd of ponies, the two numbering about eleven hundred. It was between daybreak and sunrise. The Indians were just beginning to move. A squaw heard the noise of the approaching horses, and reported that a herd of buffalo was coming. Others ran out, who quickly discovered that the rumbling was the tread of horses and that a large body of troops was approaching.

In a moment all was confusion. Men, women and children ran here and there, getting their arms in readiness or preparing for flight. The principal Cheyenne chief hastily ran up an American flag over his tepee, with a white flag above it. A white trader, who was in one of the tepees, came out and hastened towards the soldiers. At the same time two detachments of cavalry were galloping toward the herds, and some of the Indians were running in the same direction.

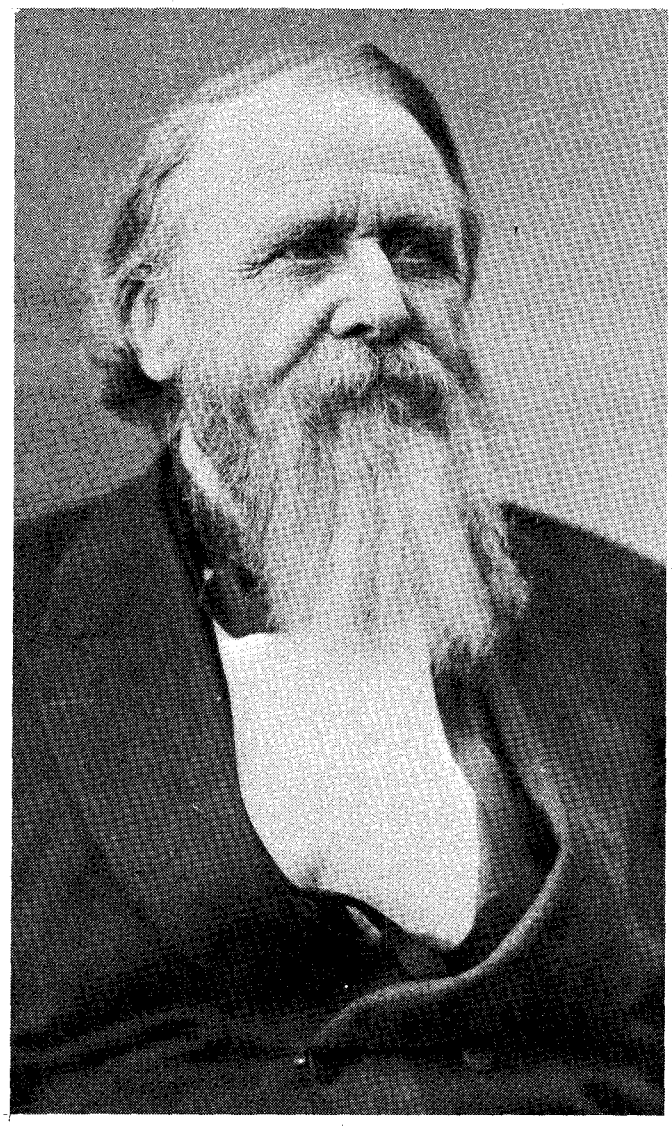
Firing began between these two parties. The white trader seemed confused, and stopped. A cavalryman said: "Let me

Denver Public Library Western Collection

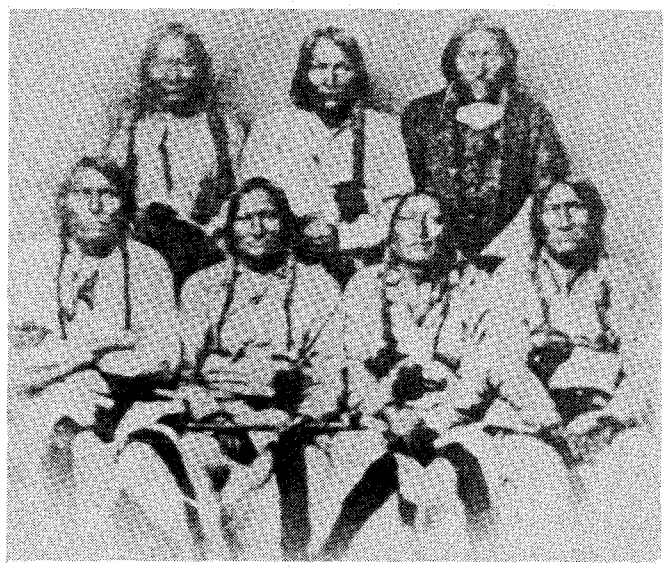


Col. Chivington had his own way of fighting Indians.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



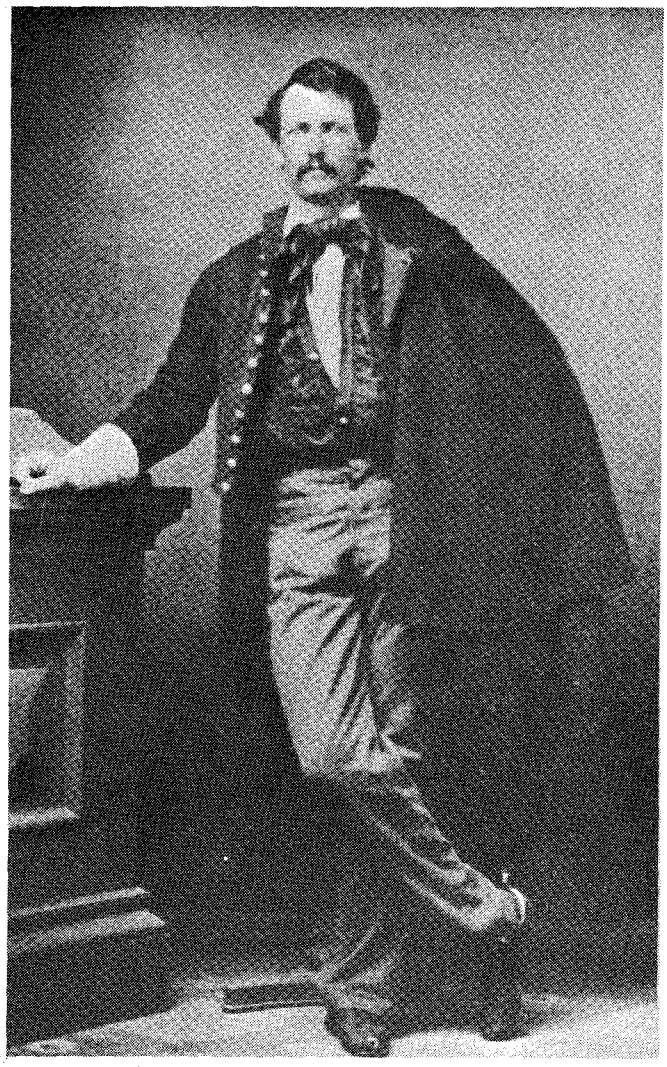
Governor Evans knew big trouble was in the making.



Arapahoe, Sioux, Cheyenne and Kiowa chieftains.

Denver Public Library Western Collection

Major Wynkoop conducted an intensive investigation.



bring him in, Major," and, starting from the ranks, galloped towards him, but a bullet from the camp tumbled him from his horse, and the trader turned and ran back.

The herd of ponies on the farther side of the camp became alarmed and ran toward the camp, the soldiers cutting off only about half of them.The main body of troops pressed forward, firing as they came, led by their giant commander, who rode through the ranks, calling out: "Remember our wives and children, murdered on the Platte and the Arkansas."

The Indians were beginning to fall rapidly under the deadly fire. Part of them caught the straggling ponies which had reached the camp and fled. The remainder, warriors and squaws, with some children, retired slowly up the creek, fighting as they went.

They continued thus for about three quarters of a mile, to a point where the banks rose from three to ten feet on either side of a level expanse of sand, some three hundred yards wide. Along the banks the Indians made their stand, protected by them on one side and on the other by heaps of loose sand which they had scraped up. Most of the troops were now in confusion, each doing about as he liked. About one half of them were firing on the line of Indians in the creek bed, and squads were riding about, killing stragglers, scalping the dead and pursuing the fleeing.

No prisoners were being taken, and no one was allowed to escape if escape could be prevented. A child of about three years, perfectly naked, was toddling along over the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trail where the Indians had fled. A soldier saw it, fired at about seventy-five yards distance, and missed it. Another dismounted and said: "Let me try the little———; I can hit him." He missed too, but a third dismounted with a similar remark, and at his shot the child fell.

AT THE CREEK bed the fight was at long range and stubborn. A private was firing at an Indian who climbed up on the bank from time to time, and made derisive gestures at the soldier's fruitless efforts. "Let me take that gun of yours for a minute, Colonel," said the soldier. The colonel handed him his rifle, an elegant silver-mounted one, presented him by the citizens of Denver. The Indian showed himself again. The rifle cracked and he dropped dead.

The squaws were fighting along with the men. One had just wounded a soldier with an arrow, and a comrade put his rifle in rest, remarking, "If that squaw shows her head above the bank again, I'll blow the whole top of it off." An officer, standing by him, said: "I wouldn't make a heathen of myself by shooting a woman." The words had hardly dropped from his lips when the same squaw sent an arrow through the officer's arm, and his philanthropic remark changed to a howl of "Shoot the ————," and the soldier did it.

The Indians could not be dislodged by the small arms, but toward noon two howitzers were brought into action and they broke the line. The Indians fell back from one position to another, the combat becoming gradually a running fight, which was kept up for five miles or more, and abandoned by the pursuers a short time before dusk. The soldiers then gathered at the Indian camp where they remained until the second day following.

Most of the corpses were scalped, and a number were mutilated as bodies are usually mutilated by the Indians, with all that implies. Near evening, on the day after the battle, Jack Smith, the half-breed who had guided the soldiers to the camp, and a son of the white trader who was in the camp, was shot by one of the men. He had tried to run away during the fight but had been brought back. The colonel commanding was warned that he would probably be killed if the men were not ordered to let him live.

He replied: "I have given my orders, and have no further instructions to give." There were at the time seven other prisoners in the camp, two squaws and five children who were taken to Fort Lyon and left there. They were the only prisoners taken. When the camp was broken, the buffalo robes were confiscated for the sick, the soldiers took what they wanted for trophies, and the remainder was burned. The Indians lost three hundred, all *(Continued on page 64)*

Indian council, shown here halted in front of Governor Evans' residence, got exactly nowhere.

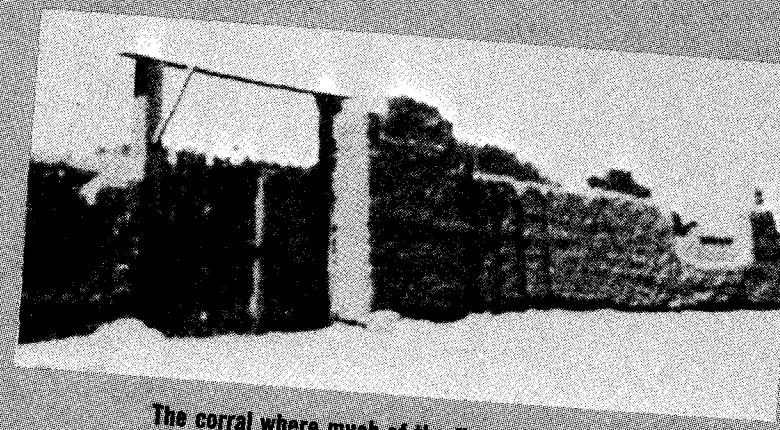
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lone Star State has had many crazy wars, but the war over the salt flats turned out to be the bloodiest and craziest of them all

TEXAS' CRAZIEST WAR

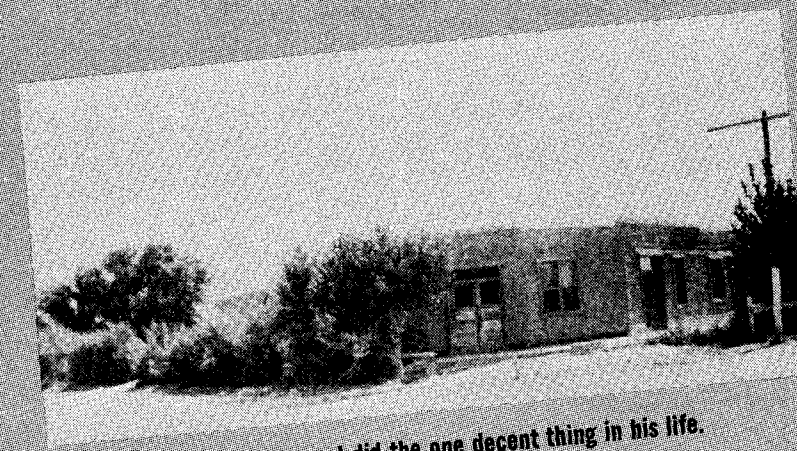
by Harold Preece

Headquarters of the mob in Texas' great Salt War.



The corral where much of the fighting took place.

Author's Photos



Where Howard did the one decent thing in his life.

(*Editor's Note:* Much has been written pro and con about that most unique feud of the Old West, the El Paso County, Texas, Salt War. Readers have written in asking us for the facts, which we present under the authority of Harold Preece, the well-known Texas writer. Mr. Preece has not only had access to sources that have been buried during these generations since the Salt War, but some of his kinsmen in Texas are descended from a man who was unwillingly involved in it.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEXANS HAVE FOUGHT over everything from grass to oil with rip and shoot instruments that earned the glory blazon of the one star. Bowie knives, Colt .45s, Winchester .73s, all had their decisive tests in Texas and on the reckless flesh of my folks.

But the oddest of these wars was the one fought over salt, the cheapest commodity that ordinary settlers could buy from the shelves of general stores. And just about the cheapest grade of salt ever licked by man or mustang.

The El Paso County Salt War exploded on the Texas-Mexican border back in 1877 when we'd just finished that powder-scorched epoch called Reconstruction. It was, as usual in Texas, conducted with all available weapons from derringers to dynamite, and it almost involved in military conflict the United States and Mexico, who had previously matched artillery in the two-year Mexican War.

It was all stirred up by a brawling, rough-handed adventurer from lethal Missouri that had already contributed to America such turbulent citizens as William Clarke Quantrill and Jesse Woodson James.

This adventurer was Charlie Howard. Judge Charles Howard, if you want to recall him by a title he bore transiently. "A bulldog of a man with a barrel body" and a "menacing, heavy-featured face" was the description given him by El Paso historian C. L. Sonnichsen who had helped depose Howard. He was married to a frail, timid girl from Austin, my home town, Lou Zimpleman Howard, great-aunt of some of my cousins. Howard had been a Confederate officer briefly.

Charlie Howard could outshoot Jesse James or that Texas stellar marksman, John Wesley Hardin. As Wes Hardin would later do, Howard made his debut in the remote border county as a swaggering jackleg lawyer whose poke itched like his trigger. Even sooner than Wes, Attorney Howard made himself a bone of contention in a Mexican-dominated area where gringos made themselves acceptable by learning Spanish and marrying dark mestiza girls.

Howard, a passionate Democrat, showed up in Republican-run El Paso County around 1872 after a year in Austin where he had somehow won the heart of gentle Miss Zimpleman. At that time, the population of El Paso County consisted of some eighty Anglos and five thousand Mexicans who barely knew that residence in Texas made them technically citizens of that feared gringo nation called the United States.

To these, the international boundary of the Rio Grande River was nothing but a funny myth concocted by Anglos. Mexicans from both sides of the river traded, wed and fought game cocks without reference to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo which they had never heard about anyhow. All of the mestizos or mixed Spanish-Indian residents regarded as common property the Salt Lakes—a series of saline marshes lying at the foot of Texas' tallest mountain, Guadalupe Peak, 100 miles east of El Paso, then called Franklin.

WITH PICKS and homemade wooden spades, Mexicans from a hundred and fifty miles on each side of the Rio Grande came to the Salt Lakes to help themselves. Many a man on the Mexican side of the river earned his living by loading oxcarts with salt and then peddling it to his neighbors. But already greedy gringos were trying to grab the salt supply as a private monopoly.

El Paso County's ruling Republican political machine was split into two factions when Charlie Howard arrived to widen the breach. There was the covetous Salt Ring whose leading figures included a man named Mills who was the son-in-law of the state's first Reconstruction Republican governor, Andrew J. Hamilton. Opposing it was the public ownership faction led by the border political boss, Don Luis Cardis, an Italian who had served in Garibaldi's armies but who was better at swinging a deal than throwing a trigger.

Cardis was a Republican state legislator whose word didn't carry much weight with that majority of Democratic state senators and representatives at Austin, the capital.

His control of the Mexican vote depended on his keeping the Salt Lakes as public property when the gringo adventurers were trying to annex them by filing on the area as homestead land under the settlement laws of Texas.

To accomplish this, he needed a sitting district judge who could accomplish such handy tasks as issuing injunctions and writs of eviction against the Salt Ring or any group of Anglo Democrats which might obtain some kind of charter of ownership from a legislature right pleased to do in any bunch of Republicans whenever it could.

In Charlie Howard, Don Luis thought he'd found his man. So the Democratic lawyer became the candidate of the Cardis Republican faction for district judge and won by the enthusiastic votes of Mexicans supplied with already marked ballots since they could no more read English than Sanskrit. Judge Howard mounted the bench and threw Don Luis Cardis harder than any bronc ever had.

With money supplied by his father-in-law, Major George B. Zimpleman, Howard organized a family syndicate to grab the Salt Lakes. Major Zimpleman, a distinguished citizen of Austin, liked to make money as well as Texans before and since. But there is no evidence that he behaved as a conscious crook in this shabby theft of a peoples' inheritance. El Paso County was the other end of the world for him as it was for most Anglos. Seven hundred miles of Apache-infested hills and mesas lay between it and the nearest other settled section of Texas. To reach it safely from the Lone star capital, travelers had to journey a thousand miles across Indian Territory and New Mexico. Mexico City lay closer to this remote, Spanish-speaking enclave under the American flag. So did the settlements of distant California.

Major Zimpleman went along with the man who had married his sickly daughter. And if there is anything stronger in Texas than the six-shooter ethos, it is the family tradition. You back a kinsman, born or acquired, with everything you have whether it's your last shot or your last peso.

Howard started being called Pistol Judge by the respectable Anglos who'd never wanted him in their club anyhow. He strode the streets of Franklin town and of Ysleta, the county seat, wearing two loaded .45s primed for action. Lawyers were careful about dissenting from rulings in his court. He treated the friendly, hospitable Mexicans of that continuous string of Rio Grande settlements as less than dirt and scorned to learn much of their language. Unsubstantiated rumors began circulating that His Honor had left Missouri under indictment for shooting a fellow attorney who had been opposing counsel in a lawsuit.

Judge Howard required the lead cure if any frontier jurist ever did. But Don Luis Cardis, who stood a cut above most border politicos, hoped to depose the grafter on the bench by some lawful means before the four-year term expired. Cardis told his Mexican followers to keep their triggers and their tempers cool. At a later date, he would be accorded less mercy by the man he was protecting.

Still the border seethed. As yet, Howard had made no overt move to appropriate the Salt Lakes despite all the papers filed by his syndicate with the Texas secretary of state in Austin. From both sides of the Rio Grande, the oxcarts still lumbered to pick up tons of salt. But now the *paisano* drivers came armed to the teeth; came ready to mix salt with blood from their veins.

Howard had hired as agent to direct salt operations an equally greedy character named John McBride. In the fall of 1877, Howard flung the gauntlet. And from that time, huge El Paso County became boiling hell, turned into the latest battle front of generally embattled Texas.

Through McBride, Howard announced that he would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have anybody arrested who took salt from *his* lakes without paying the proper toll. Meantime his stooge, El Paso County Sheriff Kirber had recruited a set of drifting gunslinging guards ready to go anywhere or shoot anybody for the price of a drink or a woman. Most of these bullies, it is said, came from Silver City, New Mexico, where that charming prodigy Billy the Kid had allegedly slain his first man to celebrate a twelfth birthday.

AGAIN CARDIS held back when effective and principled counter-resistance was urgent. Within a few hours he could have rounded up by pony couriers enough incensed Texas Mexicans to have swept the whole sorry caboodle, including Howard, out of El Paso County. But the 47-year-old Italian with the manners and the rotund build of an opera singer still vetoed violence.

"No, amigos," he told his followers. "If we kill these gringos there will come more gringos with guns—those soldier gringos called the Rangers. We must defeat Howard with his own weapon—the law—and by our wits."

One hot-tempered young Texas Mexican disagreed. He was Chico Barela, or Varela. The spelling is uncertain, but he was one Mejicano with whom not even roving gringo gunmen from Silver City or California ever dared match a draw. Aiding Barela was a fanatical Anglo-hating priest of the San Elizario parish where Barela lived. The priest, however, was as venal as Judge Howard and was in trouble with his ecclesiastical superiors in Mexico for having played around with the original Salt Ring for his own intended benefit.

Barela and the priest probably instigated the first test of Howard's authority with Cardis being unwilling to pick up the glove. In November of 1877 two of Barela's friends, Macedonia Ganaria and José Maria Juarez, boldly drove their carts to the Salt Lakes and filled them in contemptuous disdain of the guards. Then a trap that had been set for Howard was sprung by the clever young Mexican.

His Honor came storming into San Elizario as Barela knew he would. He was breathing fire, thunder, and legalisms which the Mexicans neither understood nor gave a damn about. With him rode several retainers including Kleber, just about the sorriest specimen who ever sported a sheriff's badge in Texas. Kleber was carrying writs of arrest for Ganaria and Juarez. They had been signed by a Mexican justice of the peace, Porfirio Garcia, who had allegedly been handed a chunk of pesos for a traitorous job.

The whole town turned out as a mass reception committee for the visitors. But the citizens were carrying hardware instead of the traditional flasks of tequila and bowls of chili. Mexican hospitality is determined, in its forms, by how you treat Mexicans. Barela and his elite corps surrounded the unpopular guests. The priest preached a howling racist sermon and, before Howard could spout Blackstone, the whole party had been imprisoned in an adobe hut.

The upshot was that Howard saved his neck and those of his partners by agreeing to foreswear claim to the Salt Lakes, to resign from the bench, and to leave El Paso County never to return. But for the intervention of a younger priest, defying the old fanatic, the judge would have been shot forthwith against some wall. As a guarantee of performance, Howard was also supposed to put up a hundred thousand dollar bond that would be forfeited if the Missourian ever so much as set a toe again across the boundary of El Paso County. But this author has never found any authentic record of the bond ever having been posted. Or that Howard ever had ready access to what was such a huge sum for those days.

Round One of the El Paso County Salt War had been fought. That first round might have been the last one but for a certain something upon which other writers have barely touched.

That something was the intervention of the habitually anti-Mexican state government of Texas on the side of Howard Mills and the other would-be salt magnates. Mills seems to have kept in the background to save his own skin though he would years later write a highly inaccurate and biased account of the curious conflict. But spewing and chafing, Howard went to Messila, New Mexico. There he established contact with Colonel Albert Fountain, a border Republican boss who had broken off with the original Salt Ring in a dispute over prospective dividends but was willing to talk business with the commercially-minded Democrat. Besides, Fountain had no love for Cardis who had reputedly ousted him from control of the El Paso County Republican machine when they had both been legislators at Austin.

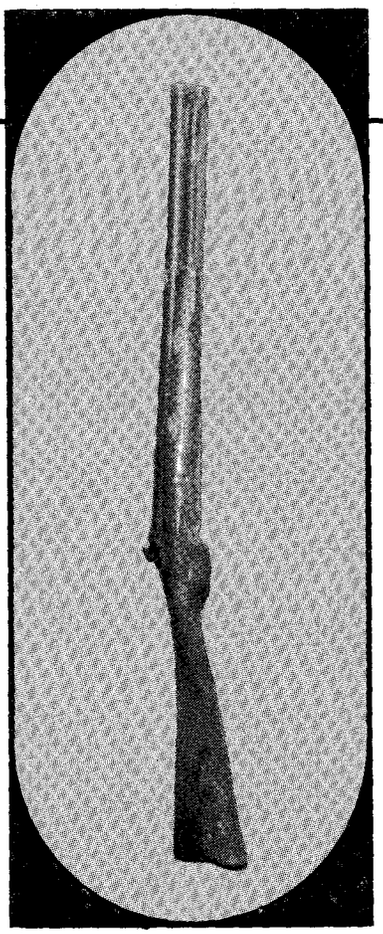
Fountain was now building a new political career in New Mexico. It would last till he and his eleven-year-old son would be ambushed, some years later, in what is still regarded as the greatest unsolved murder mystery of the Old West. What went on between him and his new cohort will never be known completely. But almost certainly Howard contacted the Democratic state government in Austin during their discussions. Certainly, too, this regime of ex-Confederates decided that helping an old comrade at arms would also wipe out one of the last remaining Republican bastions in the lone star state. *(Continued on page 48)*

Don Luis Cardis (l.) wanted to keep disputed Salt Lakes public property.

"Judge" Charles H. Howard (r.) was a bulldog of a man with a barrel body.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE BARRELED HELL



That's what they called the blasts from these sawed-off shotguns; and while this deadly weapon lacked the glamor and romance of the six gun, it contributed more to law and order in the Old West than all other guns

by Morton Gray

IT WAS SATURDAY NIGHT, June 18, 1873, and the short main street of Ellsworth, Kansas, vibrated with the drunken roars of the Irish workmen from the railroad construction gangs. The Irish workers crowded the town, looking for whiskey, women and song. They had no difficulty finding any of these in Ellsworth, but they had other matters on their minds, matters that fore-shadowed trouble and bloodshed for Ellsworth. Jim Cotton, who owned and operated the Ace Saloon, had insulted the boss of the construction gang and if you insulted an Irish construction boss, anything might happen.

What was about to happen was obvious. Big Mike O'Brien, the insulted construction boss, was leading his gang of drunken Irish workers to Cotton's saloon, and when they got there they would let little of that shaky wooden shanty structure stand. And anybody interfering with their destruction would probably lie dead in the ruins of the Ace Saloon.

But as O'Brien and his men neared the saloon, a tall, rawboned man, wearing a deputy marshal badge stepped out in front of O'Brien and his small army of Irish workers. This deputy marshal, "Happy Jack" Morco, who, in the records of the Kansas cattle towns, was something of an enigmatic character. But on one point all agreed. He had nerve and guts, plenty of them to face any situation.

On this night as he stepped in front of O'Brien and his army, Happy Jack Morco had a sawed-off shotgun in the elbow of each arm with the usual ropes.

"Take it easy, O'Brien," he warned the Irish leader. "Blasts from these shotguns will mow down most of your men and you'll go down with them."

Happy Jack spoke quietly, like a man confident of his strength. Big Mike O'Brien blinked and stared at the sawed-off shotguns. He, too, knew Happy Jack's strength. He knew what blasts of buckshot from those guns would do to him and his men. So common sense proved the best valor in the situation and Big Mike turned and motioned for his men to retreat to some other saloon. The next morning, and all mornings after that, the Ace Saloon was still standing.

If this scene was written for a movie or TV script, the writer would have Happy Jack drawing his six guns and forcing Big Mike and his men back. Against a mob like that two six guns would be about as effective as a popgun, as all the Irish workers carried guns and Happy Jack wouldn't have lived long enough to tell Big Mike what to do.

But a sawed-off shotgun? That was a weapon with the power of a howitzer firing into a crowd. It was by far the favorite and the most important weapon carried by peace officers, stage coach messengers, and all other types of men who needed certain and powerful action from a firearm.

Yet the lowly shotgun has been sadly neglected by writers on the West. Books on famous firearms manufacturers seem to look with disdain on those who manufactured shotguns and one finds few mentions of men making shotguns. Probably blasting a load of buckshot at a victim lacks the glamour and heroics of sending bullets from a six gun.

The only difference between the buckshot fired from a shotgun and a bullet from a six gun was that a lot more buckshot ripped the bodies of outlaws, robbers, gunmen, and undesirables in general than did bullets from rifles or six guns. Every town marshal in Kansas cattle towns carried the old trusty sawed-off shotgun, with a rope attached to it and around the neck. The kick of one of those sawed-off blunderbusses made the kick of a Missouri mule seem like a mild slap in the pants. Without the rope the shotgun might fly in any direction. *(Continued on page 53)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here are some new and interesting facts about the tragedy of Narcissa and Marcus Whitman, facts dug out of long forgotten records

by Jack Bishop

THE WHITMAN MISSION HORROR

A PORTENTOUS CLOUD of impending disaster had hung for days like a heavy pall over the mission settlement. Missionary Doctor Marcus Whitman and his devout wife Narcissa had all they could handle caring for the Indians who were dying in great numbers around them from an epidemic of measles.

The Whitmans had heard rumors that half-breed Joe Lewis, whose foremost talent was lying, was attempting to turn the Whitman's acts of kindness against them by telling the superstitious Indians that the doctor was responsible for the dread disease. This troublesome Indian was even claiming the missionaries were deliberately poisoning the Cayuse people, among whom they had established their mission eleven years before.

Marcus and Narcissa Whitman would have achieved martyrdom even had they not been cruelly murdered by the hands of those whom they had unselfishly befriended. The horror that befell these resolute messengers of the Lord is unparalleled in the story of the conquest of Oregon, America's last frontier.

No white woman before had ever made the long, perilous journey across the country to Oregon, which then encompassed the entire Northwest. But shortly after her marriage to Marcus Whitman on February 18, 1836, Narcissa left her home in Western New York state for that unknown wilderness which had only known the tread of rugged mountain men, fur trappers, and explorers following in the footsteps of Lewis and Clark. Accompanying the Whitmans on the great undertaking was the Reverend Henry H. Spalding, his semi-invalid wife Eliza, and William Gray, a mechanic.

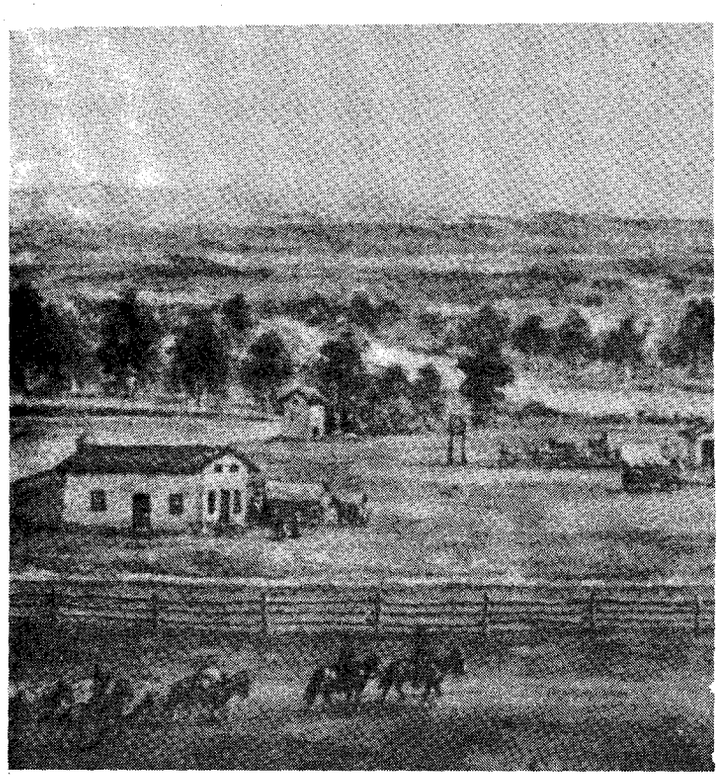
On July 4, 1836, the small party crossed the continental divide and Narcissa Prentiss Whitman and Eliza Spalding became the first white women ever to do so. In time they reached the mighty Columbia River and Fort Walla Walla, a rendezvous for the Hudson's Bay Fur Trading Company (near present day Walla Walla, Washington.) After resting here a few days they completed the last lap of their journey arriving at Fort Vancouver by boat down the Columbia on September 12. The journey had taken over six months. Narcissa and Eliza remained at the Post while their husbands returned up river to locate their proposed missions. Spalding and Gray went among the Nez Perce tribe at Lapwai in what is now western Idaho, and Marcus settled at Waiilatpu "the place of the rye grass" where the Cayuse Indians made their home. The Whitmans moved into a small log house on this site on December 10, 1836. For the next eleven years their nearest civilized neighbor was to be Fort Walla Walla, twenty-five miles away.

Establishing a friendly relationship with the distrusting Cayuse Indians was to be a slow and often discouraging process. Throughout that first difficult winter of 1836-37 the Whitmans spared no effort in trying to educate and help the Indians. They were met by opposition, but in time were able to gain the trust of many who had at first doubted their intentions.

A very special event took place on Mrs. Whitman's birthday, March 14 of the following year. Narcissa became the mother of a baby girl, Alice Clarissa — the first child born of United States parents in the Northwest. Caring for the infant in that wilderness region presented a problem and it was indeed fortunate that Marcus was a doctor.

The next two years saw a new mission house replace the inadequate log cabin, and by the close of 1838 the settlement had added a blacksmith shop, grist mill and a sawmill twenty miles up the stream. There was also a large Emigrant House to accommodate the families who were stopping at the mission after crossing the Blue Mountain range to the east bound for the Willamette Valley, the enchanted promised land along the Pacific Coast. Some chose to stay on at Waiilatpu. The extensions of the new mission house formed the letter "T". Besides being home for the Whitmans and a few others it contained a schoolroom in the eastern end in which daily classes were held for the settlement children.

In September 1839 the first tragedy struck the mission.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Little Alice Clarissa Whitman, now aged two, wandered off to the stream nearby and was drowned. Sorrow hung heavy over the mission. Though the settlers seldom saw Mrs. Whitman cry they knew her heart was heavy with the loss. Fate decreed she wasn't to remain motherless for long, however. One by one children arrived at the Mission for the doctor and his wife to take in. Mountain man Joe Meek brought his little daughter Helen Meek and the legendary Jim Bridger arrived with his daughter Mary Ann. The next child to come was a little half-breed boy whose mother had deserted him to run off with an Indian boy friend.

IN THE FALL of 1842 Whitman made his celebrated ride to Boston where he succeeded in reversing the Board of Missions' decision to recall the missionaries to the East. When Whitman returned he brought his brother's son, Perrin, to live with them. Then in the Fall of 1844, there arrived at Waiilatpu seven children, all brothers and sisters, whose parents had died on the Oregon Trail. The story of the Sager children is a heart-rendering but an inspiring one. Led by the oldest child, John, aged thirteen, they walked a good part of the 500 miles from Fort Hall to the Whitman Mission. The youngest was a baby girl only a few months old whom the children took turns carrying. When they trudged into the mission yard they were indeed a pitiable sight to behold. The baby in John's arms was near death and little Catherine Sager, who lived to write the story a half-century later, had suffered a broken leg. Narcissa took them into the house where they were all given a bath, obviously the first in many weeks. Throughout the night Mrs. Whitman cared for the baby and by dawn the child had passed the crisis. The Whitmans took the orphans in as their own, bringing the number of adopted children to eleven.

Each year brought increasing numbers of settlers across the Blue Mountains to the mission. Over 4000 made the journey to Oregon in 1847. Narcissa wrote in one of her many letters to her folks in the East: "The poor Indians are amazed at the overwhelming numbers of Americans coming into the country. They seem not to know what to make of it." This letter was written only three months before the massacre.

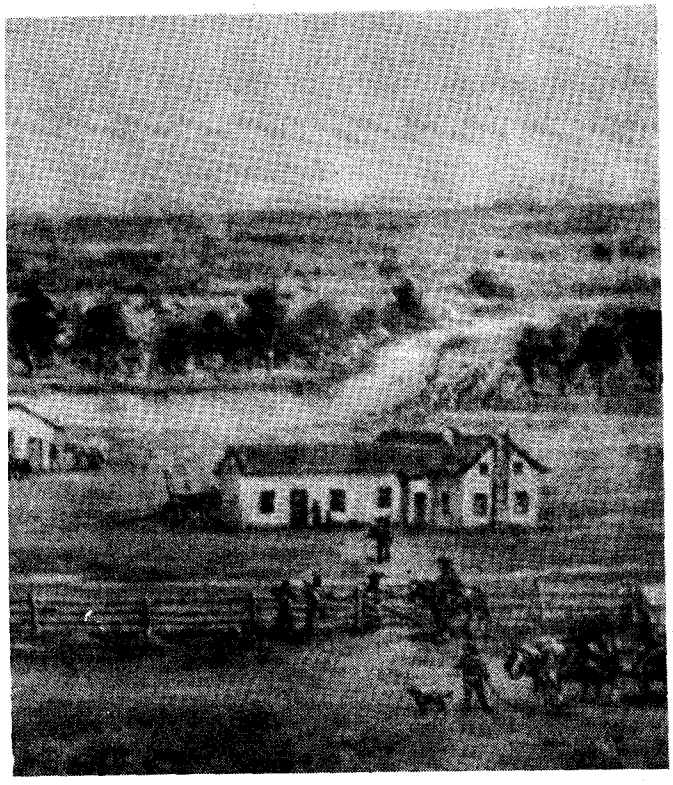
The devastating winter of 1846-47 and the measles plague had left their mark. The Cayuse were in a state of mind to take out their hurt and hate on anything or anyone. The treacherous Joe Lewis pointed the finger of guilt at the Whitmans. Two others, Tomahas (who was known as "The Murderer") and Chief Tilaukait, said Joe Lewis spoke with a straight tongue. By November the tribe had formed a plot to take revenge on the "evil whites."

Dawn broke on Monday, November 29, 1847 — a never-

Narcissa Whitman.

Author's Photos

Missionary Marcus Whitman (r.).



The Whitman Mission (l.) painted by Wm. Jackson.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to-be-forgotten black day in history. Now living at the mission and sawmill were seventeen men, thirteen women and forty-two children. Eleven of these seventy-two residents were confined to their beds with serious illnesses. Narcissa seemed to sense something was very wrong that day. She spent the morning in bed and didn't touch her breakfast. Some of the children saw her crying.

Those in the mission house noticed the large group of Indians milling around in the yard watching Jacob Hoffman and two other residents butchering a beef. Mrs. Whitman finally arose and shortly after 2:00 P.M. she prepared the children for a bath. Ten-year-old Elizabeth Sager got to be first in the tub today. School was in session in the east end; and Peter Hall was laying a new floor in the adjoining "Indian room."

While taking her bath little Elizabeth asked her "Mother" to bring her some milk. Narcissa went to the next room and dipped a cupful. She then opened the kitchen door. What she saw caused her to cry out and drop the cup of milk. Standing before her was Tilaukait and grim-faced Tomahas, "The Murderer." Despite her years among them Mrs. Whitman had never completely lost her fear of the Indians. While her husband had been in the East on his ride to save the mission a dangerous Cayuse named Tamsucky had attempted to assault her in her bedroom one night. Marcus often cautioned her, "It is best never to show fear to the Indians." There were times, like now, that she forgot these words. Facing the savages now standing before her she asked, "What do you want?"

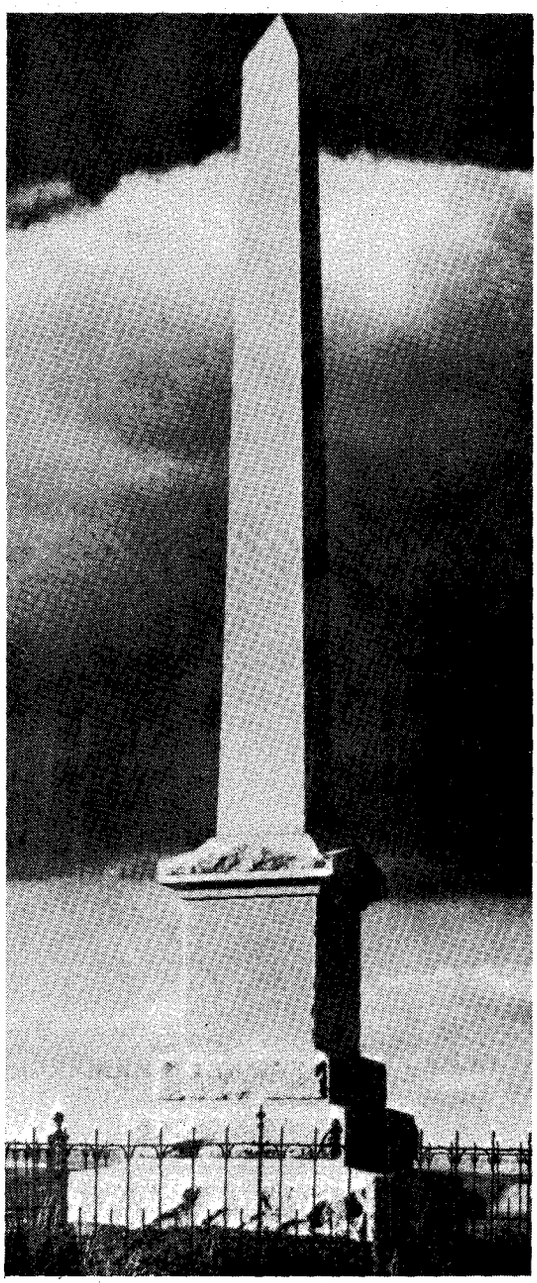
"We wish to talk with doctor," answered Tilaukait.

She went into the living room and bolted the door behind her. Then she called softly to Whitman, "Doctor, you are wanted by Tilaukait and Tomahas."

Marcus, who had been preparing medicine for Mrs. Lorinda Bewley, came forward. "Lock the door after me," he said to his wife.

As Whitman started into the kitchen Tilaukait attempted to brush past him and enter *(Continued on page 50)*

Whitman monument, Walla Walla, Washington.



Statue of martyred missionary in Philadelphia, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO WERE THESE GIANTS?

Discovery of this burial ground of Indian giants adds a new element to the confused picture of who the Indians really are

Kansas Dept. Economic Development

Indian Artifacts taken from prehistoric burial pit containing remains of Indian giants near Salina, Kansas.

by John Mathais

INDIANS SEVEN FEET or more tall, weight three hundred pounds: truly great physical giants. Other unique features: they do not have the typical high cheek bones of the present day Indians and many of them have blue eyes. Contrary to general belief, such giants were not uncommon among the Indians of the Old West. Chief Roan, the Pawnee; Big Foot Bear, the Blackfoot giant; Sam Starr, the Cherokee, and father-in-law of the notorious Belle Starr; and Lightning Bird, the Sioux were all seven feet or more tall. The list of these giants would take pages. Almost every tribe had at least one such man.

Where did they come from? Why no high cheek bones like the other Indians and why the blue eyes? These and other questions about these giants have puzzled students of the Indian for years. For a long time it was believed that the Mound Builders were the first human inhabitants of North America. Excavations of their cities in Ohio and Arkansas showed a far higher plane of civilization than the *(Continued on page 68)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINING GOLD

The Old West did many crazy things to find gold, but these two characters topped them all when they looked in the stomach of cattle for the precious metal

EVER HEAR OF MINING cattle, herd after herd of the animals, for gold, placer gold?

It's been done in a big way, and of all the wild and hair-brained schemes in the mad search for gold, and they were many and fantastic in the Old West, this enterprise tops them all.

I first got a hint of this wild scheme some years ago in looking through a March 1868 issue of the Cheyenne *Leader*. It didn't have many details, just a hint of what had happened and the characters. Since then, on my trips to the West Coast, I have searched for more information. What I got were stories handed down by old timers in and around Yreka, that town on the Oregon-California border.

By the time a story has been handed down by several generations, the facts become something of a legend, and this is a highly amusing one, such a story that would have delighted the heart of Mark Twain. It is a mystery to me why he never wrote it. But here are the facts as I heard them, part legend and part what really happened.

Nobody except old George Janfry and Locke Melone back there in Yreka would ever have commenced such an undertaking. A mining operation of the kind these two characters pulled off cost one man his neck in a noose. The other escaped death by the skin of his teeth.

It all happened after the great gold rush of '49, when prospectors spread all over the country searching for more of the yellow metal which they had just stripped from the California fields. Everybody was gold-minded. Yreka was then a small village. Not many people lived there, and it was characteristic in every respect of frontier towns of the day and age.

A general store and a few other mercantile houses made up the main drag. Jim Glusk was the owner of the one butcher shop. He supplied fresh meat—fresh to an extent—to the few people of the countryside who chose to come by their supply in an honest way. He traded the local ranchers out of their likely-looking butcher animals as he needed them, did his own slaughtering, cut his own meat, doled it out a chunk at a time over the counter to his regular customers.

Glusk was an applicable, honest, non-excitable observant sort of hardworking individual who applied himself consistently to his occupation. He had no secrets and his one aim was to provide an honest living for his family. He did not believe in plunging into fly-by-night schemes for making quick money, and adhered strictly to the paths of diligent work to supply his household larder, without taking chances.

Two other characters who were to play more important parts in this drama were George Janfry and Locke Melone. The pair, during all their time in Yreka, had never attracted much attention. The people of the surrounding country, on their trips into the one-street village, rarely missed them from the daily scenes of the quiet street, dusty or muddy as the season granted. They were not openly engaged in any sort of occupation like most other people of the country.

They had no families and spent most of their time in keeping posted on all the activities and gossip of the locality. The two never caused the peace officers any trouble, and generally they were considered as a sort of expendable fixture in the town of Yreka. Yet they were likeable and no one seemed particularly concerned about their presence. They visited with all the merchants and people about town during the reign of the day, spinning a few yarns, telling a few jokes and keeping up fairly well with all the happenings in and around Yreka.

LIFE WOULD have gone on pretty much this way for Janfry and Melone had not Jim Glusk bought that fat steer from rancher John Bagley and on this morning was outside his butcher shop butchering the steer.

In cutting open the steer's stomach, Jim Glusk found a piece of gold. He was not looking for gold. He was prospecting for tripe (the walls of the first and second stomach of steers sometimes used for food—and Jim in his butchering didn't lose anything except the bellow). The gold was only a flake, but it was color—good rich color!

Jim didn't get excited. Neither did he pack his grip and pull out to the east seeking financial backing for a great mining operation. He went quietly to work, mined out the stomach of the steer and cleaned up seven dollars. He was

George Janfry was a town loafer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN CATTLE

by Joe Dugan

satisfied. To him that was all there was to the discovery. He did nothing else and thought of nothing else to do.

Glusk's attitude and version of the find, however, was not the same as that of Janfry and Melone. The mining operation which the village butcher had performed on the steer was scarcely completed when the two old characters, Janfry and Melone, stuck their noses into the affair. They quizzed Glusk for details and became very observant around the slaughter pen. They took on an air of deep concern and every move they made indicated that they were formulating plans for a potential undertaking.

The next day, after Glusk had performed his butchering chore, Janfry and Melone did not stir around town as much as usual. They had acquired all the dope about the slaughtered animal, where it came from, on what portion of Old Bagley's range it had grazed, and all other data that had any relation to the find. They sat quietly on the plank gallery of the general store, talking in low tones, chewing their quids, spitting into the dusty street, and portraying all the attributes of deep meditation—something entirely unusual for the two old characters.

Mostly their conversation was carried on in very low tones, but occasionally a sort of outburst seemed to gain the upper hand of them. Gestures were common and a steady stream of tobacco juice found its way onto the street as the cogs in the brains of the two began to whirl. A future movement was shaping up in their minds and they were confronted with mental problems, the like of which had never before troubled them.

The bright yellow flake of gold taken so easily from the steer's stomach by Glusk—seven dollars worth—plagued their minds. The gold fever had seized Janfry and Melone.

They carefully formulated plans, discussed the pros and cons of such an undertaking as they had on their minds, and passed up none of the details in the matter without proper consideration. Melone had found out, as they argued the finer points, that Janfry had at one time worked for Old Bagley. His period of employment on the Bagley spread, like all of his few periods of labor, was not of long duration. However, he had gained, while there, enough information about Old Bagley's habits and ranch operations to assist them in the plans they were making. Shortly the two seemed to have reached unison in their carefully laid plans: a devious scheme had been born.

The chance of a lifetime, the two old goats thought, was within their grasp—a fortune in gold was there for the taking!

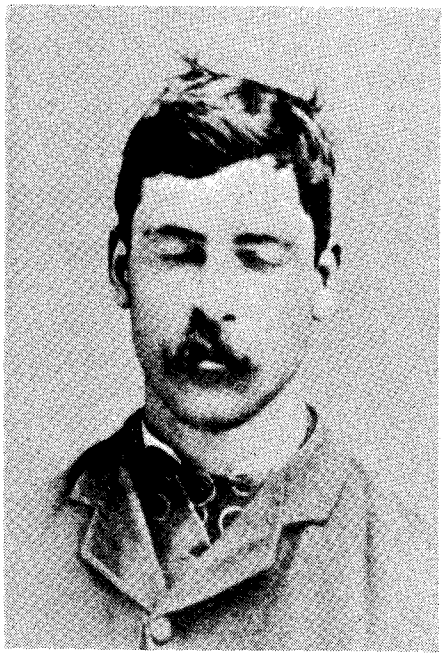
Janfry and Melone disappeared from their usual haunts in Yreka. No one bothered about their disappearance, just as they had not bothered before with their appearance. Their movements, heretofore, had been just one of those things to which the people of Yreka paid no particular attention. No one inquired about them. Neither was a seach started to find them.

The two old fellows, when they departed from Yreka, felt they had launched one of the most serious missions of their lifetime. They had reasoned carefully while making up their minds in Yreka about their gold-prospective expedition. Not many thoughts had escaped their carefully laid scheme, and they were hell-bent.

They reasoned that if gold had been found in the stomach of one of Old Bagley's cattle, it could be found in the stomachs of all the rest of them, as they fed on the same range. They also figured that in *(Continued on page 72)*

Rose Collection, U. of Oklahoma Library

Locke Melone was Janfry's buddy.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROUND-UP • • TIME • •

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

JUDGING FROM the response from readers of this department, it's going to prove mighty popular. The number of questions that have come in has our research department working overtime, and if you don't get an answer to your question in the issue you expect, you can figure the research boys have their noses deep in old records, trying to find an answer for you.

As we have written before, when several readers ask a question on the same subject, we make a composite question to be answered. So if your question isn't worded exactly as you wrote it, you will understand what happened. One more thing, we cannot answer questions which involve tracing relatives who went West. Unless this relative was famous—or infamous—the historical records will have nothing about him or her and we have no other sources to trace any granddad or uncle or aunt.

Q. I read an article that said Wild Bill Hickok's body was ossified or petrified. Is that true? Clair Houseman, 410 South Lincoln, Crocker Apt. 20, Aberdeen, South Dakota.

A. The body of Wild Bill Hickok did not become petrified. The Deadwood Telegram, *November 3, 1922, explains how this illusion started at the time Wild Bill's body was moved to another cemetery. The article reads: "That by some natural embalming process of the soil, accomplished by water which had percolated through the coffin, the body of Wild Bill had been so well embalmed as to preserve even the outlines of his features and lines of the manifold pleatings of the dress shirt he wore. This preservation of the body gave rise to the report that it had been petrified, but Mr. McClintock (the undertaker) states that from his examination it was embalming rather than petrification by the deposition of minerals in the tissues of the body."*

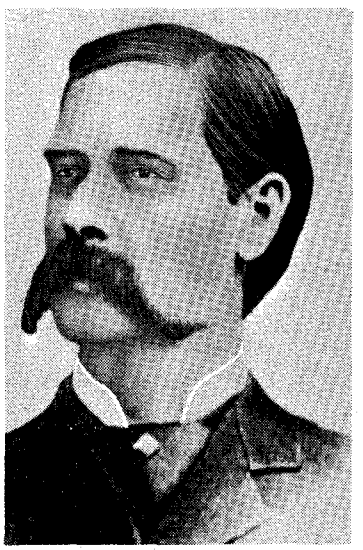
Q. What can you tell me about the background of Bill Doolin, why he became an outlaw, and is there any truth to the rumor he died a natural death and an officer shot buckshot in his body to make it look like he killed him? Mrs. Don Paul, 7335 N. Ventura Ave., Ventura, California.

A. Bill Doolin was a cowboy on the Hadsel ranch, and in those wild days of the Indian Territory, many cowboys turned to cattle stealing. Nobody knows why Bill Doolin turned to bank and train robbing. Even at the height of his crime career, he had many friends in the Indian and Oklahoma Territories. There was a story current that he died a natural death and his body was propped up and filled with buckshot to get a reward, but there never has been any documentation of this rumor.

Q. Could you tell me what salary such famous marshals of the old West as Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson got? Roger Jackson, RR 1, Box 283, Decatur, Illinois.

A. Wyatt Earp never was marshal at either Wichita or Dodge City or Tombstone. He was a policeman at Wichita and also at Dodge City and he got $80.00 a month. Bat Masterson was a police officer only a few days in Dodge. Most of his career as a peace officer was as sheriff of Ford County. Marshals got from $100.00 to $150.00 in the Kansas cattle towns, and in the mining towns, the salary was sometimes a little higher, but not much. In addition to the salary, the marshal got so much for every arrest.

Kansas State Historical Society



The controversial Wyatt Earp.

Q. Did Pearl Hart, the famous female bandit, escape from prison and what finally happened to her? R. Grafton, 3058 45th Street, Long Island City, N. Y.

A. Pearl Hart could hardly be called a famous female bandit. Her only hold-up was done with a miner, Joe Boot, who worked for the Globe Mining Company in Arizona, where Pearl worked as a cook. Their hold-up, May 30, 1899, of the Benson-Globe stage was done so crudely that they got only a few dollars and were promptly arrested. Pearl got 5 years. She was quite a gal when it came to publicity and she caused Arizona Territory so much trouble and embarrassment that they released her after a year and a half in prison. She went to New York and wasn't heard of for twenty years when she reappeared in Arizona briefly. Then she returned to New York and nobody has any record of what happened to her.

Q. My grandfather had a .45 caliber six gun with the name "Dancer" on the frame under the cylinder. The name had been worn down so much it is hard to read and I have a feeling there is more to the name. Can you tell me anything about this revolver? John Maslen, 1331 Rodman Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A. It is possible your grandfather had a Dancer Brothers and Park Percussion Revolver. If so, it is a .44 caliber, 8 inch barrel, with a brass trigger guard, a rifled barrel, partly octagonal. There is a back strap and blade front sight, but no rear sight. The frame is flat without a recoil shield. This gun was made in Columbia, Texas, between 1863-64, and in 1864-65 at Anderson, Texas. These guns were manufactured for the Confederate army and when the war was over the company went out of business. These guns today are rare items for collectors.

Q. How did the great herds of buffalo live through the long cold winters in Wyoming and the northern states where snow was often several feet deep all winter and there was no grass? Wouldn't the buffalo starve? Ogden R. Jones, Mission, Kansas.

A. Buffalo grass was nutritious all the year round and when covered with snow it would freeze before the snow fell, which retained all the juices and even increased the food value of the grass. The buffalo had an effective way to paw the snow and get at the grass. Also during the winter they ate the bark of the cottonwood and willow trees. They never suffered for food during the winter.

Q. Did the cowboy have any system of signalling to each other when on the range? Mrs. Ethel Beaggcouth, Sallisaw, Oklahoma.

A. The cowboy had many forms of signals. If he was in trouble, he would fire his rifle or six gun three times, at even intervals. If he wanted the attention of those who could see him, he would ride his pony around in a circle. When approaching another rider, a stranger, he would raise his right arm high to indicate friendship. The cowboy used the Indian system of smoke signals. He would throw grass over a small fire, hold the blanket over the smoke until it had accumulated and then raise one side to let the smoke shoot up in puffs. The meaning of the number of smoke puffs would be decided beforehand. The mirror was also used to flash signals against the sun.

Q. A friend and I were discussing the way gold dust could be turned into cash in the Old West and what was known as the "wet finger" in handling gold dust? R. C. Crassland, P.O. Box 221, Mountain Grove, Mo.

A. Gold dust was a medium of exchange in banks, stores, gambling halls, saloons, and almost any place where some commodity was sold. The "wet finger" was a trick used by bartenders and in some cases, by bank clerks, to filch some of the gold dust. If the finger was wet, gold dust would stick to it when the finger touched it. As bartenders and bank clerks handled a large number of sacks of gold dust a day, they were able, by using the wet finger, to filch a good quantity of gold dust. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE IT IS!

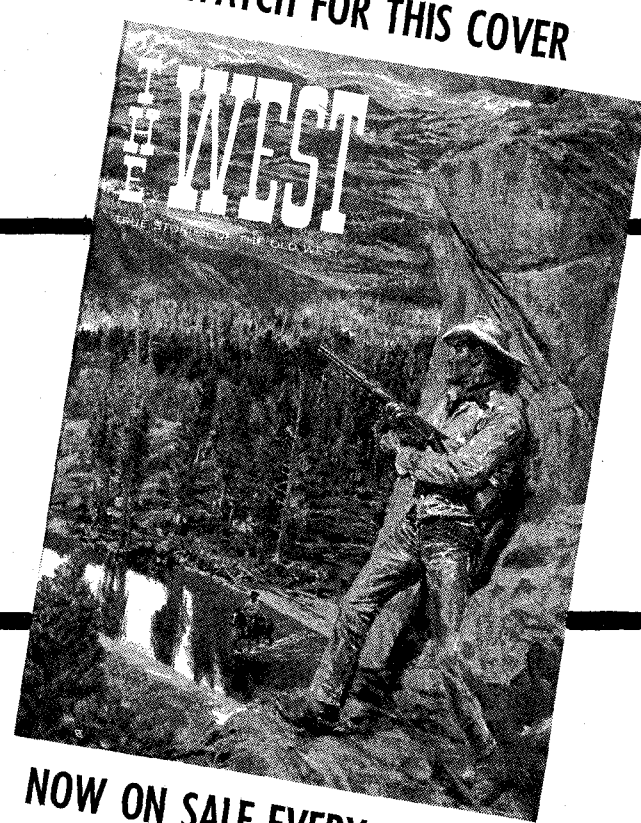
THE WEST GOES MONTHLY!

You asked for it! So, beginning with the next issue—dated October, 1964, on sale everywhere July 30th—your favorite Western magazine will be published every month.

The October issue of THE WEST will be packed full of exciting, factual stories of the Old West. They'll all be the kind you've told us you like best—True adventures of pioneer and Indian days that made the Old West the most colorful piece of land the world has ever known.

Speak to your newsdealer today! Tell him to reserve your copy of THE WEST for October. You won't want to miss this great magazine with its thrilling true-life stories!

WATCH FOR THIS COVER



NOW ON SALE EVERY MONTH

OCTOBER ISSUE ON SALE EVERYWHERE JULY 30th

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEXAS' CRAZIEST WAR

(Continued from page 38)

Of such was the virtue of frontier politicians, whatever their political stripe. But the stage was set for Round Two of the Salt War. And its sacrifice would be naive Don Luis Cardis.

ON AN outwardly peaceful day of November, 1877, Don Luis was sitting in an El Paso general store dictating letters to a clerk who doubled as his secretary. His back was turned to the door. He was expecting no further trouble with Howard off the bench and replaced by an honorable jurist, District Judge Allen Blacker.

Cardis heard a footstep at the door, but paid no attention thinking it was another customer. Then he heard a greeting in a loud voice:

"Hello, Judge Howard!"

The subtle warning came too late. State Representative Cardis wheeled around in his chair to meet death.

Death spewed from the barrel of a rifle in the hands of Howard. And with Luis Cardis would die Republican political control in Texas' biggest county.

Howard calmly wiped the smoke from his gun, nodded curtly to the proprietor, then walked to his carriage waiting outside. He stepped into it and was then driven back to Mesilla by his colored coachman, Wesley Owens, who had also earned a bit of notoriety as a gunslinger.

Why did the government in Austin not denounce the foulest political assassination in the history of a proud state? Why did it not arrange by telegraph to have the authorities of New Mexico Territory take Howard into immediate custody and hold him for legal extradition? Why did it not bring to quick trial a man so essentially an outlaw even if—sometimes—he practiced law?

Why, instead, did it enlist a special company of Texas Rangers to restore "law and order" in El Paso County, but let the killer pick the Rangers?

Not a Ranger had been seen in the county when Howard was its Pistol Judge and meriting impeachment by using public office for private gain. In fact, no Ranger company was stationed within hundreds of miles of the area at the time the ex-jurist had slain Cardis, one of the state's lawmakers. But no sooner was the slaying reported to Austin than the top commander of the Ranger force, Major John B. Jones, made a difficult journey to reach that distant part of Texas and throw a mantle of protection around the murderer.

An ex-Confederate officer like Howard, Major Jones had many fine exploits to his credit and would, not long afterward, shatter the Sam Bass Gang at Round Rock just outside of Austin. But he no more understood the temperament and feelings of the state's big Mexican minority than did any other official in the capital. Otherwise he would have behaved differently in El Paso County where all but a handful were Mexican.

As protocol required, Jones conferred with Chico Barela, Sisto Salcido and other Mexican leaders in San Elizario. But he refused their demands to recruit a special company of rangers who would be Mexican to protect the citizens against the salt pirates and the legions of *paisano*-hating gunslingers they could muster from Silver City. He insisted that the Mexicans disarm. They promised, but started oiling their guns the minute he left town. So much, they felt, the palaver of Anglos amounted to——!

Jones then went to Mesilla for a talk with Howard. By all accounts, it was a pleasant and fruitful session of two southern gentlemen. Back to El Paso County he came announcing that he had arranged for the county's most hated ex-resident to return on November 16th, 1877, and surrender on the charge of murdering Don Luis Cardis.

All that followed added up to Greek tragedy wrapped in a lariat. The Salt War itself was almost as great a Texas epic as the Alamo or Dick Dowling's stand against overwhelming Union forces at Sabine Pass. After returning from Mesilla, Jones did recruit a special company of Rangers to maintain order during Howard's expected trial. But they were "Rangers" chosen by this criminal who had been a fugitive from Texas justice till a Texas field commander had dickered with him.

"A gang of thugs assembled and paid by him——" meaning Howard. So Mexican citizens complained. "Not a one of them," observes C. L. Sonnichsen, "would have been a Ranger under normal circumstances."

Fully half of the outfit came from the pistol-packing gentry of Silver City, two hundred miles from El Paso. Not one of this half but had dodged hemp or posses in one or more states of the American Union. Of the total force of twenty men, others were footloose vagrants or lazy, drunken lechers who couldn't have earned ten dollars a month as cooks' helpers in cow camps. Their commander was an almost illiterate ne'er-do-well, brother of a respectable Protestant clergyman, John B. Tays.

By the authority of Austin, this riff-raff was turned loose on people who were legally citizens of Texas and America whatever their language or their cultural background. No wonder the Mexican-descended Texans of El Paso County kept preparing passionately for battle.

ON THE scheduled day of November 16th Howard, flanked by gunslingers, arrived in Ysleta, the El Paso County seat, and jokingly went through the formality of surrendering to his henchman, Sheriff Kleber. There he was placed under bond of $4000 signed by Justice of the Peace Guadalupe Carabajal who knew little English and less law. The bail was signed by U.S. Customs Inspector Joseph Magoffin and by Ranger Tays, who as a supposedly impartial officer of the law had no business endorsing it.

Magoffin looked troubled when Howard stalked out of the courthouse. "For god's sake, Charlie," he pleaded, "stay away from here till your trial comes up."

"Oh, I will, Joe," the killer replied lightly. "I'm thinking of making a trip to Chihuahua." Chihuahua is one of the Mexican states which border the American West.

Instead Howard remained in El Paso County protected by his "Rangers." At the very least, Major Jones should have insisted that he go back to New Mexico pending his trial. As it was, Howard continued to swagger around the county, even chummily attempting to converse with Mexicans who had threatened to lay him in the ground.

December 12th, 1877. Thirteen days before Christmas—the Festival of Navidad or the Nativity as the Mexicans called it. On that day Howard, still claiming ownership of the Salt Mines, had his lackey, McBride, swear out a warrant to sequestrate 800 pounds of the stuff which the *paisanos* had dug from the lakes. To enforce the decree personally, Howard rode to San Elizario with a corps of trigger artists furnished and led by "Lieutenant" Tays.

At six P.M. the sorry contingent arrived in the old town. Tays and his "Rangers" rode to their headquarters. Howard went to the general store of ex-sheriff Charles Ellis around which Mexicans were gathering restlessly. Ellis expected no trouble since he was married to a Mexican girl.

Nine P.M. Fourteen Federal troopers of a border command attempted to reenforce the Rangers following an urgent call from Tays. Their commander, Captain Thomas Blair, ordered them to turn back when he found the way blocked by a Mexican contingent under Chico Barela. Trouble was stewing in the town. Outside Ellis' store, Barela began making a speech denouncing all americanos including those who happened to be in-laws.

Ellis stepped from his place of business to listen to the oration, a foolish move. A Mexican reputed to be insane singled him out, pointed a finger and began yelling:

"Ahora es el tiempo! Ahora es el tiempo!—Now is the time! Now is the time!"

A lariat swirled from the saddle of a mounted man named Eutemio Chavez. Screaming and begging for mercy, Ellis was dragged along the ground for twenty yards to die from a knife flung into his heart. Howard, the cause of all the trouble, had hastily escaped to the Ranger headquarters, a house whose accompanying premises included a corral and a cistern.

Barela's spontaneous forces then laid siege to the headquarters. Bullets buried themselves against the adobe walls. Men ran forward with battering rams hoping to crumble the place, but were driven back by the fire of the defenders. To his credit, Howard picked up a rifle and fought in the battle which he had precipitated. Late in the evening, two more Anglos made their way into the besieged citadel. They were Pecos County Deputy Sheriff Andrew Loomis who had no business messing in the troubles of El Paso County and another unpopular figure, Thomas Atkinson, making his exit with $11,000 worth of valuables deposited in a small trunk.

"We want Howard! We want Howard!" the besiegers kept shouting in Spanish. For four days until Sunday, December 17th, the guns kept exploding, the voices kept demanding.

Then there came a lull which fooled Tays. During the final evening, Deputy Loomis got tired of playing Alamo and decided that he'd be better off in Pecos County at his proper occupation of chasing horse thieves. Barela's men captured him as he was trying to leave town and threw him into another adobe house. Then the Mexican leaders decided on a stratagem that wrecked the gringo defense.

They negotiated, under a flag of truce, an armistice until the following morning. Under the agreement, both sides would meet in a council or *junta* at that time. Howard became cheerful and joking again, feeling that his chances for life had improved if not his prospects of keeping the Salt Lakes.

NEXT MORNING, his spirits fell. For the gringos woke up facing rifles aimed across breastworks dug during the night. Another white flag appeared from one of the embankments which had been dug quickly and efficiently with a min-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imum of noise. From the site came a voice speaking in Spanish which Tays understood:

"Give up Howard, señor, or we'll blow up the house with dynamite from Ellis' store."

Then Charlie Howard did the only decent thing that anybody could ever remember him doing in those years in El Paso County.

"All right, Lieutenant," he said to the commander. "If it's my death or everybody else's, I'll die."

He opened his shirt to bare his breast. Then he marched straight toward certain execution. But as the Rangers made an abject surrender that real officers of their title would never have made, the furious Mexicans decided to kill two more Anglos for good measure.

Tom Atkinson, who rated as *un mal hombre*—a bad man in their books—and Howard's detested agent, John McBride.

They all three died with varying degrees of courage. The leader of the five-man squad was a vengeful mestizo named Desiderio Apodacca. But Howard, as was cosmically fitting, died the gamest of all.

"Aim high, boys," he called scornfully when his turn came to die. "Aim high. And I'll even it all up with you in hell."

Five guns spat. Five bullets found their mark in the beefy flesh of Charles Howard, lawyer and law twister. Later, returning Federal troops found his corpse chopped and maimed from machetes—Mexican sickles used both to harvest crops and to wage duels. But one of the crowd, Jesús Telles, had, in an outburst of zeal, chopped off two of his own toes to become a cripple for life.

But all the fighting didn't restore the salt mines to the Mexicans. A primitive folk revolt could not prevail against all the invested gringo authority of Austin and Washington that was brought about.

The syndicate kept the Salt Lakes which still produce a second-grade product sold in the border country. Tays, an unnaturalized Canadian who had helped rob American citizens, is said to have got a big payoff before he resigned his commission. One of his sergeants, J. C. Ford, became the manager for the combine.

Thirty more gunslingers called "the Silver City Rangers" were recruited for the express purpose of hunting down Mexicans who had participated in the Salt War. They killed a number of suspected leaders, including Jesús Telles.

In a shabby sequel to the Mexican War, they persecuted nationals of our sister republic and drove across that international boundary of the Rio Grande Mexican families who had always been citizens of Texas whatever flag had flown over it.

Eventually the so-called Rangers, including the Silver City gang, were disbanded after they started raping Mexican girls and gut-drilling each other. But the harm that they did international relations would linger for generations. Finally the outraged Mexican government began threatening to send troops to the Rio Grande. To placate it, our congress authorized an investigation by a congressional committee. The probe accomplished no more than most such political circuses staged by Congress.

What became of Chico Barela? I really wish I knew because I'd like to write a book about him. There are varying stories. I've often wondered if I didn't actually meet him in San Antonio under another name. For there I talked much, in the 1930s, with a very aged Mexican who seemed to be a walking encyclopedia of the Salt War. In my lingo, this *paisano* rates as a real Texan. ●

CRIMES OF BILL THE HEALER

(Continued from page 19)

Old Seth was a huge, tough skinned old mountain man, incredible in talk, action, and death. He was surly, ill tempered. At all times his leathery skinned old body had the marks of forty Indian arrows; and by all rules of life and death he should have long since been in his grave.

Up to his attempt to cure old Seth of pneumonia, Bill had prospered well. His technique was simple. If a man was dying, he would invariably be called to work his magic to save him. He was fortunate in his first victims. Over half of them had only minor sicknesses and Bill's magic touch brought them back to health just as soon as their bodies threw off the cold or sore throat germs.

So with only half his patients dying, he didn't have a bad average for a man whose hands and fingers possessed that priceless quality of divine healing. This delicate touch in his fingers was unusually effective when he was searching for any moneys or gold dust a dying patient might have. He never let those fingers wander if there was a chance his patient would get well. Like all such con men, Bill the Healer had a pretty good check on his patients, how much money they possessed, what relatives they had, and what chance there might be tracing missing money.

He had found working in the California and Nevada gold and silver mining towns far more profitable than Laramie, but after all, he could stay in those gold and silver towns just so long. Laramie was merely a stopping-off place as he headed north for Deadwood and the gold fields in the badlands. He had made several good hauls and then word came to him that old Seth Moman was dying, which was good news as old Seth was something of a miser and there was much gold in his cabin.

It was reported old Seth had made a big haul in the Nevada gold fields and had moved to Laramie to be near a daughter. But this daughter proved to be something of a mystery, as she never appeared. Old Seth kept talking about her to the few persons he deigned to talk with. He was a man without friends, which made him an ideal victim for Bill the Healer.

So Bill rushed to the cabin where old Seth lived, found the old man with a high fever and his breathing sounding like the rasping noise of a file going over a rusty steel surface. Bill knew the signs of death and they were there with old Seth. So Bill, being alone in the room, proceeded to use the touch of his fingers. Not to cure old Seth. He never went near the hellion. His fingers were searching for the hidden gold everybody knew old Seth had in his cabin.

Long practice had given Bill's fingers a truly magic touch when it came to searching out money. He soon located a strong box. His heart beat with the excitement that comes to one who has achieved a

$$ TREASURE $$

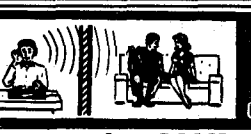
New transistor metal detector finds lost or hidden treasure, coins, gold, silver, jewelry, relics. Profitable hobby. New underwater metal detector detects sunken ships, outboard motors, etc. in up to 300 feet of salt or fresh water. Operates from a boat. Scintillation counters. Many other models. Free catalogue.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS CO.
Dept. 57, 4729 N. 7th Ave., Phoenix, Arizona

POEMS WANTED
To Be Set To Music
Send one or more of your best poems today for FREE EXAMINATION Any Subject. Immediate Consideration.
Phonograph Records Made
CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio A 6, New York 1

Mexican DIVORCE MARRIAGE
Save Time – Money – Get the facts
COMPLETE MANUSCRIPT RIGHTS & SETTLEMENT
RESIDENCE – NON RESIDENCE ATTORNEY DIRECTORY.
AUTHENTICITY GUARANTEED TIME REQUIREMENTS.
VALIDITY, PLAIN WRAPPER. ONLY $2.00 PREPAID
GENERAL, 905 W. WASHINGTON El Cajon, 5 Cal

MAN & WIFE TEAM
If you have a camera, you can earn the kind of money you have always dreamed of. Complete Literature $1.00.
ARTEK, Dept. 2486,
862 NO. FAIRFAX, • HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.



HEAR WHISPERED SECRET CONVERSATIONS
. . . thru SOLID WALLS
NOW — with ordinary materials you can easily make a Super Directional Mike that amplifies sound 1,000 times. YES, YOU CAN ACTUALLY HEAR CONVERSATIONS THRU WALLS A BLOCK AWAY. Used by intelligence agents. So simple to make, that you will be using your Super Directional Mike 15 minutes after you obtain the ordinary store materials. Easy instructions.
Only $1.00 from: SOUND WAVE, Dept. 2486,
862 No. Fairfax Ave. Los Angeles 46, Calif.

MAKE ANY WINDOW into ONE WAY GLASS
Now . . . with simple drug store materials you can treat plain window glass so YOU CAN LOOK OUT through it, but the person on the other side CAN'T LOOK IN AT YOU.
To get your complete 'One Way Glass Formula' send only $1.00 to: E-Z FORMULAS,
Dept. 2486, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, Calif.

How thousands wipe out all debts!
Little known law enables any wage earner to stop bill collectors, suits, judgments - prevent attachment of wages - help wipe out all debts. Used by thousands last year! Special report should be read by every wage earner - explains "ins and outs" in plain, simple language. Sent in plain wrapper. Only $1.00
The Saddle-Rock, Inc.
4107 Engelke
Houston, Texas 77003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difficult and compensating feat. He started to open the box, which wasn't locked. His fingers never completely opened the top of the box. Just enough to let poor Bill see the gold and money the box contained.

There was a bellowing roar, unike any human roar Bill had ever heard. He turned and saw old Seth sitting up in his crude bed yelling, *"Thief . . . thief . . . help . . . thief . . . robber . . . help . . ."*

Old Seth's lungs were still strong and his yells carried far beyond the cabin. Bill was dumbfounded, bewildered and confused, but not dumbfounded or confused to the extent that he didn't realize he'd better start running and keep running until he was far away from Laramie. Bill did start running and he didn't stop until he was a safe distance from that town.

Watch for the October issue
of THE WEST
at your newsstands July 30th
THE WEST is now published
Every Month!

Laramie never saw Bill the Healer again. What had happened to old Seth Moman was one of those biological miracles that take place once in a thousand cases with a doctor. Old Seth's heavy breathing would have indicated that any other patient had passed any hope of a crisis in pneumonia and was as good as dead, but not in old Seth Moman. He never went by the book of rules in life or death.

Which was Bill the Healer's one mistake in Laramie. ●

THE WHITMAN MISSION HORROR

(Continued from page 42)

the room. Marcus blocked the way and moved into the kitchen, closing the door behind him.

Also in the kitchen were John Sager, now seventeen, and eleven-year-old Mary Ann Bridger who was washing the dishes.

Tilaukait engaged the doctor in conversation, telling him the Indians needed medicine. While Whitman's attention was turned toward the Chief, Tomahas suddenly dropped his blanket and drew out a tomahawk. He brought the heavy, sharp edge of the weapon down on the gray-haired doctor's head. Little Mary Bridger screamed and climbed out the window. John Sager leaped toward a flintlock rifle hanging on the wall but he never made it. Tilaukait fired his rifle point-blank at the boy and young Sager crashed to the floor on his back. Whitman was still on his feet struggling desperately with Tomahas. Tilaukait sprang toward John Sager to deliver the death blow. Drawing his knife, the fiend cut the boy's throat. Whitman succeeded in opening the outside door but as he started through Tomahas brought his tomahawk down on the missionary's head. Whitman staggered a few steps into the yard and fell to his knees. Tomahas slashed out with all the fury of the savage he was, opening deep gashes in the doctor's head, face and neck. Tilaukait, having finished his murderous job on young Sager reloaded his gun and came out into the yard. With much ceremony the chief lifted Whitman's head, placed the muzzle of the rifle against his neck and fired.

By this time the other Indians had dropped their blankets revealing their hidden weapons, and were running naked around the yard yelling and thirsting for blood.

Following her leap out the kitchen window Mary Ann Bridger ran around the house and entered another door. "They're killing father," she screamed.

Elizabeth Sager, at the first blast of gunfire, jumped out of the tub and ran naked into the yard. Narcissa succeeded in calling her back. Ignoring the screaming savages running about Narcissa, Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Hall rushed into the yard and lifted Whitman and dragged him back into the house. After placing her husband on a settee in the living room, Narcissa asked him, "Do you know me?"

"No." Marcus replied vaguely. In a delirious state of mind, he gave the same negative answer to other questions she asked.

Jacob Hoffman and William Marsh were in the yard when the attack began. They were shot as they dashed for shelter. Nathan Kimball, a father of five, made it to the mission house, but was hit by a bullet which shattered his arm. As he rushed inside, he shouted, "I don't know why the damned Indians are trying to kill us all!"

The children had heard no profane words spoken in front of their strict, puritan mother, and Catherine Sager, though nearly hysterical, giggled.

At the Emigrant House, four-hundred yards away, sat Isaac Gilliland, a tailor, making a suit of clothes for Whitman. An Indian ran up and shot him dead.

JUDGE L. W. Saunders, who had been conducting school classes that morning, fought a hand-to-hand duel with the vicious Tamsucky in the yard. When another came up to help Tamsucky, Saunders sprinted away. He reached a rail fence but before he could climb over three Cayuse grabbed him. His fourteen-year-old daughter, Helen Saunders, watched the horrifying scene from a window in the mission. While two of the Indians held him bent over the fence the other hacked and slashed him with a tomahawk and knife. Francis Sager pulled Saunders' shrieking daughter away from the window.

An Indian attacked Andrew Rodgers down by the stream. He suffered one blow to the back of his head, but before the tomahawk could again find its mark, Rodgers took off running toward the mission as fast as his legs would carry him. Bullets whistled past him and just as he reached the mission a slug caught him in the wrist. In his life-and-death race he ran full-speed into the door of the mission, shattering all the glass in the upper section. As Narcissa let him in she spotted a familiar face outside. "Joe Lewis! You are behind all of this," she cried out.

When Rodgers entered and saw Whitman he momentarily forgot his own wounds. Staring in disbelief at his mutilated friend Rodgers asked, "Is he dead?"

To the amazement of all present, a loud clear answer emitted from Whitman's lips, "No!" It seemed a miracle the doctor was still alive.

One of the attackers, Frank Escaloom (Ish-al-hal), saw Narcissa through the window. He took careful aim and fired. Mrs. Whitman screamed and fell to the floor. "Save yourself, child," she spoke to Catherine Sager who ran to her mother. "You cannot help me now." Then she pleaded, "Hold me tight."

Despite her pain, Narcissa rallied in a moment. Realizing the murderers would soon gain entry she told the others to go up the stairs to the room above. She didn't doubt for a moment that the red men meant to kill them all.

All but the Osborn family filed up the stairs. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Osborn and their three small children lifted some floorboards and crawled beneath them, just as the Indians broke through the door and entered. Mrs. Osborn held her hand tight over her two-year-old son's mouth and they held their breaths while the marauders ran around above smashing furniture and seeking out their victims.

From the second floor the rest waited in terror for the Indians to start up the stairs. Narcissa handed an old rifle with a broken lock to Rodgers. At this moment Tamsucky, who had taken charge, came to the bottom of the stairway. Rodgers thrust the menacing-appearing, though useless, weapon down at him. This halted the murderous Indian's advance, who then called to the besieged people, "I am your friend. We are going to burn the house. I want to lead you all out."

They talked a few moments, then Tamsucky asked Rodgers a pointed question, "Is it not true that the doctor and his wife are poisoning the Indians?"

No doubt due to his pain and the pressures of the moment, Rodgers gave the astonishing reply, "Yes!"

The unarmed people were in a dilemma. Their position seemed hopeless. Death appeared to be close at hand regardless of whether they remained where they were or complied with Tamsucky's dubious offer. With no avenue of escape open to them they decided to take a chance on Tamsucky's word. Kimball was not with them. He hid under a bed above. As they started down, Narcissa said for Tamsucky's benefit, "God has raised us up a friend." A more inaccurate statement could not have been made.

When Narcissa reached the bottom and saw her husband on the settee a new expression of horror crossed her face. Marcus had been further mutilated by the savages and his face was now a mask of blood. Narcissa fainted.

The other women went out through the kitchen, where they passed the body of John Sager, the first to die. They began the walk to the Emigrant House to the East. They had to pass by many armed savages who eyed them viciously; the women fully expected to be killed at any moment. Amazingly none of the Indians made a move toward them and they reached the shelter unharmed. Back at the mission house the children were brought out into the yard where they witnessed the terrible scene which followed.

Mrs. Whitman was placed on an empty settee and Tamsucky ordered her taken outside. Though one arm was useless, Rodgers lifted the back end of the settee and Joe Lewis picked up the front end. They carried Narcissa through the kitchen and out into the yard. Once outside, Joe Lewis dropped his end and joined his friends standing around. Then the bloodthirsty pack raised their guns in a chorus and fired at Rodgers and Narcissa. Several bullets thudded into Rodger's body.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He cried, "Oh, My God, save me!" and then he fell.

At least two bullets hit Narcissa. As the children wept and screamed Frank Escaloom ran to the settee and raised Mrs. Whitman up by her long, golden hair. Again and again the heartless red man lashed her face with his riding whip. Satisfied at last, he threw her back on the settee. Another Indian then came forward and shoved the settee over toppling Narcissa's pitifully broken body into the mud. And there she died. Reverend Spalding later wrote: "It was Tamtsaky (Tamsucky) who took her scalp as a trophy."

Marcus was believed to have been alive when they carried Mrs. Whitman into the yard. It is thought they died at approximately the same time.

THESE last heinous acts had not yet satisfied the Indians' thirst for blood. Joe Lewis walked over to where the children stood and singled out the oldest, fifteen-year-old Francis Sager. Grabbing him by the nose, Joe Lewis put his pistol against the boy's head and blew his brains out. The Indians argued among themselves the rest of that day to decide the fate of the other children. Tomahas, for one, urged that they be killed immediately. He no doubt would have been anxious to volunteer his services. Tilaukait decided they should be spared to work for the Cayuse Tribe who had grown lazy since the arrival of the missionaries who took many of the chores off their hands.

The first day of murder was over. Nine had been killed, others wounded. The dead were Mr. and Mrs. Whitman, their two adopted sons, John and Francis Sager, and five other men — Saunders, Hoffman, Marsh, Gilliland, and Rodgers. Narcissa was the only woman killed during the massacre which would claim fourteen lives before it was over.

The Indians held the remaining forty persons captive at the mission that night. In their beds upstairs in the mission house, Helen Meek and Louise Sager were burning up with fever. They begged Kimball to bring them some water. He searched the house over but could find none. Did he dare risk sneaking out and going down to the river? He pondered this decision most of the night, and toward morning when the pitiful cries became too much for him, he ventured out cautiously, a bucket in his hand. A short while later, the girls, anxiously awaiting his return, heard a single shot and knew he wouldn't be back.

There were three remarkable escapes made that night. William Canfield, and Peter Hall slipped away under the cover of darkness. Canfield fled to Lapwai to report the news to the Spaldings. Hall reached Fort Walla Walla and then left to go down the Columbia. He was never seen again, leaving a wife and five children at the mission.

The Osborn family waited until night, then crawled out from their hiding place beneath the floorboards in the mission house and made a harrowing escape to the Fort.

Two men, Crocket Bewley (husband of Lorinda) and Amos Sales were spared the first day, probably because they were very ill and confined to their beds. When the Indians returned on Tuesday, however, they lashed them with riding whips and then clubbed them to death.

The fourteenth and last murder was that of twenty-four-year-old Jim Hall who was shot about two miles from the Mission while coming from the sawmill.

The little girls, Louise Sager and Helen

NOW! THE NEW GOLD-MASTER MODEL S63

Comes with natural gold nugget that it will detect.

5% discount for cash

The new GOLD-MASTER Mineral, Metal and Treasure finder can detect small Gold and Silver nuggets, Rings, Coins, Mineral float, Veins and Treasures. NO EARPHONES. A powerful speaker is used. Comes with two loops, one for small nuggets and one for treasures and veins. SIMPLE TO OPERATE. Comes with samples, instructions and fresh batteries.

COMPLETE, ONLY $169.50—$29.50 down, Balance at $10.57 per month—*FREE LITERATURE*

Detects: Gold - Silver - Copper - Coins - Rings Treasures - Metals and other Mineral Deposits - GUARANTEED!

WHITE'S ELECTRONICS
1218 Main St., Dept. W, Sweet Home, Ore.

if you require special medical attention . . .

THIS MEDICAL INFORMATION "IDENT-TAG" COULD SAVE YOUR LIFE

Don't take chances with your life or your loved ones! This medical alert Ident-Tag could mean the difference between life or death or unnecessary suffering. Practical one inch MEDICAL-IDENT is handsomely gold-plated and is available with matching 7¼" wrist bracelet or 16" neckchain. Red letters stand out to alert. Other side says "EMERGENCY INSTRUCTIONS INSIDE — UNSCREW TOP TO OPEN." The inside contains printed sheet to list name, address, phone, blood type; whom to notify in emergency; your doctor's name, address, phone; special instructions if you are diabetic, cardiac patient, allergic to certain drugs, etc. Order now for yourself, your loved ones, friends or relatives.

Specify wrist-bracelet or necklace.

$2 plus 25c handling charges

HUBBARD HOUSE, Dept. DR-15
176 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON 10, MASS.

big inflatable toys of creatures from the outer limits of space...

7 MONSTERS FROM OUTER SPACE for $1 plus 25 post. & handling

from 1½ feet to over 4 FEET TALL

Lovable monsters for you to command to your every prank! They swing 'n sway, rock 'n roll, wiggle 'n bounce, bend, lean and tilt in every direction. One really flies in the air with a loud thunder and roar. From 1½ feet to over 4 feet tall, one-piece quality molded latex, colorful, completely inflatable. The most exciting and educational set any youngster could want. Now, meet MONSTERS you've never known before.

7 DIFFERENT MONSTERS FROM OUTER SPACE; LLEWODCAM, creepy Beetle of Mars — REBREG, flying Horror of Space — SCINCUS, Beast of the Moon — BALUCHOR, Terror of Venus — NOSAUROS, Spider Man of Uranus — DIMETRON, Bird Man of Saturn — ETTELOC, Brain of Neptune.

Each set has 7 MONSTERS FROM OUTER SPACE for only $1 plus 25¢ postage and handling per set. Guaranteed to delight or money back.

HUBBARD HOUSE, Dept. GM-121, 176 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON 10, MASS.

Interested in Mail Order?

Response! will put you into the mail order business — just as the professionals do it — even if you have no prior experience. Many Response! members have started running ads in national magazines for as little as $9.80! For complete details and free, confidential Mail Order Profit Letter, write today to **Response! Inc., Dept. W-9, 361 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

VETERANS AWARDED BIG BENEFITS BY CONGRESS!

But only 1 in 10,000 is cashing in on this billion dollar appropriation.

Ex-Servicemen from WW I, II and Korea are entitled to tax-free benefits worth thousands of dollars. **Who's eligible?** Anyone who has served, wartime or peacetime. New VETERAN'S REPORT gives you facts about: Loans (business and personal) Civil Service Job Preference, Latest Pension Increases, Education, Hospitalization, Insurance and many more! Get in before benefit deadlines expire! Send $1.00 today for new VETERAN'S REPORT to: **Bill Balsdon, 42-24 214 Place, Bayside 61, N. Y.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meek, who had been ill for so long, soon died from neglect in the hands of the Cayuse. Three other girls were forced into marriage with the Cayuse Indians who had murdered their parents.

Word of the unbelievable tragedy was sent out from Fort Walla Walla, and a company of 500 soldiers gathered at The Dalles to make ready for a campaign against the Indians. Peter Skene Ogden, a chief factor at Fort Vancouver, became the hero of the day. He hurried up the Columbia ahead of the troops and succeeded in calling a meeting of the Cayuse tribe on December 23. In his potent speech Ogden warned that the entire tribe would be wiped out if they came to war with the Americans. The words of this powerful personality hit home. Ogden concluded his talk with an offer to pay for the release of the Cayuse prisoners. For goods to the value of $500 he secured the release of the two-score persons held captive by the tribe. Spalding later wrote: "No other man in the territory and no army that could have been mustered could have done it."

All of the Cayuse captives arrived safely at Fort Walla Walla on December 30.

That same night the Cayuse set fire to all the buildings at the Whitman Mission, leaving the "place of rye grass" as barren of life as it had been eleven years previous — before the missionaries came.

Oregon became a territory the following year. It wasn't until 1850 that most of the murderers were finally tracked down. Tamsucky was killed while trying to evade capture. Joe Lewis, who had instigated the massacre, fled to parts unknown and was never caught. Not so with the terrible pair, Tilaukait and Tomahas. They were taken into custody along with Frank Escaloom, the heartless fiend who had shot Narcissa and whipped the dying woman's face. Two others, Klakamas and Quiamashouskin, also fell into the hands of the Americans. These five were brought to trial in Oregon City on May 22, 1850. They were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The spectacle which took place June 3 drew people from all parts of the Northwest. Joe Meek, who had been appointed the first United States Marshal of the new territory, had the pleasure of springing the trapdoor, sending the red-skinned demons to whatever place their black souls were bound. Meek's little daughter had died while a captive of the Cayuse.

Statues of Marcus Whitman stand today in the Witherspoon Building in Philadelphia, and in Statuary Hall in the Rotunda of the Capitol in Washington, D.C. In the northwest, a college and a county bear his name; and a few miles west of Walla Walla, Washington, can be seen a majestic marble spire reaching skyward. It bears the single word, "WHITMAN" — a name symbolic of Godliness, sacrifice, and suffering. This monument stands on a hill overlooking the ancient graves of a dedicated few who, like Jesus, brought God's message and gave their lives in the pursuit of these ideals. ●

MOSE MILLER—MAD KILLER

(Continued from page 12)

of judgment in a crossroads place pretentiously christened Marble City. From a second story window, he shot at John Brown who, possibly by design, happened to be passing along. The poorly aimed bullet sailed in front of Brown to shatter a window across the street.

But down went Hank Flail with shattered guts. Brown raised his shotgun to fire at a dim form seen in the first window. Townspeople found Flail's corpse at the foot of stairs where it had tumbled.

Score one for John Brown.

MOSE MILLER wasted no time mourning the extinguished Flail. He decided to send his three aces—Andy Pettit, Muskogee Craig, and Black Starr, to whet their pistols on the Breed.

They jumped him a few evenings later at a townlet appropriately named Bunch because it wasn't much more than a bunch of shanties. The trio of gunslingers emerged from an alley in front of the lawman and, at virtual point blank range, pulled simultaneous triggers.

But luck held with the unconventional stalker of outlaws. One lead ball pierced the Indian blanket to nick Brown's shoulder. Two more missed him by inches and killed a stray dog. Witnesses thought that the gunmen had got the marshal when the impact of lead caused him to swerve his body to the right.

The assailants fled believing they had disposed of the man making himself a nuisance. But a smear of black salve plus a bandage fixed up the shoulder scratch. Lawman Brown continued to play his curious game of offering himself as living bait to the meanest covey of gunslingers in Indian Territory.

From town to town he kept wandering. At each place he made it a point to announce his next stop. He knew that the grapevine would keep Mose Miller informed of his itinerary. That was exactly what he wanted.

Everybody was expecting his arrival when he returned to Braggs. Brown knew every foot of Braggs from having grown up in it. Main Street, its hub, was just two blocks long. Brown decided that the likeliest spot for an outlaw ambush would be a narrow blind alley running between the office of Dr. Ezra Dewell and the blacksmith shop of a giant citizen named Jim Fealey.

Shortly after dusk of the next evening a lone rider entered Braggs from the direction of Packrat Mountain. Several residents knew him to be Andy Pettit. By eight-thirty that night, Main Street had been deserted. But behind windows, whose lights were carefully concealed, many eyes were peering. At his shanty, blacksmith Fealey was betting fifty dollars that Brown would come out on top.

Eight fifty-five. A tense time by the ticking clocks in the shanties. Nine o'clock. Nothing moved on Main Street except scavenging dogs and a couple of frustrated tomcats prospecting for love.

Five past nine. The hidden eyes saw John Brown march slowly down the center of the thoroughfare littered with paper scraps and bronc droppings. Within fifty feet of the blind alley, Brown paused for a second. Then he moved swiftly to the right with his back now against the wall of the place where Doctor Dewell had his office.

A head rose cautiously from the corner of the alley. The head was silhouetted dimly in the light of a waning moon. John Brown's gun spoke with a roaring vengeance.

A corpse tumbled from the alley into the street. A door of a nearby house opened. Out rushed the beefy anvil artist, Jim Fealey.

The blacksmith struck a match to take a look at the corpse. "By god!" he shouted, "it's Andy Pettit! You got him, John! Drilled him right through the skull!"

For a second John Brown stared at the dead man. Then he left town in the same solitary fashion that had marked his entrance.

Score number two for the lonely, silent man wearing the badge.

Mose Miller's star began sinking. Betting odds in the sensation-mongering communities of the Cooksons soared in favor of the Indian marshal. Miller's top gun was dead on a beat draw. But why, citizens asked, didn't Miller face up to John Brown like the fearless gunslinger he was supposed to be? Why did he always dispatch one or more of his hirelings after the lawman?

Time now for John Brown to find the answer. An answer which intimately, explosively could be supplied only by Mose Miller himself.

Now the Indian marshal was ready to act on a second bit of information supplied by his faithful cousin, Sawnie Ross. This lead had to do with a discarded girl friend of the ever-amorous Miller. The lass was a frontier slut. Currently she was calling herself Molly Moore, and doing business in a concrete building on the outskirts of a Cookson community known as Windsor.

Miss Moore was thirsting for revenge on fickle Mr. Miller. He'd had the effrontery to install a rival wench as her successor after throwing her to the high winds of Indian Territory. John Brown soothed her injured vanity by assuring her that she was much better looking that the other trollop. Flattery spiked with sympathy paid off. Before Brown had ended his cheerfully platonic call at the one-girl bawdy house, he had learned something which teased his trigger.

Miller and his whole brace of bad men were planning to hurrah the next Saturday night social at a country dance center, Bradley's Hall. Molly knew what was coming off from a chance remark dropped by Black Starr, now extending her temporary consolation.

John Brown resolved that it would be the last time the Miller ensemble would ever shake a leg at a dance.

He passed on the hussy's tip to Marshals Rutherford and Ledbetter. These two had stationed themselves in Braggs following the slaying of Andy Pettit, fearing that the outlaws might descend en masse and burn the town in retaliation.

"Better let us side you at Bradley's Hall, John," Rutherford suggested warningly. "You'll be tackling the meanest bunch in Indian Territory."

Again that firm refusal of help from brother officers.

IT WAS LATE on that evening of May, 1894, when John Brown pulled up in a light spring wagon before the huge barn-like structure of unpainted Ozark pine called Bradley's Hall. When he got there, the Miller gang was doing its hurrahing of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nesters and one-gallus Indians. They'd taken over the dance at gunpoint and had forced the tired crowd to continue squares and waltzes without a minute's intermission for a breather.

Muskogee Craig and Blue Rain had preempted the door as well as the receipts from admissions. Inside Mose Miller was getting blearier and blearier from too many nips out of a jug taken off a nester who had been in no mood to dispute a thirsty gunslinger. He was sitting at a table shakingly holding on to the jug in his left hand and his .45 in the other.

Brown swung from the wagon and hitched its single horse to one of the catalpas. He checked his six-shooter and saw that the weapon was primed for its task. Then he stepped forward into a dispatch of light reflected from a kerosene lantern at the door.

The two "doormen" tensed when they caught sight of the figure approaching the hall.

"Who's that?" Blue Rain called.

"It's me. John Brown," the man on foot yelled.

Muskogee Craig raised his pistol and fired. The shot tore into Brown's side, halting him for a stunned second in which he managed to keep his footing. Then the lawman's fingers gripped his trigger. A shot belched. Blue Rain fell from the door to the moist spring soil.

Third score for Marshal Brown.

"You son of———!" Craig shouted. The road agent's guns barked again. For a second time Brown felt the searing bite of lead against his flesh. But inch by inch he kept advancing, his weapon blazing in response to the one being fired by Mose Miller's partner.

On his sixth shot, Muskogee Craig fell from plugged guts and died a second after. Four outlaws now done for, counting Andy Pettit in Braggs and Hank Flail in Bunch. Black Starr, who had stepped outside the hall intent on seduction of a nester girl, came rushing, revolver drawn, from around the left side of the building. Before he could fire, Brown had drawn a second gun from a built-in pocket of the blanket and discharged it twice. Two bullets hit Black Starr. It took him two minutes to die.

Blood Greathouse had also been busy with a girl lured outside the dance hall. But he had seen Black Starr fall. Brown was beginning to feel faint from his own wounds. As Greathouse rushed toward him ready for a kill, another bullet tore into Brown's side. But grimly holding on to the .45, the dazed marshal fired a slug that hit the bandit squarely in the mouth.

Greathouse staggered backward, his hands clawing at the solid wall which offered him nothing to grasp for support. Then he slumped and fell hard on his face.

Six of Miller's gang given send-offs to whatever eternity awaits boy killers. The seventh one—Miller himself—still alive to do more evil unless he faced the retribution of a gun in the hands of a lawman who was also a father.

John Brown's mind was bobbing like his legs. He, himself, could never remember how he made it inside the dance hall, then got past startled natives to the table where Mose Miller was sitting.

The outlaw was snoring drunkenly. Brown looked at him in disgust, put aside his guns and signalled to men in the hall.

"Load him in, load him in the spring wagon. It's—it's tied outside."

Then Brown dropped to the floor, breathing heavily as his blood stained the sawdust strewn on the splintery pine surface.

The men loaded both wounded law enforcer and his drunken prisoner into the spring wagon. A man climbed into the seat and drove the vehicle with its two contrasting passengers back to Braggs. Others followed on broncs as an escort.

The next that Brown knew was his waking up in the marshals' headquarters to see Rutherford and Doc Dewell bending over him.

"Miller wouldn't stay awake for me to kill him," the Cherokee lawman said feebly.

"He'll die," Marshal Rutherford answered, "die by sentence of a court at the end of a rope. Now we have to get you to the hospital in Muskogee."

In Muskogee, the Federal court center, Mose Miller died on the rope, whimpering like the little children he'd slain. In Muskogee, of the Creek Nation, John Brown slowly pulled back to life with President Grover Cleveland sending him a personal letter of congratulation, and inviting him to continue what became a distinguished career as a great lawman of the outlaw-ridden West. President Cleveland also saw to it that the government paid the hospital expenses of the Indian marshal who had single-handedly wiped out the cancerous Miller gang.

The hell-roaring frontier never knew a braver champion of justice. ●

DOUBLE BARRELED HELL

(Continued from page 39)

WILD BILL HICKOK has been pictured as the master of masters with a six gun. One writer even describes in detail how Wild Bill could cut the throat of a chicken at a hundred yards with his six guns. At a hundred yards you have difficulty hitting the side of a barn with a six gun as its bullet was accurate only for about twenty yards at the most.

But with all this masterful skill with a six gun, Wild Bill Hickok's best friend was his sawed-off double barrel shotgun. Wild Bill started early in life using a shotgun to cut down victims. When he was eighteen and was at the Rock Creek Station in Nebraska, he used a shotgun to kill McCanless and the three other men, shooting from ambush.

He did use a dragoon colt revolver to kill Dave Tutt, but this was also from ambush with Wild Bill propping his heavy dragoon colt on the rock corner of the stone courthouse and aiming at Tutt as he walked toward him. After Colonel Nicholas made Wild Bill nationally famous as a gunman by the article in *Harper's Monthly,* and Wild Bill was appointed marshal at Hays City and thereby was faced with the necessity of shooting it out with gunmen, he resorted again to the sawed-off shotgun and carried one everywhere he went, with the usual rope around his neck to hold the blunderbuss from flying out of his hands when he fired it. He used the sawed-off shotgun to kill Samuel Stranghan (also spelled Stringham and Strawhim) on the night of September 27, 1869 in John Bittle's dive. Stranghan was a gunman and had threatened to kill Wild Bill, but Wild Bill's sawed-off shotgun was too much for the gunman.

FAMOUS PRINTS of the OLD WEST

in full color, now offered to readers of THE WEST

FREDERIC REMINGTON'S "BUCKSKINS"

Stirring paintings of the Old West —Indians in war paint, army scouts and hunters—in full color. These fine reproductions by famous PENN PRINTS are 13″ by 17″ and are suitable for framing. Portfolio of eight color prints originally published at $7.50—now $3.00.

Mercer, Arundel & Co., Ltd.
P.O. Box 111
Freeport, N.Y. 11520

Please send: (Cash, M.O. or check enclosed)

_____Remington portfolio(s) @ $3.00
no C.O.D.s — Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

please print

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State_____Zone_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wild Bill had to flee Hays in a locomotive after shooting three U.S. soldiers. The next year he was marshal at Abilene, and his sawed-off shotgun was with him everywhere he went. The mere sight of it must have been enough to preserve law and order, as there were few killings that year in Abilene, but in the one shooting affair with six guns Wild Bill had found himself without the sawed-off shotgun. He survived that gun battle, but his nerve was broken and he never was the same after that.

The fight was with Phil F. Coe, a Texan who was partner with Ben Thompson in the Bull's Head Saloon. Wild Bill and Coe stood toe to toe and each fired the six shots in their revolvers. Only one shot took effect. Wild Bill's last shot hit Coe in the groin. He died a week later of blood poisoning. Wild Bill was so terrified by the ordeal that he carried two sawed-off shotguns after that and had hallucinations that thousands of Texans were coming to Abilene to kill him. The Abilene City Council met in December of 1870 and fired him.

Doc Holiday certainly did effective work with his sawed-off shotgun. Only nobody ever claimed Doc could cut the throat of a chicken at a hundred yards with a six gun. Doc's system of disposing of his victims was simple. He would have them called out of a saloon, and stepping from the bright lights into the darkness made seeing difficult for the moment, and in this moment of half blindness, Doc would end the life of the victim with a blast from a shotgun.

All the Earps saw the advantage of the sawed-off shotgun as a weapon. Wyatt Earp carried one whenever he appeared in public in Wichita or Dodge during the periods when he served as a policeman (he never was marshal at either town). His brothers all carried sawed-off shotguns, and at the famous battle in the O.K. Corral, Doc Holiday and the Earps all had sawed-off shotguns, which made quick work of the Clantons.

Practically every town marshal in those old days relied on the sawed-off shotgun to keep law and order, and what law and order did come to the old West was due in large part to the effectiveness of the sawed-off shotgun. Heck Thomas used such a weapon when he went after Bill Doolin after Doolin broke jail in Guthrie and the picture we have of Doolin's body after death shows what buckshot could do, even at a distance.

The lowly shotgun did get some credit from writers when it was used by the riders guarding stagecoaches. From the beginning these protectors of the gold boxes on the stagecoaches used sawed-off shotguns, and even after the repeating rifle came into use, they still preferred the shotgun as a weapon. How effective this weapon was against bandits can be seen in the millions upon millions of gold and silver successfully delivered by the stagecoaches through country infested with outlaws.

The bandit had one fear in holding up a stage and that was the shotgun in the hands of the riders. There was no protection against such a weapon, and the most successfully staged hold-up came when a driver or a shotgun rider was working with the bandits, which was not uncommon.

The forerunner of the shotgun was the English blunderbuss, and from our early history the blunderbuss and the shotgun were our most important weapons. The typical English blunderbuss had a bore diameter of 1.25" at the muzzle, an average bore diameter of one half an inch. The barrel was short, only a little over a foot long and the total gun was 29 inches. It had a full length walnut stock. The thimble, trigger guard and butt plate were all brass. It had a double backed hammer.

Pictures of the early day blunderbusses, those brought over by the Pilgrims, show a belled muzzle, which was greatly exaggerated. The American shotguns were modeled after the English blunderbuss, with the exception that there was no belled muzzle, and the barrels were longer. Neither is there any record where a short-barreled shotgun was manufactured, and all the sawed-off shotguns had their barrels sawed off with steel saws.

The sawed-off gun played an important part in taming the Old West, but because it lacked romance and glamour to writers, it has been sadly shoved aside as not worthy of the glory of that brave era. ●

HANGINGS IN OLD SPOKANE

(Continued from page 15)

stamped: NOT TRANSFERABLE.

It must have been exasperating for those who were invited to hear that Webster got a stay of execution, but we can assume that most, if not all, put in their bid for a front-row seat when Webster's new date with the hangman was announced.

James W. Boult, a Spokane locksmith, set the traps for all three hangings. He explained to a news reporter: "There are three buttons; two dummies and one hooked up with the trapdoor of the scaffold. Three deputies are assigned to them, but they never know which button actually sends the condemned man to his death. This is done so that the officers commanding the buttons need not be haunted by the unpleasant knowledge that their action sent a man to his doom."

Webster languished in the old "Pauly" cell-block in the County Jail for nearly three years while awaiting the decisions of his appeals. During this time he became quite bored and began looking around for something to pacify himself during the long dreary days. He finally settled on a hobby which he fell into with complete enthusiasm. Armed with a needle and thread George quilted many fine items. Word of his new talent got around quickly and women began sending him pieces of silk and satin. From these offerings he came up with his masterpiece—a very large and very fancy quiltwork.

One of the many colorful and infamous characters around town at the time was a notorious gambler called Doc Brown. Doc got wind of Webster's magnificent quiltwork and on a whim went to the jail to try and persuade the prisoner to turn it over to him to raffle off in his gambling establishment. Webster was all for the idea and was elated when the experiment turned out to be a success. Brown collected $135 for the quilt. The fellow who won it, however, suddenly remembered that he was a roving bachelor and had no use for his acquisition. He gave it back to Brown who sold it a second time. The gambler turned all the money over to George Webster for his defense fund.

When Governor John R. Rogers arrived in Spokane, he was immediately approached by many friends and supporters of the condemned man. The governor refused to intervene though, and the hanging went off as scheduled on March 30, 1900.

The day of the execution was a special glorious occasion for Spokane, but this was not on account of the hanging. The city was going to be honored by the presence of that popular Democratic idol and flowery orator, William Jennings Bryan. On that early spring day the legendary Bryan delivered one of his famous addresses from a platform at Post and Trent before thousands of the city's residents. George Webster mounted his platform also. Despite the fabulous Mr. Bryan's following in the city, Webster did not play to an empty house. The free entertainment outside the courthouse drew an estimated 300 persons.

Webster's last moments were dignified ones. His face was completely passive as he prepared for his plunge into eternity—quite the opposite of Gin Pong. A moment before the trap door was sprung, Webster, looking over the heads of the throng gathered below, softly muttered one word: "Goodbye."

The trap was released and George Webster was sent on the long journey to whatever place his unrepented soul was bound. Deputy Auditor R. W. Butler told that after the noose was removed from the dead man's neck souvenir seekers rushed forward and cut off pieces of the rope for keepsakes of the occasion. Mr. Butler got his piece, too. "I took it home, but my wife burned it 'cause she didn't want the awful thing lyin' around the house," he told.

BESIDES the three courtyard hangings and those directed by Colonel George Wright, the county saw one other hanging

Gin Pong was executed in Spokane.

Eastern Washington State Historical Society Photo

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as late as 1917. This one presented a complicated problem to dispose of in that it was a Federal case. The only Federal property in the county which could be used for the execution was the roof of the Federal Building (which was understandably deemed unsuitable for the event) and the Government post at Fort George Wright. The latter was chosen for the hanging of Edward Mayberry, a 37-year-old half-breed who had murdered his Indian sweetheart, Alice Vivian, the summer before on the Colville Indian reservation. Promptly at sun-up on April 19, Mayberry went to his death on a portable gallows that had been erected on the south bank of the Spokane River, about 200 yards directly north of the Fort's old guardhouse.

Montana had not executed anyone since 1943 when Phil "Slim" Coleman, who murdered two persons, was hanged at Missoula. If and when the next hanging takes place in that state, the condemned man will embrace the gallows in the jailyard of the county in which he is convicted, though he will probably in some way be shielded from public view in these days. Montana is the only state which still has county executions on its books: though many other states also employed this "frontier justice" style of hanging until recent years.

Of course, vigilante and racial lynching have always been in vogue. In the heat of passion, men and women have been strung up in methods ranging from the "hoss-thief tree" to the "public square extravaganza," which generations ago drew spectators by the thousands. In olden times, London closed her shops on "hangin' day" and all the populace turned out for the great sport. But we are getting a long way from Spokane.

Since 1902 all Washington State executions have taken place at the State Prison at Walla Walla and the first man hanged there was James Champous, No. 3337, who was executed on May 6, 1904. To date, seventy-three men have died on the prison gallows. No woman has ever met this fate in Washington State history.

The early-day hangings may not have been among Spokane's sunniest events, but they certainly were a dramatic part of its fabulous history. ●

LIFE ON FRONTIER WAS ROUGH

(Continued from page 23)

as soon as the grass was green in the spring. I have seen the Arkansas bottom for miles above and miles below Fort Dodge covered with Indians' tepees and ponies—thousands of the former and many thousands of the latter—the Indians all drawing rations, and the whole country full of game, black with buffalo and large bands of antelope, with deer on the islands and in the brush, and not a few elk in the breaks and rough country. I have indeed traveled through buffaloes along the Arkansas River for 200 miles, almost one continuous herd, as close together as it is customary to herd cattle. You might go north or south as far as you pleased and there would seem no diminution of their numbers. When they were suddenly frightened and stampeded they made a roar like thunder and the ground seemed to tremble. When, after nightfall, they came to the river, particularly when it was in flood, their immense numbers, in their headlong plunge, would make you think, by the thunderous noise, that they had dashed all the water from the river. They often went without water one and two days in summer, and much longer in winter. No one had any idea of their number.

ONE DAY a Mexican Indian, or at least a Mexican who had been brought up by the Indians, came in and said his train had been attacked at the mouth of Mulberry Creek, the stock run off, and every one killed but him. This was the first outbreak of that spring. We afterward learned this Mexican had been taken in his youth and adopted by the Indians, and had participated in killing his brothers. In fact, he had been sent to the train to tell them that the Indians were friendly. They captured the train and murdered every one in it, without giving them the ghost of a show. The Mexican was then sent to Fort Dodge to spy and find out what was going on there, because he could speak Spanish. Major Douglas sent a detachment down, and true enough there lay the train and dead Mexicans, with the mules and harness gone. The wagons were afterward burned. The train had passed over the old Fort Bascom Trail from New Mexico, a favorite route, as it was much shorter than the Santa Fe Trail and avoided the mountains, but scarce of water and very dangerous. The trail which came into the Arkansas four miles west of the town of Cimarron had to be abandoned for the same reason.

Many attacks were made along the route, and three trains that I know of were burned, and several had to be abandoned and stock driven into the Arkansas River on account of the scarcity of water. The route was called the "Hornado de Muerti" (the journey of death; very significant was its name). At one time you could have followed the route, even if the wagon trail had been obliterated, by the bleaching bones. There are two places now in Grant or Stevens County, on the Dry Cimarron, known as Wagon Bed Springs and Barrel Springs. One was named because the thirsty freighters had sunk a wagon-bed in the quicksand to get water; and in the other because they had sunk a barrel. Sixty miles above where this route came into the Arkansas, there was another called the Aubrey route, which was less dangerous because less subject to Indian attacks and water was more plentiful. Col. F. X. Aubrey, a famous freighter, established this route, and it became more famous on account of a large wager that he could make the distance on horseback from Santa Fe to Independence, Mo., in eight days. He won the wager, and had several hours to spare. Colonel Aubrey had fresh horses stationed with his trains at different places along the whole route. He afterwards made his famous trip down through the wilds of Arizona and California, accompanied by a single Indian, and came back to Santa Fe, after a six months' journey, with marvelous stories of the rich finds he had made. He had the proof with him in the shape of quartz and nuggets. When some gentleman questioned his veracity, immediately a duel was fought, in which the colonel was killed. No money, bribe,

(Editor's Note: Aubrey was a French Canadian by birth, and made two trips

CONTROL OTHERS WITH YOUR MIND!

Master ANYONE with the POWER that is hidden in your MIND! Your PSYCHIC THOUGHTS can influence the mind and actions of others.... can persuade them to DO and THINK as you wish! Complete Course on Psychic Dominance shows you in easy-to-understand language how to WIN PHYSICAL and MENTAL MASTERY over others through Dynamic Telepathy and Thought Control. Make others obey you and the world is wide open to you! Send for complete Course NOW - rushed to you by return mail in plain package. For ADULTS only. You must be thrilled - or money back. Send only $3.00 to

Special Discount Co.
P. O. Box 1673
Columbus, Ga. 31902

REMEMBER
THE WEST is now published
Every Month!

BEER 6c Quart / **WINE** 25c Gallon

Easy to follow instructions for delicious home-brew. Amazing punch & vigor. cheap too. Send $1.00 to

ARTEK FORMULA Dept. 2486, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, California

BUDDY BREGMAN
MUSIC PRODUCTIONS
WANTS POEMS! ... to be developed into **NEW SONGS** for Recording & Promotion. Buddy has been musical director for such TOP ARTISTS as:
★ EDDIE FISHER ★ ELLA FITZGERALD
at SAM GOLDWYN STUDIOS
Send POEMS for FREE examination to:
BUDDY BREGMAN MUSIC PRODUCTIONS, 7868 Willoughby, Dept. 2486, Hollywood 46, Calif.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAWS $1

Easy to read GUIDE TO LAWS OF ALL STATES. Marriage requirements, grounds for Annulment, Separation, Divorce, Alimony, Property Rights & Remarriage. Booklets, Dept. 2486, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, California.

WIPE OUT ALL DEBTS

Yes, it's possible to stop suits, bill collectors and attachment of wages. An unpublicized law enables ANY wage earner to do just this—and help wipe out all debts fast. Send $1 for simple report—extremely easy to follow. ARTEK Financial Report. Dept. 2486, 862 No. Fairfax, Hollywood 48, Calif.

"I'm looking for **NEW STORY IDEAS!**

says **Leslie Goodwins,** Hollywood writer-director, of 4-Star Theatre, Lassie, etc.

ACT NOW! SEND MANUSCRIPTS OR STORY IDEAS FOR FREE EXAMINATION!

A RARE NEW OPPORTUNITY: send stories and ideas for FREE EXAMINATION!

LESLIE GOODWINS PRODUCTIONS
862 No. Fairfax Ave., Hollywood 46, Calif
Dept. 2486,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on horseback between Santa Fe and Independence, the first in eight days, in 1850, and the second, on a wager of $1000, in five days, in 1852. He was killed by Maj. R. H. Weightman, once editor of the Santa Fe *Herald*. See "The Overland Stage to California" (by Frank A. Root, 1901), pages 54 and 425).

threats or coaxing could induce that Indian to go back and show where these riches lay. He said: "No, I have had enough. Nothing can tempt me again to undergo the hardships I have endured from want of food and water and the dangers I have escaped. Death at once would be preferable."

A few miles east of where the Aubrey trail comes into the Arkansas is what is known as the "Gold Banks." Old wagon bosses have told me that along in the early fifties a party of miners, returning from California richly laden, was attacked by Indians. The white men took to the bluffs and stood them off for several days and made a great fight; but after a number were killed and the others starved out for water, they buried their treasure, abandoned their pack animals, and got away in the night, and some of the party came back afterwards and recovered their buried riches. Another version of the story says that they were all killed before they reached the States. At any rate, long years ago there were many searches made, and great excitement was always going on over these bluffs. In 1859 I saw a lot of California miners prospecting in the bluffs and along the dry branches that put into the Arkansas; and I was told they got rich color in several places, but not enough to pay. In this vicinity and east of the bluffs is what is named Choteau's island, named after the great Indian trader of St. Louis, the father of all the Choteaus. Here he made one of his largest camps and took in the rich furs, not only of the Indians, but of the mountains also.

IN the fall of 1862 I was going back East with one of Majors, Russel & Waddell's large ox trains. I think we had thirty or forty wagons, with six yoke of oxen to the wagon. Our wagons were strung five or six together and one team of six yoke cattle attached to each string. It was the latter part of November, and we were travelling along the Arkansas River bottom about ten miles west of where Great Bend is now located. It was a very hot afternoon, more like summer than winter—one of those warm spells that we frequently have in the late fall on the plains. I was driving the *cavayado* (cave-yard—that is, the loose cattle). The Mexicans always drove their cavayado in front of their trains, while the Americans invariably drove theirs behind. I had on a heavy linsey-woolsey coat, manufactured from the loom in Missouri, lined with yellow stuff, and the sleeves lined with red; and, as I said, it was very warm; so I pulled off my jacket, or coat, and in pulling it off turned it inside out. We had an old ox named Dan, a big old fellow with rather large horns, and so gentle we used him as a horse in crossing streams, when the boys often mounted him and rode across. Dan was always lagging behind, and this day more than usual, on account of the heat. The idea struck me to make him carry the coat. I caught him and by dint of a little stretching placed the sleeves over his horns and let the coat flap down in front.

I hardly realized what I had done until I took a front view of him. He presented a ludicrous appearance, with his great horns covered with red and the yellow coat flapping down over his face. He trudged along unconscious of the appearance he presented. I hurried him along by repeated punches with my *carajo* pole, for in dressing him up he had gotten behind. I could not but laugh at the ludicrous sight, but my laughter was soon turned to regret, for no sooner did old Dan make his appearance among the other cattle than a young steer bawled out in the steer language, as plain as good English, "Great Scott! what monstrosity is this coming among us to destroy us?" And, with one long loud beseeching bawl, put all the distance possible between himself and the terror behind him. All his brothers followed his example, each one seeing how much louder he could bawl than his neighbor, and each one trying to outrun the rest. I thought to myself, "Great guns! what have I done now!" I quickly and quietly stepped up to old Dan, fearing that he too might get away, and with the evidence of my guilt, took from his horns and head what had created one of the greatest stampedes ever seen on the plains, and placed it on my back, where it belonged. In the meantime the loose cattle had caught up with the wagons, and those attached to the vehicles took fright and tried to keep up with the *cavayado*. In spite of all the drivers could do, they lost control of them, and away they went, making a thundering noise. One could see nothing but a big cloud of dust. The ground seemed to tremble.

Nothing was left but Dan and me after the dust subsided, and I poked him along with my *carajo* pole as fast as possible, for I was anxious to find out what damage was done. We traveled miles and miles, and it seemed hours and hours, at last espying the wagon boss still riding like mad.

When he came up he said: "What caused the stampede of the *cavayado?*" I replied that I could not tell, unless it was a wolf that ran across the road in front of the cattle, when they took fright and away they went, all except old Dan, and I held him, thinking I would save all I could out of the wreck. There stood old Dan, a mute witness to my lies. Indeed, I thought at times he gave me a sly wink, as much as to say: "You lie out of it well, but I am ashamed of you." I thought that God was merciful in not giving this dumb animal speech, for if he had they certainly would have hung me. As it was, the wagon boss remarked, "I know it was the cussed wolves, because I saw several this afternoon while riding in front of the train. Well," he continued, "that wolf didn't do a thing but wreck six or eight wagons in Walnut Creek, and from there on for the next five miles, ten or twelve more; and the most of them will never see the States again, they are so completely broken up. Besides, one man's leg is broken and another's arm, and a lot of the men are bruised up. Three steers have their legs broken, and the front cattle were fifteen miles from where we are now, when I overtook them."

I have seen many stampedes, but never anything to equal that. I have seen a great train of wagons heavily loaded, struggling along, drivers pounding and swearing to get the cattle out of a snail's pace, and one would think the train too heavily loaded, it seemed such a strain on the cattle to draw it, when a runaway horse or something out of the usual would come up suddenly behind them, and the frightened cattle in the yoke would set up a bawl and start to run, and they would pick up those heavily loaded wagons and set off with them at a pace that was astonishing, running for miles and overturning the wagons. The boss in front, where he was always supposed to be, would give the order to rough-lock both wheels, which would probably be done to a few of the front wagons. Even these doubly locked wagons would be hurled along for a mile or two before the cattle's strength was exhausted, and apparently the whole earth would shake in their vicinity.

I CAME from the mountains in the spring of 1864 to Spring Bottom, on the Arkansas River. The Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas were committing many depredations along the Arkansas that summer.

Shortly after our arrival, my partner Joe Graham went to Fort Lyon after supplies to stand a siege, as we expected daily to be attacked, the hired man and myself remaining at the ranch to complete our fortifications. On the night of Graham's return I started for Point of Rocks, a famous place on the Arkansas, twenty miles below our ranch, to take a mule which he had borrowed to help him home with his load.

(Editor's Note: Fort Lyon, Colorado, was originally established August 29, 1860 near Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River and called Fort Wise. The name was changed June 25, 1862. June 9, 1867, the post was newly located at a point twenty miles distant, on the north bank of the Arkansas, two and one-half miles below the Purgatory River, in latitude 38° 5′ 36″, longitude 26° 30″ west.)

The next morning at daylight our ranch was attacked by about 300 Indians, but the boys were supplied with arms and ammunition, and prepared to stand a siege. After they had killed one Indian and wounded a number of their ponies, the savages became more careful; they tried by every means in their power to draw the boys outside; they even rode up with a white flag and wanted to talk. Then they commenced to tell in Spanish, broken English, and signs, that they did not want to hurt the boys; they simply wanted the United States mail stock; and if it was given up they would go away. When this modest demand was refused, they renewed their attack with greater fury than ever before.

My wife and two children were with me at the ranch at the time, and, at the commencement of the fight, Mrs. Wright placed the little ones on the floor and covered them over with feather beds; then she loaded the guns as fast as the boys emptied them. She also knocked the clinking from between the logs of the building, and kept a sharp lookout on the movements of the Indians. Often did she detect them crawling up from the opposite side to that on which the boys were firing. Upon this information the boys would rush over to where she had seen them, and by a few well-directed shots make them more than glad to crawl back to where they had come from. This was long before the days of the modern repeating rifle, and of course they had only the old-fashioned muzzle-loaders.

For about seven hours the Indians made it very warm for the boys; then they got together and held a big powwow, after which they rode off up the river. The boys watched them with a spy-glass from the top of the building until they were satisfied it was not a ruse on the part of the savages, but that they had really

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cleared out of that particular area.

Graham then took my wife and two children, placed them in a canoe, and started down the Arkansas, which was very high at the time. The hired man saddled a colt that had never before been ridden, and left for the Point of Rocks. Strange as it may seem, this colt appeared to know what was required of him, and he ran nearly the whole distance—twenty miles—in less than an hour and a half. He was the only animal out of sixteen head that was saved from the vengeance of the Indians. He was a little beauty, and I really believe that the savages refrained from killing him because they thought they would eventually get him. He was saved in this manner: After the attack had been progressing for a long time and there came a comparative lull in the action, my wife opened the door a little to see what the Indians were up to, while the boys were watching at the loopholes; the colt observed Mrs. Wright, made a rush toward her, and she throwing the door wide open, the animal dashed into the room and remained there quiet as a lamb until the battle was over.

The Indians killed all our mules, horses, and hogs—we had of the latter some very fine ones—a great number of our chickens, and shot arrows into about thirty cows, several of which died. The majority of them recovered, however, although their blood ran out of the holes in their sides for days and weeks until the shaft of the arrows dropped off, but, of course, the iron heads remained in their paunches; still they got well.

I had just saddled my horse, ready to start back to the ranch, when the hired man arrived, bringing the terrible news of the fight. He told me that I would find my wife and children somewhere on the river, if the savages had not captured them. "For my part," he said, "I am going back to my people in Missouri; I have had enough." He was a brave man, but a "tenderfoot," and no wonder the poor fellow had seen enough. His very soul had been severely tried that day. I at once called for volunteers, and a number of brave frontiersmen nobly responded; there were only two or three, however, who had their horses ready; but others followed immediately until our number was swelled to about a dozen. A wagon and extra horses brought up the rear to provide means of transportation for my wife and little ones.

When we had traveled thirteen miles, having carefully scanned every curve, bend and sandbar in the stream, we discovered Graham, Mrs. Wright and the chidren about two miles ahead, Graham (God bless him!) making superhuman efforts to shove the boat along and keep it from upsetting or sinking. They saw us at the same moment, but they immediately put to cover on a big island. We shouted and waved our hats, and did everything to induce them to come to us, but in vain, for, as they told us afterward, the Indians had tried the same maneuvers a dozen times that day, and Graham was too wary to be caught with chaff. At last Mrs. Wright recognized a large old white hat I was wearing, and she told Graham that it was indeed her husband, Robert. When they reached the bank, we took them out of the canoe more dead than alive, for the frail, leaky craft had turned many times, but Graham and Mrs. Wright, by some means, had always righted it and thus saved the little children.

A party went with me to our ranch the next day, and we witnessed a scene never to be forgotten; dead horses, dead hogs, dead cows and dead chickens piled one upon another in their little stockade. Two small colts were vainly tugging at their lifeless mothers' teats; a sad sight indeed, even to old plainsmen like ourselves. Both doors of the building were bored so full of bullet holes that you could hardly count them, as they lapped over each other in such profusion. Every window had at least a dozen arrows sticking around it, resembling the quills on a porcupine. The ceiling and walls inside the room were filled with arrows also. We thought we would follow up the trail of the savages, and while en route we discovered a government ambulance, wrecked, and its driver, who had been killed, with two soldiers and citizens, so horribly butchered and mutilated that the details are too horrible and disgusting to appear in print. They had also captured a woman and carried her off with them, but the poor creature, to put an end to her horrible suffering, hung herself to a tree on the banks of a creek northeast of where the Indians had attacked the ambulance. In consequence of her act, the savages called the place White Woman. The little stream bears that name today; but very few settlers know anything of its sad origin. (It was on this creek, some years later, that the gallant Major Lewis met his death wounded at the hands of the Indians, while bravely doing his duty.)

After the fight at Spring Bottom, I moved down to Fort Aubrey, where, in conjunction with Mr. James Anderson, I built a fine ranch. At that place we had numerous little skirmishes, troubles, trials, and many narrow escapes from the Indians. In 1866 I went to Fort Dodge. Now, one might be inclined to think that the kind of life I had been leading, the hard experience, that a person would be anxious to abandon it at the first favorable opportunity; but this is not so. It gives one a zest for adventure, for it is a sort of adventure that you become accustomed to; you get to like it. In fact, there is a fascination about it no one can resist. Even to a brave man—God knows I make no pretension to that honor—there is a charm to the life he cannot forego, yet I felt an irresistible power and could not permit myself to give it up.

MR. A. J. ANTHONY and I bought out the Cimarron ranch, twenty-five miles west of Fort Dodge. The company of which we purchased were heartily tired of the place, and eager to sell, for two of their number had been brutally murdered by the Indians while attempting to put up hay. Anthony was an old "Overland stage messenger", had seen lots of ups and downs with the Indians on the plains, and rather enjoyed them. So we got together some of the old timers and went to making hay. Right there our troubles commenced. We both had seen a great deal of the Indians and their methods before, but we didn't realize what they could and would do when they took the notion. If we didn't see some of the savages every day it was a wonder, and once that summer they actually let us alone for four weeks. I remarked to my partner: "There is something wrong in this; they must be sick." So they were. When they came in that winter and made a treaty, they told us the cholera had broken out among them, and the reason for their remaining away for so long a time was on account of the scourge. The cholera was perfectly awful that summer on the plains. It killed soldiers, government employees, Santa Fe traders, and emigrants. Many new graves dotted the roadsides and camping places, making fresh landmarks.

I remember two soldiers coming up with the mail escort one night who were severely reprimanded by their sergeant for

TREASURE!

DIG HERE! by Thomas Penfield

BURIED BONANZAS . . . YOURS FOR THE DIGGING! Separates fact from fiction and gives the locations of 100 fabulous fortunes in lost mines and buried treasure. A gold mine in itself. $3.95

LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURE by Leland Lovelace

Guaranteed to give you gold-fever! Waybills to lost mines that may be in your own backyard. State-by-state directions for the whole Southwest. $4.00

INDIANS!

COMANCHE LAND by J. Emmor Harston

TRIBAL LEGENDS AND CUSTOMS of the fierce Comanche tribe, told by a man who spoke their language. Little known facts make fascinating reading. Illustrations include photos of Comanche chiefs. $5.95

CANNIBAL COAST by Ed Kilman

THE GIANT KARANKAWA INDIANS who ravished Padre Island are vividly portrayed, including incidents of their actually eating their enemies. Well-documented treatise of a little-known tribe. $5.00

INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST by M. Jourdan Atkinson

INDIANS AS PEOPLE . . . not savages, are described with sound anthropological scholarship. Sections on customs, celebrations and feasts of victory. An authoratative source book. Illustrated. $5.95

Mercer, Arundel & Co., Ltd.
P.O. Box 111
Freeport, N.Y. 11520

Please send: (Cash, M.O. or check enclosed)

( ) DIG HERE! @ $3.95
( ) LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURE @ $4.00
( ) COMANCHE LAND @ $5.95
( ) CANNIBAL COAST @ $5.00
( ) INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST @ $5.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zone _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

getting drunk, at which they took umbrage, stole two horses and deserted the next day. One of them returned on foot about noon, stating that the Indians had attacked them early in the morning, got their animals from the picket line, shot his partner through the right breast; that he had left him on an island twelve miles up the river. Our cook had been complaining a little that morning, and when I went to his room to see him he said that he had dinner all ready, and would like to go along with us after the wounded soldier. I told him no, to stay at home, go to bed, keep quiet, and above all else to drink very little cold well-water. The sergeant took six men and the escort wagon with him, and I followed on horseback.

When we arrived opposite the island we hailed the soldier, and he came out of the brush. He walked up and down the river bank, and made signs to us that his right arm was useless, and he seemed to be in great pain. The sergeant called for volunteers, but not a man responded. The Arkansas was swimming full and the current was very swift in one place for about 300 yards. It appeared that none of his comrades liked the fellow very well, one of them saying, when the sergeant asked for some one to go over, "If he don't swim, or at least make an effort, he can stay, and I hope the Indians will get him." I said, "Boys, this won't do; I will get him," and after him I went. When I reached the island I sat down and reasoned with him, told him exactly what I required him to do. He seemed very grateful, and knew that I was risking my own life on him. He was a powerfully built fellow, and his wound had almost paralyzed his right side. He said: "Mr. Wright, I appreciate what you have done for me, and what you are about to undertake. Now, before God, I will let go my hold if I see you cannot make it." He stayed nobly by his promise. When we had gone under water several times, and the current was bearing us down, and it appeared that every minute would be our last, he said, in the despair of death: "I am going, let me go." I replied, "For God's sake, no; hold on." I then felt inspired. I said to myself, this man has a grand nature; I am going to save him or sink with him. Indeed, all these thoughts flashed through my mind, and as God is my judge, I would have done it, as at that moment I had no fear of death whatever. When I reached the bank I was completely exhausted and had to be helped out of the water. I was awfully sick; it seemed that my strength had left me absolutely. It was fully an hour before I was strong enough to ride.

Strange to say, I lay side by side with this poor man in the hospital at Fort Dodge, after his rescue. He was excessively kind and attentive, and when I began to convalesce—for the same night I was stricken down with cholera—we exchanged drinks; he took my brandy, I his ale. He would insist in saying that the cause of my sickness was the terrible exertion I had made that day in his behalf; but it was not so. When I got back to the ranch, after our ride up the river, our poor cook was in a terribly bad fix. I knew that he was gone the moment I saw him, although he was still sitting up and appeared cheerful, except when the cramps would seize him. I asked him what he had been drinking. He replied that his thirst was so intolerable that he drank a whole bucketful of canned lemonade. I said to him, "My poor boy, make your peace with God. Tell me the address of your parents or friends." He answered: "I have none. It makes no difference, I think I will pull through all right." In an hour he was dead. We were laying him out in the shade on the east side of the house, and I was in the act of tying up his jaws when a breeze from the south seemed to enter his mouth and was wafted back into mine. I said then, "There, boys, I have tasted the cholera from this poor fellow," and at once set about making my preparations as to my business affairs and other matters. Before two o'clock in the morning I was down with the dreadful disease. Barlow, Sanderson & Co., the proprietors of the "Overland Stage," to whom I had shown many favors, the moment they heard of my illness, sent an ambulance and escort of soldiers, and I was conveyed to the hospital at Fort Dodge. There, under the kind and careful treatment of Doctors De Graw and Wilson, I recovered.

I MUST GO back to the haymaking at the ranch. Day after day the Indians would harass us in some manner, but they had not yet succeeded in killing any of our men, although they repeatedly ran off our stock, fired into and broke up our camp, until even the old-timers, men in whom we had placed the utmost confidence and depended upon in case of emergency, began to grow tired. They said it was too monotonous for them. I don't think they really understood the true definition of the word. Still we persisted, were hopeful, and continued to hire new men at from $75 to $100 a month for common hands; we had to have hay. We considered it no more than just to tell these new men, when we hired them, they would have to take desperate chances, and that was the reason we were paying such large wages. Well, the Indians finally exhausted us of our horse stock, and we had to resort to ponies, but they were too small and we got along very slowly. We were compelled to purchase a big span of mules of the United States mail company, for which we paid $600. Mr. Anthony was very proud of them, as he had often sat behind them when he was a messenger on the overland routes. They were named Puss and Jennie. The first morning they were sent to the haystack Anthony was in the corral stacking. After a while he came to the house, looking as proud as a peacock, and said to me: "Hear that machine? Ain't Puss and Jennie making it hum?" But the sound did not seem natural to me, so I grabbed a spy-glass and ascended to the lookout on top of the building. Sure enough, just as I expected, I saw two Indians come up, one on each side of the mules, pounding them over the back with their bows, and they were making it hum, while the boys in the camp were shooting as fast as they could load and fire, protecting the poor driver, who was running toward them for his life, with about two dozen of the red devils after him, whooping, yelling and shouting as they charged upon him. The two Indians who attacked the driver of the mowing machine had watched their opportunity, rushed out of the brush on the bank of the river, and were upon him before he had the slightest idea of their presence, and running off with the mules. His two revolvers were strapped upon the machine, and he could do nothing but drop off behind from his seat, leave his weapons and run for his life.

The government had ten men and a sergeant stationed at the ranch, on escort duty with the United States mail. One day while the men were at dinner, and a soldier was on guard outside, whom I suspected was asleep at the time, two Indians, who had stolen a couple of old mules from the stage station forty miles above rode by and fired at the sentinel, just for fun, I believe, or at least to wake him up, and then dashed down to the river, crossing close to a Mexican train. Quicker than thought they unsaddled their mules, threw them upon the backs of two freight horses that were picketed near, mounted them, and jumped off a steep bank five feet deep into the Arkansas and were over on the other side before the astonished Mexicans really knew what was going on.

The day before the same train had left a lame steer out in the sand-hills, and the wagon boss sent one of the hands back after it that morning. As soon as the two Indians crossed the river they spied the Mexican with the lame ox and immediately took after him. From the top of my building, with an excellent glass, I could plainly see their whole maneuverings. The savages circled around the poor man again

NAMING OF THE MINE

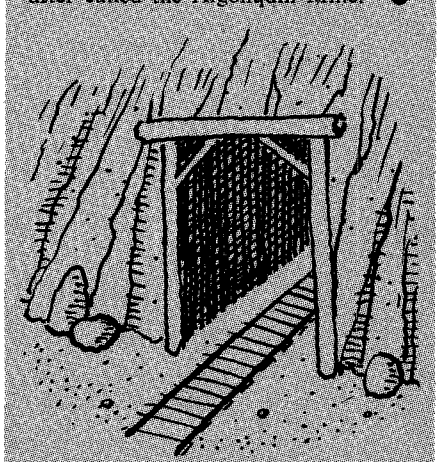
by Bob Young

MINES GOT their names in curious ways. One in Montana was owned by Quinn and Casey. The Irish pair, along about the turn of the century, went into the town of Deer Lodge for a bit of night life. They returned the next day, accompanied by the ubiquitous bottle. Their mine consisted of a single shaft, wherein one man would be lowered in a bucket, and the other would remain at the surface to empty the bucket, and return.

Quinn was picking away at the bottom of the shaft, while Casey enjoyed himself with the bottle. One nip of the old creature followed the other, while Quinn developed a sweat and a large thirst at the bottom. Presently he called up the shaft: "Send down the bottle, Casey." When no action was forthcoming he repeated his demands.

Sadly, Casey looked at the empty jug, then poked his red nose over the side of the shaft and called:

"So shorry," he apologized. "All gone, Quinn." The mine was thereafter called the Algonquin Mine. ●



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and again, charged him from the front and rear and on both sides, until I actually thought they had ridden over him a dozen times, emptying their revolvers whenever they made a charge. They would only halt long enough to reload and then were after him again. During all these tactics of the Indians, the Mexican never made any attempt to return their fire. That saved his life and scalp. They wanted to compel him to empty his revolvers, and then they could run up and kill him. Of course, from the distance, nearly two miles, I could not hear the report of the Indians' weapons, but I could see the smoke distinctly, and I knew that the Mexican had not fired a shot. Presently the poor fellow's horse went down, and he lay behind it for a while. Then he cut the girth, took off the saddle, and started for the river, running at every possible chance, using the saddle as a shield, stopping to show fight only when the savages pressed him too closely. Then he would make another stand, with the saddle set up in front of him. After a few more unsuccessful charges, the Indians left him. When he had arrived safely at the train, they asked him why he had not fired a shot when the Indians rode so close to him. He stated if he had had a thousand shots he would have fired them all, but in crossing the river that morning his horse had to swim and his revolver got wet. (The cartridges were the old-fashioned kind, made of paper, and percussion caps the means of priming.) It was fortunate, perhaps, for if the Indians had surmised that his revolver would not go off, they would have had his scalp dangling at their belts in short order.

I have seen with my glass from the lookout on top of my building at the ranch 200 or 300 wagons and 2000 head of mules and oxen, all waiting for the river to go down, so that they could cross; and I have watched a band of Indians charge upon them like an avalanche, kill the poor panic stricken Mexican drivers as easily and unmercifully as a bunch of hungry wolves would destroy a flock of sheep. Then the savages would jump off their horses long enough to tear the scalps from their victims' heads and dash away after fresh prey. They, of course, drove off many of the horses and cattle. Sometimes the owners would succeed in getting the majority of their stock into the corrals, and for days and weeks afterward the miserable mutilated oxen would straggle back to the river for water, some with their tails cut off close, some with ears gone, some with great strips of hide stripped from their bodies, others with arrows sticking out of them, the cruel shafts sunk deep into their paunches half way up to the feathers. The Indians did not care anything for the cattle as long as there were plenty of buffalo. They mutilated the poor creatures to show their damnable meanness. The horses, of course, they valued.

Once, while a train of wagons was waiting to cross, three or four of them having already made the passage, leaving the Mexican drivers on this side with the wagons loaded with loose wool, a lot of Indians swooped down upon them. When the men saw the savages, the poor defenseless wretches made for their wagons and concealed themselves under the wool, but the Indians found them and killed the last one with an old camp ax belonging to the train, afterwards mutilating their bodies in their usual barbarous manner. ●

Editor's Note: The second part of "Life On the Frontier Was Rough" will appear in the next issue—October—of THE WEST.

MAIL POUCH

(Continued from page 6)

Mexican tied one around Ketchum's; they threw the ends of the ropes over a limb, fastened them into the butt of the tree, and drove the wagon from under them. The wagon then drove away, and I followed it. Olive looked back and saw the fire, and said, 'Put that fire out, boys.' The fire was in Mitchell's clothing. I put it, as I thought, entirely out. We then went about 200 yards where the horses were changed. I took the roan and the Mexican took the paint horse. Green, Baldwin and Fisher were away at the same time; the party had whiskey but nothing to drink it out of. I went to the ranch and got a bottle and returning, met the party at the river. When I rode back to the wagon, Olive, the Mexican, Gillan and DuFrand were talking. Olive and Gillan changed money; don't know how much there was. Olive paid the money to Gillan."

Judge Boblits may be the most maligned man in the whole picture. Jim Kelley, Olive's gunman, testified that he and Judge Boblits were not present when the hanging occurred. I have talked to a granddaughter of E.J. Boblits, and have done some surface scratching, but other than some rather wild allegations, I have never run across anything positive with which to impugn the Judge. Nor, I think, has anyone else.

There is room for your magazine, so keep turning it out.

Respectfully yours,
John Carson
1901 West B Street
North Platte, Nebraska

Here is Mr. Preece's answer: "It is a little naive to expect Brown, a henchman of Print Olive, to testify against his boss. His testimony was naturally discarded. The points raised by Mr. Carson really don't show a great deal of research."

PRINT OLIVE'S PICTURE

Dear Sir:

In your first issue, you state in print "... to spice up our Mail Pouch, we need letters posing arguments ..." Therefore, I

NOW WE'RE MONTHLY!

Due to the large number of requests received from readers THE WEST goes monthly with this issue.

Subscribers who sent in money for a yearly subscription (six issues when we published bi-monthly) will receive six issues on the monthly basis. All subscribers will be notified the month before their subscription expires.

The new rates are $4.00 for one year (12 issues) and $7.00 for a two-year subscription (24 issues).

REMEMBER the next issue of THE WEST will be the October issue, on sale at your newsstands July 30th.

REWARD

$11,750.00 FOR THIS COIN!

ILLUSTRATED: 1804 Silver Dollar. 19,000 Minted, only 12 accounted for, where are the rest?

$500,000.00

$500,000.00 RARE COIN SEARCH

For Certain Coins We Pay Up To:

Certain:

☐ Gold Coins Before 1929	$35,000.00
☐ Nickels Before 1945	16,000.00
☐ Silver Dollars Before 1938	11,750.00
☐ Half Dollars Before 1947	5,550.00
☐ Pennies Before 1919	4,800.00
☐ Dimes Before 1946	4,750.00
☐ Quarters Before 1941	4,500.00
☐ Half Cents Before 1910	3,500.00
☐ Lincoln Pennies Before 1940	250.00

Stop spending valuable coins worth hundreds of dollars. New 1964 catalog lists hundreds of coins we want to buy and gives the price range we will pay for these United States Coins. Certain half cent coins are worth up to $3,500.00 for Canadian Coins. Our valuable Coin Book may reward you many thousands of dollars. Coins do not have to be old to be valuable. Thousands of dollars have been paid for coins dated as recently as 1940 to 1956. Now you too can learn the rare dates and how to identify rare coins in your possession with our new 1964 catalogue. A fortune may be waiting for you. Millions of Dollars have been paid for rare coins. Send your order for this valuable coin catalogue now. Hold on to your coins until you obtain our catalogue. Send $1.00 for 1964 Coin Catalogue Book to Best Values Co., Dept. A-881, 285A Market St., Newark, N. J.

Best Values Co., Dept. A-881,
285 Market St., Newark, N.J.

Rush your latest 1964 catalogue listing the actual price range you will pay for United States Coins listed in the catalogue. I enclose $1. Send Pstg. Prepaid.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED IN FULL IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH THIS CATALOG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would like to point out one in regard to the photograph of Print Olive in "Strange Truth About Print Olive" by Harold Preece, May, 1964. The pictures of Print Olive and Fred Fisher accompanying this article originally appeared in Butcher's *History of Custer County, Nebraska,* published about 1900. However, A.O. Jenkins, in his book *Olive's Last Round-Up,* reversed the identities. When I inquired of the Nebraska Historical Society, which houses the Butcher photograph collection, they stated Butcher's identities were the accepted ones.

In *The Ladder of Rivers, The Story of I.P. Olive,* by Harry E. Chrisman, 1962, Mr. Chrisman states "... It professed (the photo in question) to be a photo of I.P. Olive taken about 1878-79. It looks so little like the actual picture of Olive, given me by Al Olive (youngest son and last surviving member of the I.P. Olive family, 1874-1960), that I requested Al Olive to identify it. His note states: 'No. This is not my Dad, also no relative of ours.' The note was signed by both Al Olive and Ida E. Olive, his wife.

Mr. Chrisman's book is illustrated with numerous rare Olive photos, among which is an authenticated photo of Print, which bears very little resemblance to the questioned photo. The authenticated photo of I.P. was taken shortly after his return from the Civil War, and shows him with a full black beard. Immediately after having the picture taken, Print shaved off his beard and never wore one again. Mr. Chrisman also shows a picture postcard, "Photographs of the Olive Gang," prepared for publication in 1879, before the Olive trial. The postcard shows the photo of Print with a beard. It seems strange that if a later photo of Print existed, the postcard prepared for mass sale when interest was very high would use a picture of a bearded Print taken thirteen years before, a picture that looked so unlike the Print of 1879. This would seem to support the theory that the questioned photo is not of Print. To add to the confusion, this raised another question: if not Print Olive, then who was the cold-eyed gent whose photograph was carefully preserved? Perhaps some of your readers can answer this question.

Yours truly,
C. Campbell
Box 188
York, Nebraska

This picture of Print Olive seems to be causing as much argument as Print Olive himself.

ARE WE EASTERN COWBOYS?

Dear Milt:

And how are the New York cowboys doing by this cool afternoon? Didn't really realize we had real down to earth cowhands living that far east. One day I picked up a copy of THE WEST and noticed it looked like good reading. Went back and bought a few more to keep for my grandchildren. Watched then and bought about two dozen of Vol. 1, No. 2 also. Man this will be better'n coin collecting some day. You got a good magazine now, so keep it that way and you will make it. We are all behind you as long as you write good honest western stuff.

Got something to say which I only say to a good West magazine when I believe it is here to stay, and I think yours is. I am a city slicker for the present, but was not always such a man. If you have not smelled the stink of hair from a hot branding iron, felt the burn from a slipping lariat rope, seen the foaming sopy lather from a cutting horse's body, had your eyes filled with dust from the cutting pens, heard the squeak of saddle leather and knocked snow and ice from your hat brim, then you have never really lived the life of the cattle country.

I am not an old man, but I am old enough that often when I sit down in a comfortable chair at night in front of the fire. I can smell, see, and hear these things. Your publication helps me hang onto these memories—the very things you are trying to keep from dying.

Wishing you much happiness, and good health in your new adventure, I am,

Sincerely,
Harley Smith
P.O. Box 6018
Odessa, Texas

Yes, the editor has smelled the stench of a branding iron, had his palms burned deep by slipping lariats, swallowed dust not only at the corral but on long drives, and seen sopy foam on many cutting pony's bodies. As a kid, and that was years ago, I rode the range in New Mexico.

BUFFALO GRASS

Dear Milt:

I have just started reading the May issue of your wonderful new publication THE WEST. I enjoyed the first issue very much and also what I have read of the second. It is pure pleasure to read true stories without them being stuffy and history book style. Your stories are real down to earth and entertaining.

There is one little item I found in the Print Olive story about his beeves feeding on five foot high buffalo grass. I used to live in northeastern Colorado where we pastured cattle on buffalo grass and it does not grow over one foot high. Check your grass a little closer.

Pat Workman
610 West Grant
Lebanon, Oregon

You are correct. Buffalo grass seldom gets a foot high.

LIKES THE MAGAZINE

Dear Sirs:

My husband and I both enjoy your true stories of the Old west very much. I don't know which of us enjoy them the most. As for myself I love stories and things of the past. When I go into a museum and see an old wagon or a doll that a child played with in the back of a covered wagon I just seem to go back and see these people and feel what they must have felt.

I can imagine all their hardships and the fear of being out in the wild country.

Well, when I read your magazine I don't have to use my imagination at all. It's all right there in a wonderful story. These stories are what I feel the West was really like. Reading them is kind of like setting down with an old timer that was there and having him tell you all about it.

Again I say we enjoy your magazine very much. It's filled with interesting facts and humor.

Mrs. Kathy Bryant
1655 S. San Joaquin St.
Stockton, Calif.

STORIES THRILLING

Gentlemen:

We secured a copy of your new Western magazine and are very pleased with it. My husband is really a "buff" as you call them and sees all TV westerns he can. He reads very little fiction, but reads your issue cover to cover.

Your stories sound authentic—not any punches pulled—and we are both a little tired of the TV stories "buttering" up some characters who were worse, really, than the old hold-up men and train and bank robbers.

We hear a lot of stories out here—some good, some bad, but most of them think your magazine is interesting.

I am going to like the Mail Pouch, the Editor Speaks as well as your tales of the West.

We wish you all the luck in the world and look forward to the next issue.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Gilbert D. Ruble
Rt. #1, Box 38
Nunn, Colo.

These are only a very few of the complimentary letters we have received. We could fill the magazine with them, but figured it would bore you. So excuse the vanity of the Old Scout.

LEGEND OF THE WEEPING WATER

Gentlemen:

I have just read the first copy of THE WEST. As Western magazines go, it seems quite accurate especially the article on Wild Bill Hickok, who has been painted in such outlandish colors. It's about time, someone told what he was really like.

I should like to call attention to a statement in "The Legend of the Weeping Water" on page 52. Concerning Professor J.C. Lundberg. It states that "he was from State College of Aberdeen, So. Dakota." To begin with the college is not State College. It is Northern Teacher's College; and their town is Aberdeen, S. Dakota (you know the town where the Fischer quints live). South Dakota State College is at Brookings So. Dakota and its name has been changed to South Dakota State University as of the last meeting of the S.D. Legislature.

However, we enjoyed the magazine a great deal and wish you success with this new venture.

Sincerely yours,
Hortense S. Goodfellow
Hillcrest Farm
Bruce, So. Dakota

FATHER KNEW KID CURRY

Dear Mr. Grayson:

Have just finished reading your first issue of THE WEST. I enjoyed it very much. It is a little different. Keep up the good work.

After reading your story on Harvey Logan I am compelled to say a few words about him as my father knew him as a young man in Happy Valley, Tennessee, about twenty miles south of Knoxville. In those days the valley, as well as the rest of the mountain region, was pretty rough and noted for its revelry. There were parties, gambling and drinking.

I suppose that Logan felt pretty well at home and was safe from the law. I didn't question my father much about him when he was living. I wish now that I had. According to what my father and the other old timers said about Logan was that he was a well dressed, good-looking man who liked to gamble, and he worked at a sawmill!

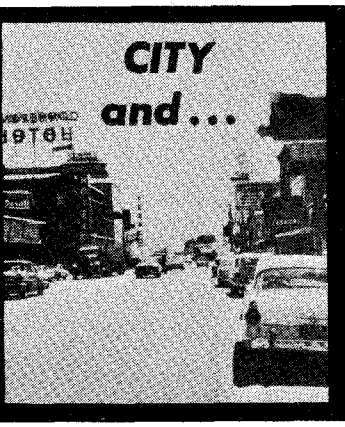
Your writer says that he was an enigmatic character. This further proves it. Did he have connections here? There were other Logans in the Valley. One said to have been his brother who left about that time for the West. I read in another magazine where Logan came to Knoxville with a rodeo once. What kept bringing him back here? While he was there in the

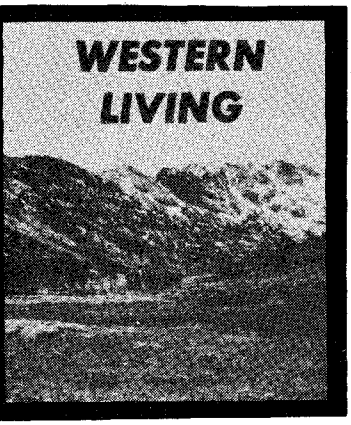
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW... Start Enjoying "THE BEST of TWO WORLDS"

2½ ACRES

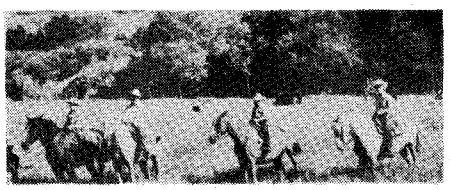
JUST 1½ MILES from ELKO, NEVADA





$1 DOWN / $10 PER MONTH / FULL PRICE $595.00
NO INTEREST NO CARRYING CHARGES

MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS



BOOMING NEVADA IS EQUALED BY ONLY A FEW PLACES IN THE WORLD. Population has surged Westward in ever increasing numbers. Westward to Nevada, where the air is fresh and clear, taxes are low or non-existent and opportunity is open to all. Yes, Nevada is booming and real estate investors are prospering. **It is a proven fact that many purchasers of Nevada acreage have realized fabulous profits from small investments.** Now, a NEW Nevada Real Estate Opportunity exists for you. This Ground Floor Opportunity is **MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS, located only 1½ miles from the thriving city of Elko, Nevada.**

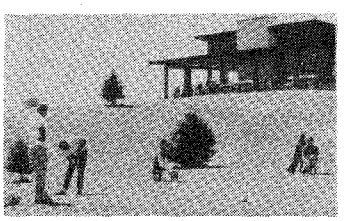
THE VERY BEST FEATURES OF TWO WORLDS

...**THE WORLD OF THE WEST** Located in prosperous Elko County, the ranchos have the backdrop of the majestic Ruby Mountains. **The sparkling Humboldt River is a short ½ mile away. Every Rancho fronts on a graded road that leads into coast to coast U.S. Highway 40.** Amidst these spectacular surroundings MEADOW VALLEY RANCHO owners can relax and enjoy the wonderful life of the Golden West.

...**THE WORLD OF CITY CONVENIENCES:** The bustling city of Elko with its modern schools, shops, theaters, hospital and airport is only 1½ miles away. New homes, with FHA financing committments issued, are now under construction... less than 1 mile from the property. The Experienced, Successful Developers of MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS are not offering remote land where purchasers have to hope for progress and expansion. They offer you the opportunity of a life time, a chance to participate in Nevada's continuing boom... Minutes from the conveniences of hospitable Elko, in the midst of current growth and progress, **MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS has all the necessary ingredients to skyrocket in value!**

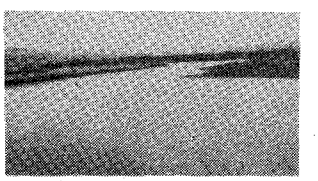
FISHING: In jewel like lakes, and mountain fed bottom streams you'll catch trophy size German Browns, Rainbow and Brook Trout . . . large mouth fighting Bass. RANCHO owners can catch their dinner within easy driving distance of the property lines.

HUNTING: Hunters from all corners of the globe come to Elko County to hunt the big game species Mule Deer . . . Quail, Chukar, and Partridge are found in abundance.



GOLF: A mere one mile from MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS is the Ruby View Golf Course. No rush for starting times on this city owned and maintained golf course, but golfing as it should be enjoyed. Play a leisurely 9-18 or 36 holes surrounded by breathtaking scenery, minutes from your rancho.

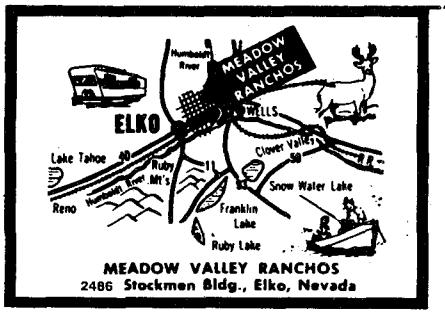
YOUR OWN LAKE... You, and your invited guests will spend many happy hours boating, fishing and picnicking at nearby Lake Osino. There is no charge to Rancho owners for full rights to the use of this private multi-acre lake and park area.



PROVEN OPPORTUNITY: Yes, individuals are taking advantage of Nevada opportunity. But the country's leading corporations are also investing in their Nevada futures. Industrial giants, who erect plants where increasing land values and population demand them, are building or have secured acreage throughout Nevada.

LOW OR NON-EXISTENT TAXES: As a result of Nevada's low realistic tax structure, Profits And Wages Are Kept; not paid out to the state. NEVADA HAS NO STATE INCOME, INHERITANCE, CORPORATION OR GIFT TAX. The low real property tax is definitely limited by the state constitution. YES, NEVADA IS ONE OF OUR LAST FRONTIERS OF TAX FREEDOM!

TOTAL COSTS: The full price of the title to your **2½ acre Rancho is only $595.00.** Complete payment schedule is **$1.00 down and $10.00 per month.** No interest, no carrying charges. Live, Vacation or Retire on your land, or simply hold for investment security. Wise men like Andrew Carnegie said, "More money has been made in Real Estate than in all industrial investments combined." **Make MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS' PROSPEROUS FUTURE — YOUR FUTURE. DON'T MISS THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY!**



MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS
2486 Stockmen Bldg., Elko, Nevada

MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS
2486 Stockmen Bldg., Elko, Nevada

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Yes! — Reserve acreage at MEADOW VALLEY RANCHOS for me — **2½ acre parcel, $595** — payable $1 down, and **$10** a month, no interest no carrying charges. Send purchase contract and map showing exact location of my holding. **You** will return my deposit if I request same within 30 days. Have indicated below number of Ranchos desired.

SIZE ACRES	DOWN	PER MO.
2½	$1	$10
5	$2	$15
7½	$3	$20
10	$4	$25

Name:_____

Address_____

City:_____ Zone:_____ State:_____

Indicate No. of Ranchos____ Total enclosed $____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Valley he stayed with a widow, who said that she didn't know that he was an outlaw, or she wouldn't have kept him.

This may be of little or no interest to you, but thought I'd pass it along to commend you on your fine magazine. A reader.

Sincerely,
Coy Millsaps
Route 1
Madisonville, Tennessee

HE DOES TOO

Gentlemen:

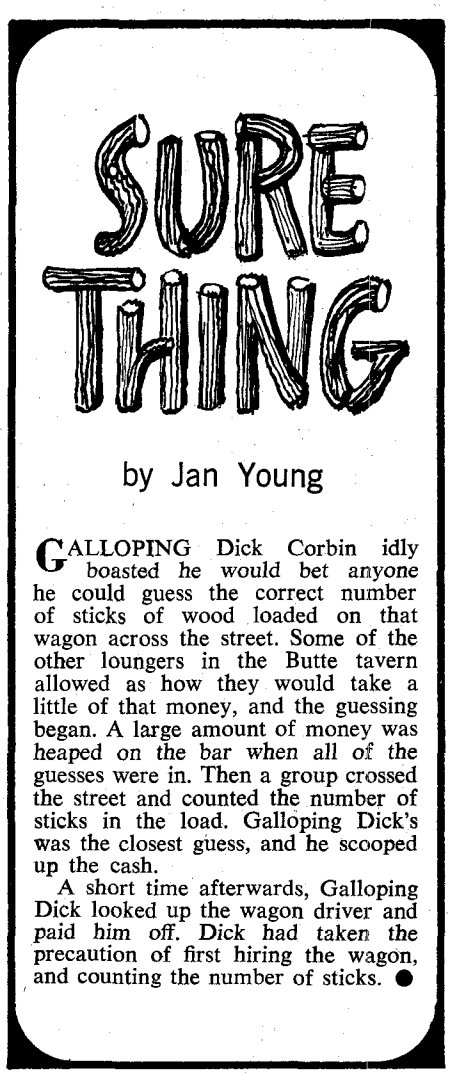
I am a "Western magazine buff," being strictly West myself, parents married in Cheyenne. I was born in Leadville, raised in Arizona, and existing in California, I consider your new THE WEST the best of the lot. Best articles, best paper etc. Keep it up.

Clarence Douglas Dawson
Box 132,
Chula Vista, California

KID CURRY'S FAMILY

Gentlemen:

I found the March issue of THE WEST in our reading room here at Snug Harbor, and enjoyed it very much, especially "Kid Curry, Last of the Wild Bunch." About ten years ago I was living in Paradise, California, and Elfie Logan and her son Lonny Jr. were my neighbors. I suppose she is still living, as she was quite young for her age and Lonny Jr. seemed almost as old as his mother.



GALLOPING Dick Corbin idly boasted he would bet anyone he could guess the correct number of sticks of wood loaded on that wagon across the street. Some of the other loungers in the Butte tavern allowed as how they would take a little of that money, and the guessing began. A large amount of money was heaped on the bar when all of the guesses were in. Then a group crossed the street and counted the number of sticks in the load. Galloping Dick's was the closest guess, and he scooped up the cash.

A short time afterwards, Galloping Dick looked up the wagon driver and paid him off. Dick had taken the precaution of first hiring the wagon, and counting the number of sticks. ●

From what she said they lived a hectic life. She still mourned for Lonny Logan. Said he was the greatest and was cruelly killed. I didn't remember or listen too well, as I was not aware at that time that he was an outlaw. Now I wish I had listened better.

Lonny Jr. was not the first of their children. The eldest was a girl and never lived with her mother, though the property where they lived was left to her by her grandmother, Mrs. Landsbury, who lived in Montana. Elfie's mother died in Paradise and is buried in the cemetery there.

Keep on publishing the magazine, it's all right.

Mrs. Myrtle Sawyer
740 30th Avenue
Santa Cruz, California

WILD BILL HICKOK

Howdy Milt,

When I saw THE WEST issue number one at my favorite newsstand my first thought was: heré goes again, another magazine which will be the one true book of the West as it was. I was curious enough to buy one and arriving home I glanced at it, skipping through, but not reading any one article and filed it away. Just this week I noticed number two on the newsstand, I bought a copy and upon reaching home I read a few articles and became interested, I went back to the first issue and finished it. Pard, I believe you have got something there. I do not know to whom credit is due, but the bird who said, "Truth is stranger than fiction" sure knew what he was talking about. There is no fiction in your articles.

I was particularly interested in "The Strange Marriage of Wild Bill Hickok." Why? Well my grandfather after the Civil War went to Abilene, Kansas, to practice medicine. In 1906 he came to visit us in Hailyville, Oklahoma, and he used to sit and tell me of his experiences there in the early days. He had treated Wild Bill several times. His opinion of him was not too good as I remember.

I just wish I had been able to jot down some of the things he told me. I believe he knew as much about Abilene as anyone living there. He died there in 1914 at the age of 84. I have a picture of him and my grandmother taken at Emporia, Kansas, in 1891.

Now to get back to your THE WEST, I have read many Western books and magazines. I list yours at the top of the list.

Me, I'm just an old has-been. My doctor told me I would have to quit work back in 1957, as I had heart trouble. I had never been accused of even having a heart previous to that, even by my wife. Now I am just living to aggravate the rest of the world. You do not make any friends that way, but you sure do have a lot of fun.

Oh, yea, rush that next issue. I will be through with number two soon.

Gail P. Short
915 E. Wilson
Shawnee, Oklahoma

MORE ABOUT INDIANS

Dear Milt,

Received my second issue of THE WEST. Well, you put a good cover on it and really filled it up with good stuff. As my first letter requested—Give us Indians, and you did. Thanks.

One comment: I feel the article "Home of the Braves" could have been and should have been gone into more deeply with more photos of good old tepees.

I agree with most of the comments the author covered, although the Indians did have trouble too, just like every one, such as accidental fires which (has been recorded) have burned tepee, possessions etc. I myself have a Sioux style tepee which I made. Of course it has a dew cloth, fur floor (bear, deer, buffalo, wolf robes, etc.) All the comforts of an Indian lodge. I use my tepee to live in on my travels of the pow-wow circuit. This year I will take it along to the Reservations of N. and S. Dakota, Montana and S. Canada.

Enjoying THE WEST very much so far. Keep giving us good old photos and Indians.

Thank you,
Lee R. Snyder
513 Country Club Rd.
Red Lion, Penna.

THE YOUNGER HOME

Dear Editor;

I just finished the first issue of THE WEST, and want to tell you how much I enjoyed it. We were visiting in New Mexico this winter and picked it up on a newsstand there.

I'm enclosing a check for my first year's subscription. I don't want to miss any issues. I hope I am getting it in so you can send me the second issue.

I am real interested in true stories of the West. I'm not an old timer, as I wasn't born till 1913. But was born on the plains of Colorado in the old Soddie on the homestead. And can remember my Dad telling some interesting stories.

He was a miner in Missouri before moving west in 1910. My oldest brother took us to visit the old place in 1946. My folks lived on the corner of the lot, the Youngers lived down the street and the James family across and down a little ways. The old buildings were still standing. My Dad sold the house to Cole Younger's daughter. They were still living there and I took a picture of them. My Dad sat up with the old man Younger when he died. He said both families were good neighbors. He didn't approve of the things the boys did, but said they were blamed for a lot of things they didn't do.

One of your readers,
Mrs. W. E.
Messerschmidt
P.O. Box 993
Moses Lake, Wash.

LINCOLN'S GUN

Dear Sir:

Picked up a copy of THE WEST at the local newsstand and liked it very much. Am herewith enclosing a check for $4.00 to cover a two year subscription to your publication.

While I am about it I would like to bring your attention to an error appearing in the article "That Cursed Little She-Devil" by Alton M. Fellman.

On page 11 the center illustration states that this "pepperbox" is one of the type used by Booth in shooting Lincoln. Am sure if Mr. Fellman will look further he will find that Booth used a .41 caliber single shot Derringer as made by Henry Deringer of Philadelphia.

All else seems to be fine. Hoping to hear from you soon,

Sincerely,
Robert Rucker
6225 Overhill Dr.
Los Angeles 43, Calif.

There is a dispute about what gun Booth used, but on checking sources, Rucker has the bulk in his favor. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIVER-EATING JOHNSON'S REVENGE

(Continued from page 28)

red-bearded giant on his big black, keeping a wary eye out for trickery. How he had come to know of their departure was his secret only, but he had learned and now he was on their trail. He had no intention of tackling fifty warriors, and later said "that would have been the foolishish thing this child ever done," for the Crows were the fightingest Indians in America. He wanted to beat them to the Flathead encampment, if possible, and arrange an ambush with his kinsmen. Coming on the hot ashes of their campfires at the forks of the Beaverhead, he knew he was close, and likely to be ambushed himself if he lacked care.

Riding off the trail, Johnson dismounted, and taking four horsehide covers from his saddlebags, drew them over his horse's hoofs, henceforth flanking the main trail. He chuckled when, an hour later, the rear scout rode by at a gallop. He put down an overpowering urge to kill the lone Crow, for that would have ruined his plans, and late at night saw their flickering campfire against a canyon wall ahead. Climbing the rimrock, he saw the layout and studied their camp arrangements. Returning to where he had left his horse, he then unsaddled the animal, placed it on long tether, ate some jerked buffalo meat, and went to sleep with the animal as sentry.

Two hours before daybreak he was up and about. From the rimrock he looked down on the sleeping camp. Two Indians were doing sentry duty; one was tending the fires while the other, a gigantic warrior, was walking back and forth between the camp and the baled goods. The horses were scattered here and there, some dragging picket pins that had not held in the stony ground.

While the sentry walked the other way, Johnson worked his way to a vantage point near the stacked robes and other packs. Despite his great size, he made not the slightest sound. The moon was just right (as he had long ago figured) for him to stand in the shadow of the trade goods while he checked on his next move. He must kill the sentry, scatter the horses and thus put the half-hundred Crows afoot.

He dared not use his revolver, for that would awake the camp before he was ready. The Bowie was silent, but the sentry might not be when it was driven into his vitals. At his feet lay rounded stones, washed up from the creek bed in flash floods. Reaching down, he picked up one that was of a size and shape of a young pumpkin, hefted it, and waited. The warrior sauntered up, stood there for a moment and turned to go back. He was not ten feet distant when Liver-Eater hurled the stone. It was an unromantic but effective weapon, thudding into the Crow's skull as if hurled from a sling.

For a moment Liver-Eater looked toward the camp, but the rebounding stone had not attracted the attention of the fire-watcher. Quickly Johnson seized the senseless brave and dragged him into the scrub timber at the edge of the ravine. In a few seconds only he was back among the horses, grunting softly to reassure them as he pulled the picket pins. When all were loosed he seized handfuls of pebbles and scattered them among the animals, at the same time whooping loudly. The dreaded yell of the Mountain Man brought the sleeping Indians to life and movement.

Their fierce yells and the shrill neighing of the scared herd mingled, and then were drowned out by the thundering sound of 80 horses on a dead run to the northward. The Crow Killer threw the body of the huge sentry upon his shoulders as if it were a feather pillow, and disappeared among the trees. A half-hour later, the big black saddled and ready, Johnson seized the greased scalplock, cut around it with his Bowie, and snapped it free. A tremor ran through the body of the brave, showing that he was still alive, and Liver-Eater quickly cut his throat.

As he pulled a bullhide belt from around the waist of the dead Indian, he noted that a long-dried scalp dangled from it. From a long experience, a picture came before him of an ambushed wagon-train, with the crackling of gunfire and the whizzing of arrows; the tomahawk and scalping knife at work among the women and children. But something told him that the scalp had not been torn from the head of a white woman. He ran his hand through the coarse black tresses, only slightly finer than a horse's mane. Looking closer, something familiar caught his eye, and with a guttural exclamation he held the thing up against the lightening sky. In that instant he knew; knew that in this beginning of his mightiest effort against his enemies through some quirk of retributive fortune that he had met and killed the murderer of his squaw and her unborn child.

But there was more to do, and no time to be lost. Quickly he braided the topknots together, that of his squaw, The Swan, and her killer, and looped them through the headstall of his bridle. And now, his identity, his trade-mark. With his Bowie he made a deep incision below the ribs of the dead warrior. Inserting his hand he wrenched the liver free. Wiping the blood from his knife-blade with his thumb and forefinger, he mounted his horse. Blood dripped from his beard as he rode to the northwest.

When Liver-Eater came within sight of the foothills of the Bitter Roots he knew that he was no more than a day's ride ahead of the Crows, who would have wasted no more than a day in running down their stampeded herd. He had slept each night on rising ground, and had pushed the stallion hard—too hard, in fact. Within five miles of the Flathead encampment the beast had fallen, and Johnson knew that he could never rise again. He dispatched the animal with his Walker Colt, and carried in his saddle, blanket and roll afoot.

Within a few moments he was escorted to the tent of Bear's Head, the chief, who was also his father-in-law. They sat on the tepee floor, which was white sand, and Liver-Eater handed the two scalps to Bear's Head. He took them in his hands, dropped one, and held the other to the light. The thing crackled, and his hands trembled. "It is The Swan," he said, and Johnson nodded. "She had a papoose," he said, "it was killed within her. I have the bones buried in a kittle."

The old chief's eyes sparkled with a deadly hate. He picked up the other scalp. "They belong together?" he asked.

Johnson nodded.

"There were fifty Crows," he said, "forty-nine come to trade tomorrow."

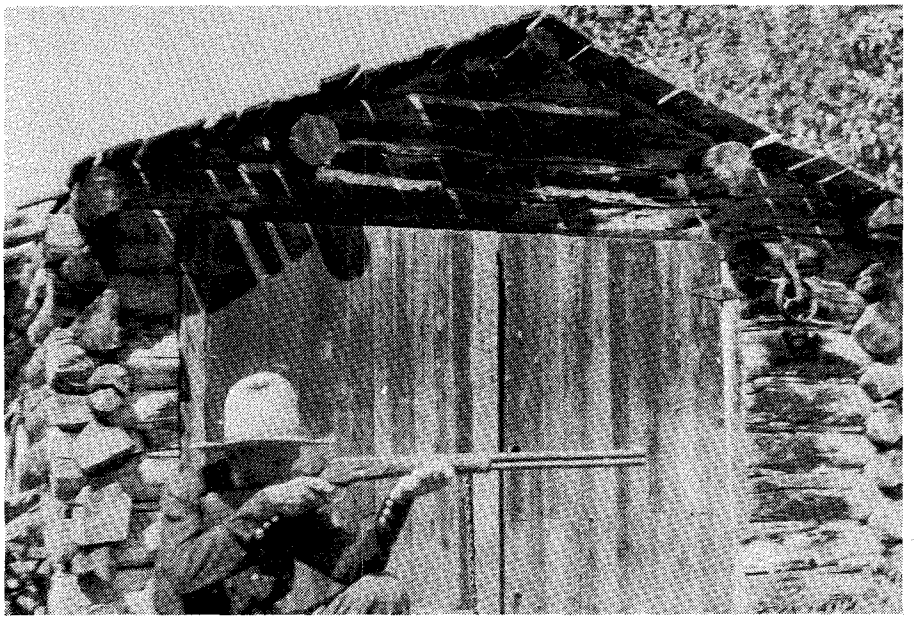
The voice of Bear's Head came like the soughing of wind in late autumn. "We will trade death," he said. *"You are Dah-pih-ehk Absaroka.* Everyone knows of your trail of death. Now The Swan's kinsmen

The author, Raymond Thorp, is shown kneeling at Liver-Eating Johnson's grave.

Thorp Collection

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thorp Collection



Pack-Saddle Ben Greenough holds rifle given him by his hunting companion, Johnson.

will do their share. They have been waiting for this time."

An hour later, mounted on a long-limbed coal-black 3-year-old, the Crow Killer rode out of the valley of the Flathead camp. He turned south as soon as he had passed the sentry. He was going to visit an old friend in the Snake River Plains, Wahni (The Fox), chief of a part of the Northern Shoshoni tribe. The Crow Killer stretched out his time, for he was in no hurry.

He spent two days in one camp site, getting his horse to know him, for he had a lot of training to do now that the stallion was dead. It was said throughout the mountains (and wondered at) that he would have no other color in a horse except black. They didn't know that it was because of the fine black pony that he had got from old Joe Robidoux at St. Joe when he first came West. The pony had been shot out from beneath him, and he had killed the three Cheyenne braves in that fight and secured their horses and scalps as well.

At Red Rock Creek above Fort Hall he was joined by two Shoshoni warriors whom he had never seen before. They did not know his identity and he did not tell them, as that would have necessitated his killing them, as they were carrying two Flathead scalps. So, he said to himself, Shoshonis joined up with the Absaroka in that brawl. He had something planned for them, and watched them carefully lest they surprised him at night when asleep.

At the Shoshoni camp on Lost River he went at once to the tepee of the chief. Old warriors knew him at once and said, "It is the great white chief who kills the Crows and eats their livers." He was no sooner presented to The Fox when he told him of the two braves who had accompanied him. "They hed kilt two Flatheads an' skelped them," he said, "an' ther Flatheads air my kin folks. I let them come along wi' me so's you could tek care o' the matter."

The Fox clapped his hands and called in his son, a young warrior with a long scar on one side of his face. "Many moons ago," said the chief, "my son was but a child, and went out to hunt rabbits. A big cat sprang upon him and would have killed him but for your old partner, Hatcher. A rifle ball went through the heart of the beast, saving my son's life. The shot was fired by Hatcher."

"Jehosophat!" exclaimed Johnson. "Is this the one? Wa'al, ol' John Hatcher never missed a target. He tole me thet tale a long time ago."

"Tomorrow, when you leave," said Wahni, The Fox, "you will carry the scalps of my two braves who fought beside the Crows. I am sorry for their families, but they went against tribal law."

LIVER-EATING Johnson laid out the four scalps on the floor of Bear's Head's lodge. Two Flatheads, two Shoshoni. He didn't have to say anything, for the tale was plain to see; two victims and two atonements. But Bear's Head had something for him, too. Thirty-six Crow scalps, enough, almost, to buy out Jim Bridger's trading post. Thirteen Crows had escaped, to tell the tale of their prowess, however, for sixty-two Flatheads had fallen. Ambushed and attacked by a force of four to one, the Crows had upheld their reputation for giving enemies a fight.

A hundred Flathead warriors escorted the affluent Johnson out of the valley of fine horses. Two pack horses were laden with Crow finery, for which the Flatheads had traded death. The black horse was caparisoned with a rare white buffalo robe as a saddle blanket, on which was placed a richly beaded and worked Crow saddle, and in the saddle sat Dapiek Absaroka, looking like King Arthur at a jousting. The bridle was a plaited work of art, and Johnson himself was dressed in white doeskin as soft as silk, beaded and fringed and quilled, with handsome cap of beaver with new buckskin moccasins and leggings. While from his wide belt of buffalo calfskin hung, in bright scabbards, the rosewood handled Colt and Bowie-knife. "Yer looks just like a Crow chief," his partner, Del Gue, would tell him later.

Reaching home, he stored all his goods and went at once to his sepulchre. The Swan and her baby would sleep better now. With the kettle before him, he took out the skulls and the lone eagle feather which had first advised him of the identity of his enemies. Now, from the doeskin bag he had brought from the spoils in the Bitter Roots he took the twined scalps, the killer's eagle feather gained from his coup of a Flathead girl's scalp, and the body ornaments of the brave.

While he sat thus, fingering his keepsakes, his nose began to quiver, and he knew there had to be live Indians present. Black eyes were gleaming at him from behind the rocks somewhere, but a Mountain Man was a fatalist, and had no fears of sudden death. Very slowly and carefully he placed his property in the kettle, closed the lid and placed it in his family tomb. Methodically he mortised it in, for he knew that his watcher would long ago have killed him from ambush had that been his intention. Then, still as carefree seemingly as a bird, he got to his feet and walked down to the cabin.

The word would (and did) go forth from the watcher that the Crow Killer had a reason for his madness. Two skulls, one tiny and one from a woman, two feathers, two scalps and one of these from a woman, ornaments from a coup. What Indian could miss the connection? Was it an Arapaho, Sioux, Gros Ventre, Blackfoot, Cheyenne, Piegan?

Whatever, the word went forth and covered the wilderness wherever men gathered. Why had a man with no sentiment started a bloody vendetta? He was incapable of love, said his contemporaries, especially for a squaw. But they had forgotten that it was his property that was destroyed. The squaw and baby had belonged to him. And the lonely white women of the frontier were now with instead of against him. He was by no means through, but would carry the feud with his enemies for another quarter century, till his victims numbered 300. ●

THE SHAME OF SAND CREEK

(Continued from page 35)

killed, of whom about one half were warriors and the remainder women and children. The whites lost seven killed and forty-seven wounded, of whom seven died afterwards.

This was "the massacre of the friendly Cheyenne Indians at Sand Creek, by the Colorado troops, under Colonel John M. Chivington," or "the battle on the Big Sandy, with the hostile Cheyennes and Arapahoes," as you may be pleased to consider it. That is to say, it is a statement of what occurred there, as nearly as the truth can be arrived at, without favor or reservation.

It is but just to add that the great majority of the troops who participated in it say it was not so bad as here represented, and that the witnesses of the action and events connected with it who subsequently denounced it make it no worse, notwithstanding the fact that many who knew nothing of the facts in the case have added much to the statement given above. The number killed was the point most in controversy in the investigations of the matter, ranging from about seventy in Major Wyn-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

koop's estimate to six hundred in Colonel Chivington's originial report.

The Indians conceded a loss of one hundred and forty, of whom sixty were warriors, and the testimony of all who counted after the battle indicates the number stated above. Concerning this affair there has been much of exaggeration, much of invective, much of misunderstanding, and much of wholly unfounded statement. Indeed, so much has been said in regard to it that the controversy is far more extensive that the original trouble, and the historical shape that it has assumed is the creation of the controversy, not the fight.

WHO WAS Colonel Chivington? In 1840 he was a rough, uncouth, profane child of nature, just stepped across the threshold of manhood. He lived in Warren County, Ohio, about two miles south of the line of Clinton. At a log-rolling in the neighborhood a good old Methodist brother reproved him one day for profanity, and the sturdy youth answered defiantly: "I will swear when I please and where I please."

But he brooded over the rebuke and a few days later he went to his reprover's house, determined to swear there, before his family. He did not do as he intended. Some unknown power beat down his resolution and the curse died trembling on his tongue.

He became an industrious, orderly man. He joined the Methodist Church and lived consistently with its discipline. He apprenticed himself to a carpenter and thoroughly learned the trade. Towards 1850 he determined to move West and enter the ministry, and this he did, working meantime at his trade.

A few years later Chivington was in Kansas taking an active part with Lane and his friends in the border war. After the Kansas troubles were settled, we find him serving acceptably for two years as a missionary to the Wyandot Indians and afterwards as interpreter and guide, travelling through the West with the Methodist bishops who were establishing missions among the Indian tribes. Soon after the beginning of the war he went to a quarterly meeting at Denver, being then a Presiding Elder in western Kansas and Colorado, and while there preached to the soldiers at their barracks. They liked his style and urged him to stay with them.

Governor Gilpin offered him a chaplaincy, but he said that if he went with the soldiers he wanted to fight, so he was made a major instead. There is one point in his character that must not be lost sight of, if his history is to be understood. He was, like other Kansas free-soilers, an uncompromising Union man and had no use for a rebel, white or red. His dislike to anything savoring of treason got him into trouble time and again, but he never held back on that account.

And what of the Colorado troops who had committed such fiendish outrages? They included men from all ranks and classes in life. Many were later prominent and respected citizens of Colorado. About two thirds of those at Sand Creek were one-hundred-days' men of the 3d regiment. The remainder were veterans, mostly of the 1st regiment.

There had been trouble with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes ever since the treaty of Fort Wise in 1861. The warriors denounced the chiefs for making the treaty, and were particularly opposed to the construction of the Kansas Pacific Railroad through their lands, as they knew it would drive away the buffalo. The chiefs were threatened with death if they undertook to carry out its provisions, and so the intense desire of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes for an agricultural life, which is recited as the cause of the treaty, had to go ungratified.

The first serious troubles, after Sumner's campaign, occurred after this treaty was made and all the succeeding troubles grew out of it. The Cheyennes began committing minor offenses in 1861, and as they were punished they gradually grew bolder until, in 1863, Agent Lorey reported that the Cheyennes were dissatisfied and that the Sioux were urging them to open war. In other words, the war feeling had grown so strong that it was necessary to treat with them anew.

Governor Evans went out, by agreement, to treat with them on the headwaters of the Republican, but they failed to come as agreed. The governor sent his guide, a squaw-man named Elbridge Gerry (a grandson of the signer of the Declaration of Independence of the same name), in search of them. He returned after an absence of two weeks and reported that they had held a council and decided not to treat. One chief, Bull Bear (O-to-ah-nac-co), the leader of the "Dog-soldiers," had offered to come in, but his warriors would not allow him to do so.

The Cheyennes afterwards confirmed this statement fully. They said they were going to remain at peace, but woud make no treaty that they had to sign, that they were going to have their lands, and even if a railroad was built through their country, they would not allow any one to settle along it. The chiefs who had signed the treaty of Fort Wise said they were obliged to repudiate it or their warriors would kill them.

Minor depredations were committed during the remainder of 1863 and the early part of 1864, and during the winter word was received from spies among them that a coalition was being formed among all the plains tribes to drive the whites out of the country. This information proved true, for in the spring and summer of 1864 the Sioux, Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes and Arapahoes were engaged in active hostilities.

The effect of this warfare on the whites was distressing. Nearly every stage was attacked, emigrants were cut off, and the settlements were raided continually. The overland trains, on which the entire settlements depended for supplies, were deterred from moving by fear of attack. On June 14 Governor Evans applied for authority to call the militia into the United States service, or to call out one-hundred-days' men, which was not granted. Matters became worse. All the settlements from the Purgatoire to the Cache la Poudre, and for two hundred miles on the Platte, were in consternation.

The settlers left their crops and built block-houses for mutual protection. Those near Denver fled to that place. The governor was besieged with petitions for arms and authority to organize for protection. On August 8 all the stage lines were attacked. On August 11 Governor Evans issued a proclamation calling the people to organize for self-protection, and under this several companies were formed which were considered sufficient for the defense of the settlements. But they could not protect the settlements from famine.

ON AUGUST 18 Governor Evans dispatched Secretary Stanton: "Extensive Indian depredations, with murder of families, occurred yesterday thirty miles south of Denver. Our lines of communication are cut, and our crops, our sole dependence, are all in exposed localities, and cannot be gathered by our scattered population. Large bodies of Indians are undoubtedly near Denver, and we are in danger of destruction both from the attack of Indians and starvation. I earnestly request that Colonel Ford's regiment of 2d Colorado Volunteers be immediately sent to our relief. It is impossible to exaggerate our danger. We are doing all we can for our defense."

There was no favorable answer received to this, and on September 7 a second dispatch followed. "Pray give positive orders for our 2nd Colorado Cavalry to come out. Have notice published that they will come in detachments to escort trains up the Platte on certain days. Unless escorts are sent thus we will inevitably have a famine in addition to this gigantic Indian war. Flour is forty-five dollars a barrel, and the supply growing scarce, with none on the way. Through spies we got knowledge of the plan of about one thousand warriors in camp to strike our frontier settlements, in small bands, simultaneously in the night, for an extent of three hundred miles. It was frustrated at the time, but we have to fear another such attempt soon. Pray give the order for our troops to come as requested, at once, or it will be too late for trains to come this season."

The troops were not sent, but in the meantime authority had been given by the War Department to raise a regiment of one-hundred-days' men and the 3d Colorado was organized and impatiently waiting for arms and equipment which they did not get until a short time before their march to Sand Creek.

But were the Cheyennes responsible for all this? Quite as much so as any of the tribes. They began stealing stock early in the spring and on April 13 a herdsman for Irving, Jackmann & Co. reported that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes had run off sixty head of oxen and a dozen mules and horses from their camp, thirty miles south of Denver. Lieutenant Clark Dunn was sent after them with a small party of soldiers. He overtook them as they were crossing the Platte, during a heavy snowstorm.

A parley was commenced, but was interrupted by part of the Indians running off the stock and the soldiers attempting to disarm the others. A fight ensued in which the soldiers, who were greatly outnumbered, were defeated, with a loss of four men, the Indians still holding the cattle.

They attacked the settlements on the Little Blue, and after killing the men they carried off Mrs. Ewbanks, Miss Roper and three children. It was almost certainly they who killed Mr. and Mrs. Hungate and their two babies at Running Creek. They carried off Mrs. Martin and a little boy from a ranch on Plum Creek. General Curtis prepared two or three times to march against them but was diverted from his purpose by rebel raiders from Arkansas.

(Editor's Note: Running through this article is the feeling, which was shared by many white settlers, that the Indians were invading the land of the white man instead of the white man stealing the land and homes of the Indians and breaking with callous duplicity every treaty the Indians signed. It is hard today to understand this narrow and bigoted view except that human greed makes beasts and savages of many of us.)

But even if most of the Cheyennes had been hostile, were not the Indians at Sand Creek friendly? It is usually difficult to dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prove an Indian's protestations of friendship in a satisfactory way, but if ever it was done it was here.

But more satisfactory was the testimony of scalps, women's and children's dresses and stolen goods which were found in profusion in the tepees. Perhaps medical testimony will be most convincing as to the condition of the scalps.

Dr. Caleb S. Birtsell, Assistant Surgeon, testified: "While in one of the lodges dressing wounded soldiers a soldier came to the opening of the lodge and called my attention to some white scalps he held in his hand. My impression, after examination, was that two or three of them were quite fresh; I saw, in the hands of soldiers, silk dresses and other garments belonging to women."

And this brings us to another equally serious question. Although these Cheyennes at Sand Creek had been hostile, were they not at Sand Creek under a promise of protection by the military? To this the testimony answers clearly, "No." That is a rather startling statement to one who is familiar only with the current version of Sand Creek, but it is true, nevertheless. Both the congressional and department investigations were peculiar. The former was conducted by a committee of men whose minds were made up before they began. The style of their questions, the inaccuracy of their findings, and the fact that they condemned every one for prevarication who differed from what they expected in testimony, proved this.

The latter was conducted by Major Wynkoop, who had been displaced by Major Anthony at Fort Lyon but a short time previous to the fight, who was one of the leading prosecuting witnesses, and who was, immediately after the investigation, appointed to the Agency, a position which is very rarely forced on men against their wishes. There was also a military commission appointed, which took testimony at Denver and Fort Lyon; it was presided over by Colonel Tappan of the 1st Colorado Cavalry who was recognized as a personal enemy of Chivington.

This was the only one of the tribunals before which Chivington appeared and was given opportunity to cross-examine or produce witnesses. The reports of the other investigations were made without any knowledge of its proceedings. In fact, its proceedings were not published for two years after the reports were made. In the testimony at both of the earlier investigations, scheming and jealousy crop out at many points.

The prosecuting witnesses who were out of office charged the prosecuting witnesses who were in office with stealing from the Indians and selling them their own goods. The fullest latitude was given to hearsay and expressions of opinion were courted. But the most striking thing in all that testimony was the adroit manner in which several witnesses confused the relations of Black Kettle's Cheyennes to Fort Lyon with those of Little Raven's Arapahoes. Their real relations were explained to the Committee on the Conduct of the War clearly enough to have been understood by men who were not blinded by prejudice, but the committee only carried on to perfection the work which the witnesses had begun.

The most satisfactory evidence in regard to this is not in the testimony of any one, but in the official report of Major Anthony, made at the time, when there was no "Sand Creek" to attack or defend. On November 6, in a letter to headquarters, after recounting his disarming the Arapahoes, he says: "Nine Cheyenne Indians today sent in, wishing to see me. They state that six hundred of that tribe are now thirty-five miles north of here coming towards the post, and two thousand about seventy-five miles away, waiting for better weather to enable them to come in. I shall not permit them to come in, even as prisoners, for the reason that if I do I shall have to subsist them upon a prisoner's rations. I shall, however, demand their arms, all stolen stock, and the perpetrators of all depredations.

"I am of the opinion that they will not accept this proposition, but that they will return to the Smoky Hill. They pretend that they want peace, and I think they do now, as they cannot fight during the winter except where a small band of them can find an unprotected train or frontier settlement. I do not think it is policy to make peace with them now until all perpetrators of depredations are surrendered up, to be dealt with as we may propose."

THIS, then, was the true state of affairs. On November 6th there was not a Cheyenne at Fort Lyon. There were six hundred and fifty-two Arapahoes under the hostile chief Little Raven, who was then playing friend. There were six hundred Cheyennes under Black Kettle, thirty-five miles north, proposing to come in. And what was done in regard to the Cheyennes? They came on down after some further parleying; they were not allowed to come into the fort at all, or camp in the vicinity of the post. They were told that they might go over on Sand Creek, forty miles away, and camp, and if the commandant received any authority to treat with them he would let them know. They were not in the camp two miles from Fort Lyon at any time; they were never disarmed; and they were never held as prisoners.

Neither did these Indians have any promise of immunity from Governor Evans or Colonel Chivington. They met but once, at the council in Denver, on September 28. It has been stated over and over that the Cheyennes came to Sand Creek in response to Governor Evans' circular calling on the friendly Indians to take refuge at the forts—friendly Cheyennes and Arapahoes at Fort Lyon. This statement is absolutely and unqualifiedly untrue. The circular was dated June 27.

Three months later the chiefs appeared in Denver to talk peace, in consequence of the circular, but were plainly told it was too late for any treaty. Governor Evans said to them: "Whatever peace they make must be with the soldiers, and not with me."

I quote again: "White Antelope. 'How can we be protected from the soldiers on the plains?' Gov. E. 'You must make that arrangement with the military chief.' White Antelope. 'I fear that these new soldiers who have gone out may kill some of my people while I am here.' Gov. E. 'There is great danger of it.' " Again, Governor Evans said: "I hand you over to the military, one of the chiefs of which is here today, and can speak for himself to them if he chooses." The chief referred to was Colonel Chivington, Commander of the District. It should be noted, however, that Fort Lyon was not in Chivington's district. He said: "I am not a big war chief, but all the soldiers in this country are at my command. My rule of fighting white men or Indians is to fight them until they lay down their arms and submit to military authority. They are nearer Major Wynkoop than any one else, and they can go to him when they get ready to do that."

Some five weeks later the messengers of the Cheyennes arrived at Fort Lyon and were turned away, as above stated. They did not arrive there until after Major Wynkoop was superseded by Major Anthony. They did not make any arrangement with Major Wynkoop; it was impossible for them to do so, as he was not in command. More than that, Major Wynkoop never at any time had any authority to make any treaty with them and the Indians knew it.

White Antelope said in the council: "When Major Wynkoop came, we proposed to make peace. He said he had no power to make a peace, except to bring them here and return them safe." The Cheyennes went over to Sand Creek and camped, not anticipating any trouble, because there were no soldiers near them, except the garrison and it was too small to risk an attack.

The Indians were not allowed to visit the fort, and none of their friends or supposed allies except on first being blindfolded. This was under general orders which were adopted a few weeks previously, after a Sunday morning performance by friendly Indians at Fort Larned. On that occasion the Indians had drawn supplies for the week and some squaws were executing a dance for the edification of a part of the officers and men, when the braves stampeded the cattle belonging to the post, with all the horses and mules, and succeeded in getting away with them. At the first whoop of the stampede the dancers jumped on their ponies and scampered away, demonstrating that the affair had been planned in cold blood.

Major Anthony testified that he had no friendly relations with these Cheyennes, that he should have attacked them before

Major Anthony superseded Major Wynkoop.

Denver Public Library Western Collection

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chivington came if his force had not been too small, that he told Chivington it was only a question of policy whether they should be attacked or not, as it would probably cause an attack by the large band which was not too far distant.

So far as the propriety of attacking these Indians was concerned there is not the least question but that Chivington was justified in his attack under all the rules of civilized warfare. They were hostiles, and there was no truce with them. There is another matter. It seems almost absurd to mention it, but it is well to prevent any further misunderstanding; and that is the display of flags by Black Kettle, which some persons have seemed to lay much stress upon. The uniform testimony of the soldiers was that they saw nothing of the kind, but that is immaterial. No one of common understanding would profess that the display of a flag of any kind was cause for stopping troops in the midst of a charge, and especially in the midst of a surprise of an enemy's camp.

HAVING now shown the propriety of the attack, we arrive at the question of the propriety of the manner in which it was made, a question much more difficult of solution. One point is certain: every one in authority felt that the Indians ought to be punished.

Major Wynkoop testifies that Governor Evans at first objected to seeing the chiefs at all, but finally consented to hold the council which has been mentioned. His feelings on the subject were exposed to the Indians at the council in these words: "The time when you can make war best is in the summer time; when I can make war best is in the winter. You, so far, have had the advantage; my time is just coming." He told them, as before stated, that they would have to talk to the military authorities, and his action was approved by the Indian Bureau. The military had no desire for peace at the time. It is quite true that the field orders of General Curtis directed hostilities only against hostile Indians, and expressly stated that "women and children must be spared," but "hostile Indians" meant Indians who had been hostile, and neither he nor any other commander in the West was in favor of treating till the Indians had been punished. On the day of Governor Evans's council with the chiefs, General Curtis telegraphed the District Commander: "I fear agent of the Interior Department will be ready to make presents too soon. It is better to chastise before giving anything but a little tobacco to talk over. No peace must be made without my directions."

The last telegram Chivington received from him before marching was: "Pursue everywhere and punish the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Pay no attention to district lines. No presents must be made and no peace concluded without my consent."

The reader will observe that General Curtis is not by these directions made responsible for killing the women and children, or deciding that the Sand Creek camp was hostile, but his desire to punish the Indians was clear and decided. And it was so all through the West.

A few weeks later, when Colonel Ford wanted to make peace with the Kiowas and Comanches, General Dodge, his Department Commander, telegraphed him: "The military have no authority to treat with Indians. Our duty is to make them keep the peace by punishing them for their hostility. Keep posted as to their location, so that as soon as ready we can strike them."

So, in New Mexico, General Carleton had instructed Colonel Kit Carson: "If the Indians send in a flag and desire to treat for peace, say to the bearer that when the people of New Mexico were attacked by the Texans, the Mescaleros broke their treaty of peace and murdered innocent people and ran off their stock, that now our hands are untied and you have been sent to punish them for their treachery and their crimes, that you have no power to make peace, that you are there to kill them wherever you can find them, that if they beg for peace, their chiefs and twenty of their principal men must come to Santa Fe to have a talk here, but tell them fairly and frankly that you will keep after their people and slay them until you receive orders to desist from these headquarters."

On September 19th Curtis writes to Carleton: "General Blunt is at or near Fort Larned looking out for Indians, and may co-operate with you in crushing out some of the vile hordes that now harrass our lines of communication."

On October 29th Carleton writes to Blunt, hoping he will effect a union with Carson, "So that a blow may be struck which those two treacherous tribes will remember."

On January 30th, 1865, Curtis writes to Governor Evans: "I protest my desire to pursue and punish the enemy everywhere, in his lodges especially; but I do not believe in killing women and children who can be taken."

George Bent, half-breed Cheyenne, son of Colonel Bent, had served under Price in Missouri, had been captured, and after being paroled had joined the Cheyennes. He had taken part in their depredations and helped write their letter to Colley, and was reported and believed to be a rebel emissary to them. Chivington spoke of them as "red rebels" in official correspondence, long before the Sand Creek fight, and to men of his feelings there was just this one crime of treason that could add anything to the atrocity of Indian warfare.

There are two reasons given for killing women and children, and for mutilation, which are worthy of consideration. First, as a matter of policy, it is believed by frontiersmen that Indians should be fought just as they fight. They look contemptuously on the policy of treating them according to the rules of civilized warfare. They believe that the only way to make Indians sign a treaty which they will keep is, when at war with them, to kill them at every opportunity, destroy their property and make their homes desolate; in short, to make them suffer.

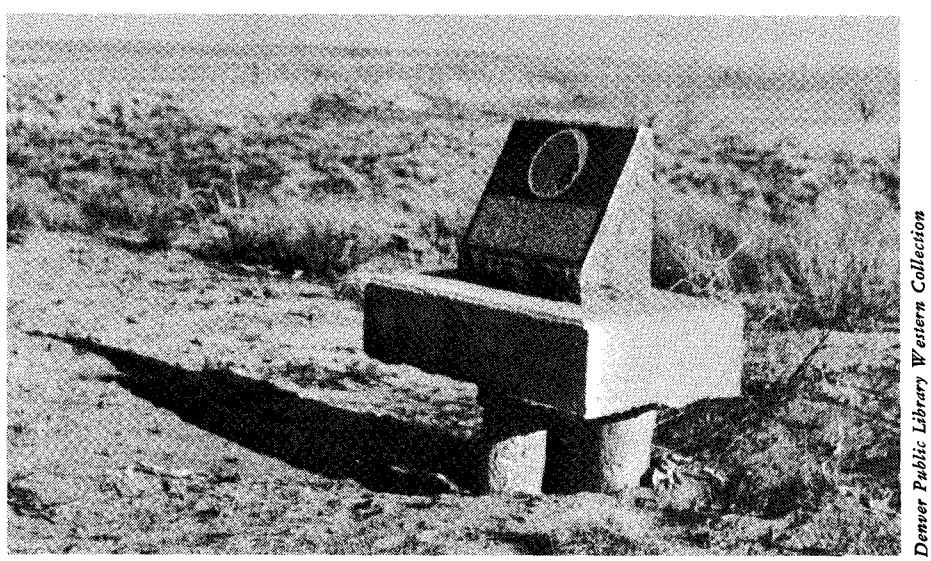
Editor's Note: This brutal and sadist approval of the killing and mutilation of babies and children by Mr. Dodge shows the pagan mentality of many of the white settlers. It is shocking today to read this from the pen of a white man, but among that certain class of settlers this feeling was prevalent.

The plains Indians have given more cause for this belief than other tribes. They had repeatedly shown a disposition to go to war in the spring, when their ponies were getting fat, and subsistence was easily had, but as winter came on and hardship began they were ready to treat. They have had cause, too, to laugh at the silly whites who bought their friendship with presents while the blood of slaughtered innocents was hardly dried. They took advantage of the white man by killing his helpless people, while for the safety of their own they relied on the white man's ideas of warfare.

Their women took advantage of him by fighting, as they did at Sand Creek, Ash Hollow and many other places along with the men, and when the battle went against them proclaiming their sex and claiming immunity. There is not a bit of doubt that killing women and children has a very dampening effect on the ardor of the Indian. In this very case of Sand Creek they said "they had always heard that the whites did not kill women and children, but now they had lost all confidence in them."

Scalping and mutilation also strike terror to the Indian heart. Their religious belief is that the spirit in the next world has the same injuries that are inflicted on the body here. For this reason they almost invariably mutilate corpses, besides taking the scalp, which is almost an essential for entrance to the happy hunting-grounds. The greatest acts of daring ever shown by plains Indians have been in carrying off the bodies of their dead to prevent these misfortunes. That the Sand Creek affair inspired them with terror is beyond question. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes got

This memorial marks the Sand Creek battle site.



Denver Public Library Western Collection

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over into Kansas and Indian Territory as quickly as possible, and stayed there. A party of Sioux raided down into Colorado once afterwards, but when they heard that the Colorado troops were after them they scampered off as though the evil spirit were at their heels.

Secondly is the matter of vengeance. There is a certain amount of justice in the theory of meting to a man in his own measure, and the people of Colorado had old scores to pay in the accounts of murder, robbery and rape.

The Joint Committee on the Conduct of War states that these Indians wished "to deliver up some white captives they had purchased of other Indians." The Indians did not pretend to have purchased them. They admitted in the council that they had captured them, and the captives themselves testified to the same. It states that after the council these Indians went to Fort Lyon, where they "were treated somewhat as prisoners of war, receiving rations and being obliged to remain within certain bounds."

As has been shown, the Cheyennes were never treated as prisoners of war, received no rations, and did not remain within any bounds. The Indians who did so were Little Raven's Arapahoes, who were hostile, by the declarations of the Arapahoe chiefs in the council, and the testimony of Major Wynkoop. These Indians went away before the Cheyennes came, but eight lodges of them, under Left Hand, who was friendly, went to the Cheyennes and camped with them at Sand Creek. This wrongful and unjust confusion is kept up all through the report.

Editor's Note: Mr. Dunn shows the skill of a politician in passing over details of the Congressional Committee and his attempts to disparage the investigation by dealing in generalities is weak. This committee went into every detail of the Sand Creek atrocity and came up with damning proof against not only Colonel Chivington but the others.

Said Hon. Mr. Loughridge to the House of Representatives: "Some of the few captured children, after they had been carried many miles by the troops, were taken from the wagons and their brains dashed out. I gather this from the records and official reports, and blush to say that its truth cannot be questioned."

After the war, Chivington returned to his old home in Ohio and settled on a small farm. A few years later his house was burned and he afterwards moved to Blanchester, Clinton County, where he purchased the *Press* and edited it for two or three years. In 1883 he was nominated on the Republican ticket for Representative to the legislature, and in the campaign "Sand Creek" was used for all it was worth. It began in the contest for the nomination and was continued until Chivington withdrew from the race. ●

Editor's Note: Mr. Dunn's attempt to smooth over the feeling against Colonel Chivington is not convincing. Colonel Chivington was ostracized by every facet of eastern society. He was forced to move from one town to another. His only friends were that limited section of white settlers in Colorado who condoned with cheers his murder of women and children and bashing the brains out of helpless babies.

WHO WERE THESE GIANTS?

(Continued from page 43)

Indian had when the white man went West. But no trace of bones or skeletons of the Mound Builders would indicate they were giants.

It has been generally accepted that the present day Indians came across the Bering Straits from Asia and overran and destroyed the cities of the Mound Builders. The Mongoloid features of many Indians today bear out this theory.

But the theory that the Mound Builders were the first human inhabitants on this continent was knocked to the dust some years ago with the discovery of the Folsom Man in New Mexico, who lived here some thirty thousand years ago. Then in 1962 near Reno, Nevada, human bones were found mixed with the bones of extinct prehistoric animals. Tests of the bones showed these Indians had lived in Nevada some thirty thousand years ago. Other such discoveries have been made in other parts of the West. Scientists are now convinced that human bones will be found, as they have in Europe and Asia, showing that man existed here some thirty million years ago.

But none of these discoveries explain the mystery of the seven foot giants among the Indians of the Old West. None of these prehistoric men were giants. They all were much smaller physically than the average man today. Then in August 1958 came a unique discovery that might explain some of the mystery of these giants. Several boys were digging caves in the sandy soil of the Bruce Brothers farm near Salina, Kansas. They dug up a funny looking earthen jar. They tossed it aside without interest.

Several bones followed. These didn't interest the boys, intent on digging a cave, but when suddenly out of the hot sand came a huge human skull, they ran home to show their find to their parents. The parents, seeing that the skull was unusual and very old, contacted the archeology department at the University of Kansas. Two professors drove to the Bruce Brothers farm. They took one look at the unusual skull and realized the boys had unearthed a very valuable archeological find. They got in touch with the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, and this famous scientific organization supervised the excavation which unearthed the burial ground of Indian giants.

On the first level were 140 skeletons of men, women and children. Digging deeper they came to a second group of skeletons, showing that the burial ground had been used over a long period of time. Carbon tests on the bodies placed these giants as having lived only two or three thousand years ago. The hot and powdery sand had done away with practically all moisture, so the bones of these skeletons had not suffered the usual skeletal decay.

The men were all seven feet or more and the women six feet or more. Both sexes had heavy bone structure, showing great physical strength. The only ornaments worn were those around the necks of the children—clam beads. None of the skeletons had the typical high cheek bones of the present day Indians. The bones showed that those giants of two or three thousand years ago suffered many of the same ills we do today. Two had curvature of the spine and were hunchbacks. Some had one leg shorter than the other, which could have been caused by polio. Practically all the men and women suffered traces of arthritis. Cancer was present in some of the bones. All, men, women, and children, suffered in varying degrees from rickets, and the number of children buried indicated a high death rate among them.

Earthenware had been buried with the bodies, but there were no weapons for hunting or warfare, unusual for any Indian burial ground. All the bodies had been buried with the eyes to the east, an ancient custom based on the belief that on the resurrection morning those facing east would have a head start on all others not so buried. Another peculiarity of the skeletons was that all were buried with knees against the stomach. Among primitive peoples this prenatal form of burial was supposed to assure being born again. But because of the size of these giants, they could have been buried doubled up to save space.

But these questions about the bodies facing east and the doubled-up position are questions for archeologists to discuss and answer. The important question is what relation does this tribe of Indian giants have with the present day Indian. Do they account for the presence of those seven foot giants with no high cheek bones and sometimes blue eyes?

Did this race of giants inhabit other parts of the country? Where did they come from? They had none of the Mongolian features. In what way did they amalgamate with the present day Indians? That they did is obvious in the seven foot giants produced by the Western tribes.

This burial ground in the sand along the Smokey Hill River in Kansas has injected a new and fascinating question in the history of the North American Indian. ●

THE WEST BINDER

Now available for your convenience, THE WEST binder is made of heavyweight coated cloth material over top quality board.

THE WEST is stamped in gold on the cover and backbone. Holding 10 to 12 issues, it is easy to handle. You can now keep your issues in these binders, eliminating all punching and mutilation.

The price is only $3.00 per binder Postpaid

Binder Department
THE WEST
P. O. Box 359
Merrick, N.Y. 11566

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STORY OF "CLUB FOOT" GEORGE

(Continued from page 31)

persaude them to give him a trial in Virginia City, Plummer, the sheriff and head of the "Innocents," could be called upon to select the men from whom the jury would be empanelled.

En route back the parties swapped stories and raced their horses. Ives lost a couple of races, and in the third one he outdistanced them, hoping to get to Daly's Road ranch where he figured his buddies would have a fresh horse for him. However, they were closing in on him and as his horse was tiring he got off and sought refuge among some boulders, but was finally flushed out. His pursuers found the fresh horse at Daley's and realized that the outlaw gang was cooperating with Ives and the others to help them escape.

In the meantime some of the gang gave orders to Clubfoot George to ride to Bannack and let Plummer know what was happening so that he might come back and use his influence as sheriff to help Ives. They had fresh horses saddled and ready all along the way so that Clubfoot George made the relay race to Bannack arriving early in the morning and giving Plummer the message.

Thousands of people had gathered from all the towns and mining settlements arriving in Nevada City in time for the trial. It took only half an hour for the jury to arrive at the verdict of guilty. Colonel Saunders pronounced the sentence: "That George Ives be forthwith hanged by the neck until he be dead."

The scaffold was erected and although Ives continued to protest his innocence the order was given by the guard: "Men, do your duty . . .!"

Clubfoot George, who had skulked back into Nevada City, was unnoticed in the huge crowd, so he hastily mounted his horse and arrived in Virginia City and immediately began work at this cobbler's bench. However, there were some who had taken note of Clubfoot's unexplained absence, and he was thereafter on the suspect list.

Plummer didn't show up to give Ives any help. It was never known for certain whether he came back at all in response to the message taken him by Clubfoot, but Clinton, a saloonkeeper, claimed he came into his saloon and ordered a drink shortly before the hanging. No doubt he needed it. He, as well as Clubfoot George, realized that it was high time to take precaution. The rumor spread like wildfire that a Vigilance Committee had also been formed in Virginia City and was planning to hang a number of men, among whom were several respectable, law abiding men, as well as the outlaws. It was believed that Plummer started the rumor to divert or at least divide attention from the real villains.

Upon investigation by the vigilantes it was learned that Clubfoot George had been suspected of robbery and horse thievery when living in the Salmon River area, and that he once escaped arrest by surrendering himself to the commandant at Fort Lapwai, a United States post 12 miles distant, where he was confined to the guardhouse, but upon no further charges being made against him he was released and permitted to go his way. It was believed that this occurred shortly before he came riding into Virginia City on the old burro with his feet almost touching the ground.

It was one of his own gang, Red Yeager, who put the finger on Clubfoot George when Yeager himself was about to be executed for his part in the crimes. Yeager admitted his crimes and exclaimed, "No poor country was ever cursed with a more bloodthirsty or meaner pack of villains than this, and I know them all." On being urged by the leader of the vigilantes to furnish their names, Red named them, stating that Henry Plummer, the sheriff, was chief of the band, and he named the ones serving as stool pigeons, the secretary, the fences and spies, the horse thieves, the telegraph men, council room keeper and a number of roadsters, among whom he named Clubfoot George.

Justice moved swiftly and the vigilantes surrounded Virginia City being stationed up and down the gulch. Frank Parish, Boone Helm, Clubfoot George Lane, Jack Gallagher, Hayes Lyon were arrested. Only one, Bill Hunter, managed to escape through a line of guards, hiding down in the stream and making his escape under cover of darkness. He was later apprehended and hanged.

CLUBFOOT George Lane was working at his cobbler's bench at Dance & Stuart's when a committee from the vigilantes arrived. He was perfectly calm and collected when they told him he was under arrest and asked, "Why am I arrested?" He was told, "For being a road agent, thief, and an accessory to numerous robberies and murders on the highway." He replied, "If you hang me, you will hang an innocent man." He was told that they had positive proof of his guilt, and that there was no possibility of a mistake.

"What will you do with me?" he asked.

"Your sentence is death," he was told.

His eyes dropped, and his lined face twisted in an agony of emotion. He ran one hand through his sparse hair, seemingly overcome by the announcement. Then he covered his furrowed face with his workworn hands and sat silent. At length he dropped his hands and looking into the face of the vigilante officer asked, "Can I have a minister to pray for me and talk with me before you take me?" The officer told him they would send for one immediately. The clergyman for whom he had made the stout boots came quickly and a guard remained with them. Clubfoot George spent the remaining hours of his life tending to the affairs of his soul. He turned over his worldly possessions to Walter Dance, who had befriended him. The other criminals were brought to the street, and there was much cursing and some pleading for time, but Clubfoot George remained silent. Some called for whiskey and it was given them, but Clubfoot George did not partake of it.

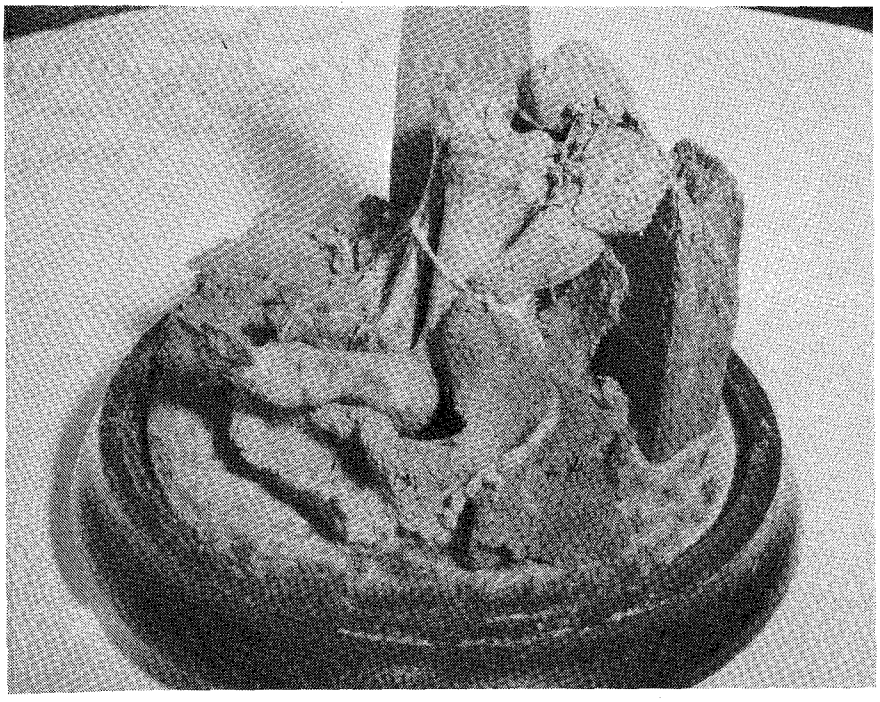
Down the street, on the north side at the corner of Van Burne and Wallace Streets, a new building was being erected which later housed Clayton & Hale's drugstore. The roof had not yet been put on the building and the front was not enclosed but there was a strong, central crossbeam in the building which was selected for the scaffold. Five ropes were drawn across the beam to a proper length and fastened firmly to the logs in the rear basement. Under each noose was placed a large empty drygoods box, with cord attached for the drops. It was not thought the beam was strong enough to bear the weight of all five at one time, so they were to be hanged separately.

A crowd of between 6,000 and 8,000 people had gathered from all parts of the gulch to witness the execution.

While waiting Clubfoot George called to his side Judge Walter Dance, of Dance & Stuart, and said, "You have known me ever since I came to Virginia City, more intimately than any other man. We have had dealings together. Can't you in this terrible hour say a good word for me?"

Dance answered, "It would be of no use, George. Your dealings with me have always been fair and honorable. But what you have done outside I only know from

Author's Photo



A likeness of George's club foot has been preserved for posterity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evidence, and that is very strong against you. I'm real sorry, George, but I can do you no good now."

"Well, then, will you pray with me?" Clubfoot George asked.

"Willingly, George, most willingly," and Judge Dance dropped to his knees and with George and Gallagher and another prisoner kneeling beside him he offered up a fervent prayer in behalf of the doomed ones.

The prisoners were conducted into the building and each was told to step up on the drygoods box, ranged side by side. Clubfoot George was first on the extreme east side of the room, then Lyons, then Gallagher, then Boone Helm, and against the west wall was Frank Parish.

The order was given to remove the hats of the prisoners and Clubfoot George, who wore a California type hat, and whose hands were loosely fastened, contrived to reach his hat and throw it on the floor while the guard removed the hats of the others.

The nooses were adjusted and the chief of the committee said, "You are now about to be executed. If you have any dying requests make this your last opportunity. You may be assured they will be carefully heeded."

Gallagher asked for a drink of whiskey and the look of shock at his final depravity was on every face. The officer merely said, "We told them they could have whatever they wanted. Give him the liquor." He drank a tumbler of whiskey and in a loud voice uttered a curse on them all.

The executions were single and began with Clubfoot George Lane. At the word, "Men, do your duty," the men holding the cords attached to the box on which the prisoner stood, were by a sudden jerk, to pull the footing from under him. A fall of three feet was deemed sufficient to dislocate the neck and avoid the torture of protracted strangulation.

The men laid hold of the cords attached to the box on which Clubfoot stood. But just at that moment the unhappy fellow spied an old friend clinging to the logs of the building to look in, and he cried out, "Goodby, old fellow. I'm gone," and without waiting for the box to be removed he leaped from it and died with hardly a struggle. He preferred to end his own life to having the guard pull the box for the drop.

In Clubfoot's wallet was found a newspaper clipping from a western newspaper which told of "George Lane, a notorious horse thief, a sheriff of Montana Territory. He was a man of iron nerve who thought no more of hanging a man than he would of eating his breakfast." ●

EARLY WESTERN HUNTERS

(Continued from page 29)

find ever made in the Western Hemisphere!" Chiefly because it established this continent's missing link and gapped the period with that of prehistoric European culture, Paleolithic Man, 20,000 to 30,000 years ago, and definitely pointed that first man on this continent came from Asia, by the way of the Bering Strait.

Every known culture of the North American Continent was dug from the prehistoric barbecue site. The discovery was made along the side of an ancient lake, which was probably the biggest—if not the *only*—water hole in the entire country. Operators of gravel-digging machinery first found the elephant remains, and the several long tusks. They immediately quit the area, in favor of scientific exploration.

Five elephant skeletals were unearthed, with crude stone flints found in the chest cavities, which had been driven there by the primitive hunters, as kills were made to provide meat for the barbecue pits. Almost a hundred crudely formed stone points were recovered from the prehistoric remains. These had been used, scientists said, as weapons of the nimrods, and were the main-stay of the hunters in slaughtering the huge animals.

Remains of camels, horses, peccaries, and dire wolves—a prehistoric animal at least twice as large as the present wolf—were also found near the old water hole, in much the same crypt.

"Literally tons of material was unearthed," the scientists reported, which included many early Folsom points, used 10,000 years ago, and many crude tools which included a scope as far back as Paleolithic Man, 20,000 to 30,000 years ago, which bore resemblance to artifacts found in Europe.

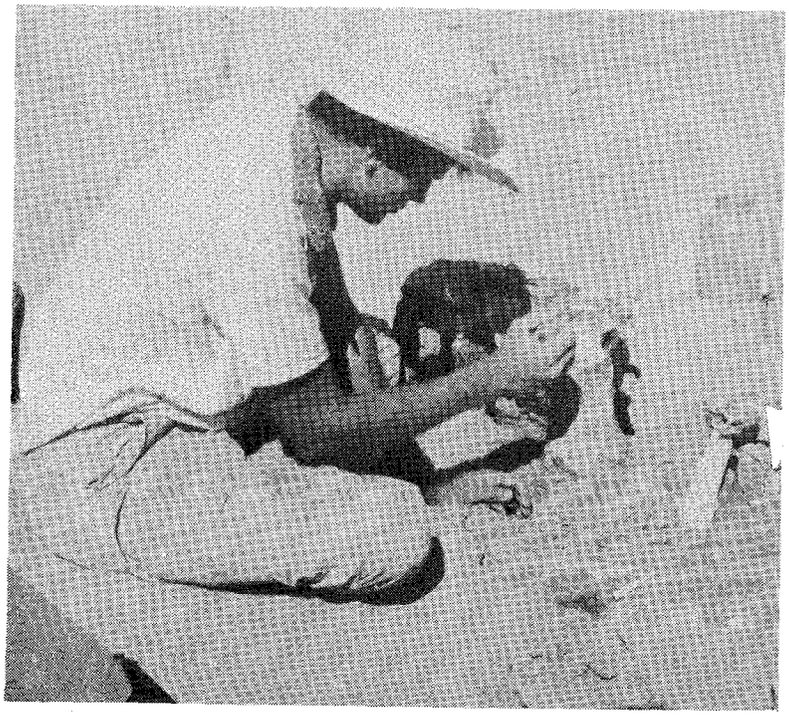
Near the old lake site was found ruins of primitive barbecue pits, where the early people cooked the meat of their kills, upon the spot. Bones and charcoal were scattered all about, and more than a thousand artifacts were uncovered during the exploration.

Among them was a piece of stone which had been formed into an oblong oval, and evidently used by the people to grind seed in food preparation, and is obviously the ancestor of the Mexican *mano*, which we see very often today around museums.

The hunters' site was a lake, and all signs indicated that the people lurked about the water's edge, and pounced upon the huge beasts, for a kill, when they came in from the prairie, for water. Site exploration indicated that, with the passage of thousands of years, the water in the lake petered out, and the ancient people had then dug a well, to continue to lure the beasts into the slaughtering area. Evidences of the prehistoric well were revealed during the excavation.

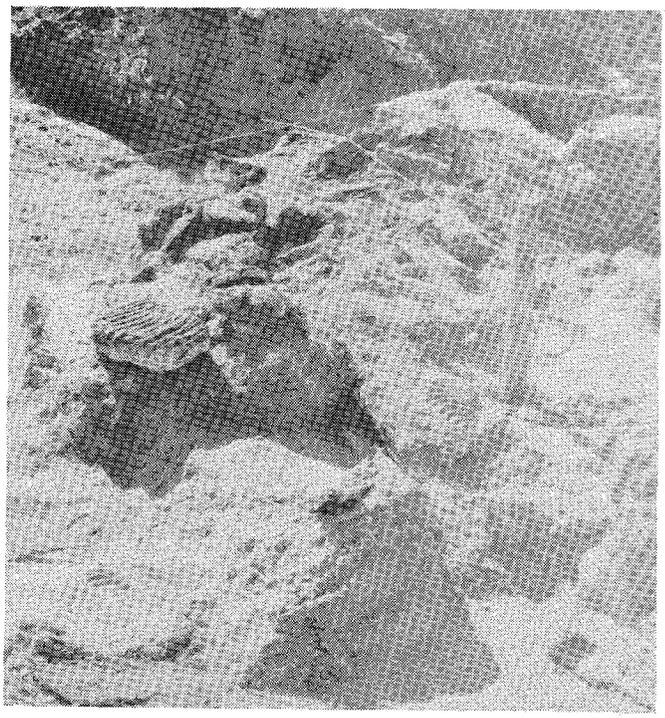
Dr. George Agogino of Baylor University headed the scientific exploration on

Archaeologist removes soil from prehistoric mammoth's jawbone.



Author's Photos

Archaeological excavation at Black Water Draw in New Mexico.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Black Water Draw, and the finds have been closely guarded for their scientific value.

His archaeologists reported as the exploratory was drawing to a finish, in summing up the survey, that the "remains gave positive evidence of occupation of Llano Man, 12,000 years ago; Folsom Man, 10,000 years ago; and Portales Man, who lived in the draw about 7,000 years ago, before the Comanche Indian came along."

Carbon tests were used as the dating method.

The scientists were satisfied that prehistoric Indian tools found in the area designated a continual occupation of the site by man since his advent upon the North American continent, and was a favored hunting spot, and therefore a natural and desirable barbecuing area, for all of these people.

The artifacts have been carefully tagged, and will be made available in the future to the people who wish to view and study them. ●

DID BEN WATTSON KNOW SECRETS?

(Continued from page 13)

whiskey and supplies. He brought back an extra supply of liquor, and when the outlaws were in a drunken sleep, Ben slipped away from camp afoot. He traveled by night, silent as the panthers stalking their prey around him, carrying food he'd hidden beforehand. In two weeks he was safely in Silver City.

FOR YEARS Ben roamed the world. At one time he was a beach-comber on the shores of the Pacific. There he met up with another adventurer and the two became good friends. The other young man was Stanley Dollar, who later founded the famous "Dollar Shipping Lines." The friendship endured and was renewed on occasion down through the years.

Another colorful friend of Uncle Ben was Death Valley Scotty. He gave Ben a small dog, complete with gold harness. Ben named his pet Scotty, and was very fond of him. The harness was stolen in Corpus Christi, and later the little dog was killed there. Back in the Guadalupes another friend gave Ben a small female dog closely resembling the lost Scotty. Ben named this dog Dotty. After Dotty had two small pups, and while Pauline and Ben lived right under Guadalupe Peak, a huge eagle swooped down one day and carried Dotty away. That evening the eagle returned and tried to snatch one of the puppies playing around Ben's feet.

Wherever else his fiddle-foot fancy took him Ben Wattson often returned to the Guadalupes. He couldn't resist the call of the wild country, and he also checked on the booty buried by his former captors. He lost his left hand in an accident. The hook he invented proved so ingenious that it was improved and used by the government for casualties of World War II. He also invented a very sensitive instrument that located metal, in fact any material, working on the principle of like attracting like, and which proved its worth many times over in pin-pointing buried items. Mrs. Wattson now cherishes this "finder."

Somewhat past the prime of his life Uncle Ben finally settled down with his wife, Pauline, in his beloved Guadalupes. She was as interested as he in the legends and mysteries of the rocky canyons and wild mesas. They especially enjoyed prospecting beautiful McKittrick Canyon, an old hide-out for outlaws who buried rich loot there.

Time after time they located chests of gold, bags of coins, caches of jewels, marked the spots for their own satisfaction, and, Pauline says, left them. The time was not right, they believed, to bring this wealth back into the world.

"Uncle Ben," Pauline says now, "never cared for material things. Besides, we'd both come to believe as the Indians do, that there is a curse of blood on this stolen treasure. Uncle Ben always claimed that his good friend, Luciano Leos, who spent most of his 119 years in the Guadalupes, did really find fabulous treasure there, but would not touch it because of his strong supersitition.

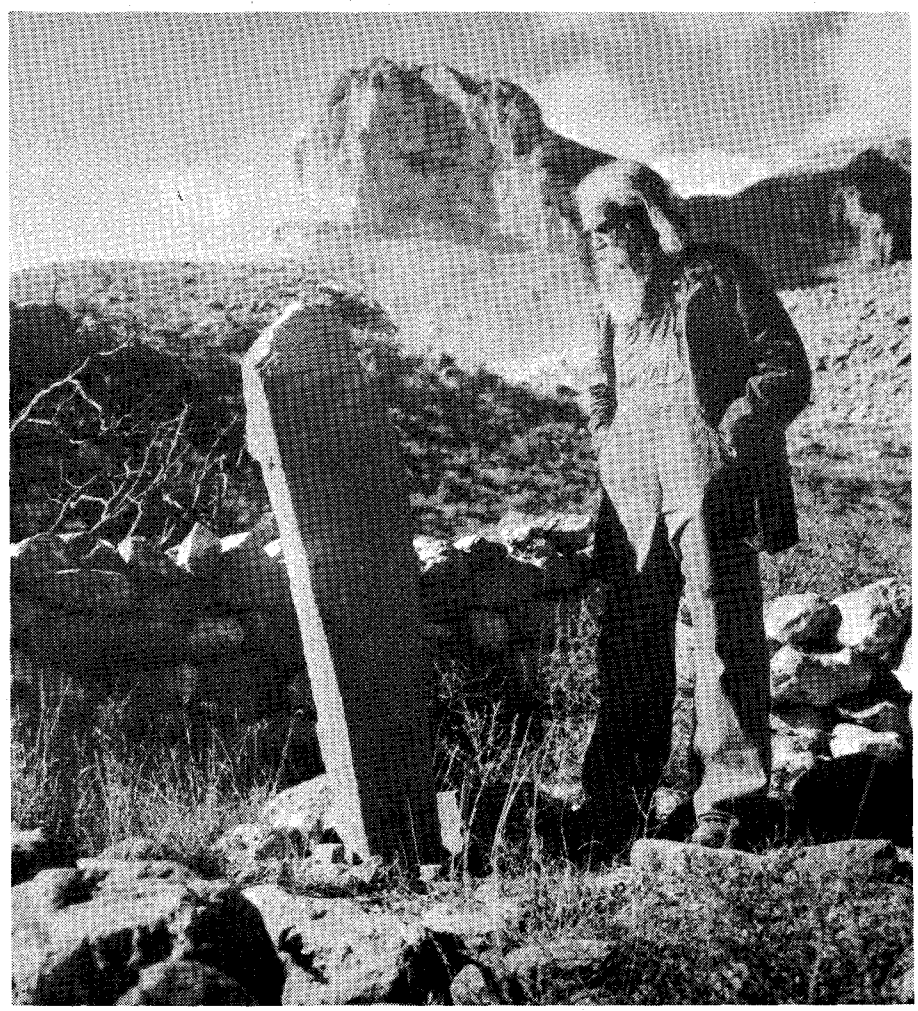
It is known that the Indians class the Guadalupes with Arizona's Superstition Mountains as locales of supernatural terror. Geronimo is said to have stated that of his knowledge the richest gold mines of the West were concealed in the Guadalupes.

The gold-richness of these fabulous mountains is indicated in many ways. "About 1945 or 1946," says Pauline, "we found many strange green beetles, striped in gold and silver, around the sheep-pens at Frijole, a few miles in from Pine Springs. A prominent entomologist, Dr. A. P. Alexander, from Massachusetts State University, came out and studied them. He told us these were very rare scarabs, of the same type found in Biblical times." She brought out a little box with 4 of the beautiful, jewel-like scarabs. "You may not believe this," she said, "but a jeweler told me those stripes are of pure gold and silver." She handed us a turquoise bead with golden swirls sparkling in the sunlight. "We picked up this Indian bead on a trail not far from our house there. That's real gold, too."

There was one time that Ben did carry away some gold. This was from the "Old Spanish Mine," also known as "Santa Ana's Castle." This lost mine was pointed out to Ben by an Indian whose life he saved.

Long before Ben married Pauline, while roaming the mountains with his three burros, he had come across an Apache lying in the trail. At first he thought the old fellow dead, but when he poured whiskey down his throat the Indian revived. He had broken his ankle bone and was helpless. The leg was now so stiff that Ben couldn't straighten it to apply a splint. He dug in the moist soil of a ravine nearby until water seeped into the hole. He then heated

Uncle Ben Wattson is shown standing by the marker for the grave of Indian guide Placento.



Author's Photo

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rocks in the hole and made a tent over it with his tarp, forming an effective steam bath for the Indian's bad foot. When the warmth made the flesh pliable enough Ben set the broken bones. He made camp there and stayed with the Indian until the Apache could travel. He then gave him some food and one of the burros.

The old Indian was so grateful that he promised to show Ben the location of a lost mine. "You must never tell a living person that I showed you," he warned. "My people would cut my throat. These things of the white man bring only sorrow and death."

He led Ben to a trail winding up the rugged mountain, nodded at it and left. Following the Indian's directions Ben discovered the famous "Lost Spanish Mine."

An opening about 12 feet square and 8 feet high led into a large boarded up sort of room. Stacked along one wall were many old guns. A small tunnel glittered with worm gold, or rotten granite filled with gold. What really made Ben stare wide-eyed was a four-inch vein of solid gold. Ben left the inside of the mine untouched, but he did pick up pieces of the rich ore that had spilled outside the tunnel, when being packed out. This he sold in Galveston for about $1700.00. There is now a sample of this gold ore in the Museum at Monterey, Mexico.

YEARS LATER, with a partner, Uncle Ben again located this lost mine. Due to cave-ins and landslides the opening was now very much smaller. The main cave was almost filled up with powdery dust, but the guns were still there, and the gold. Though Uncle Ben and his partner had a lease at that time on that part of the mountain, they were never able to work their mine. In the condition it was then in the operation would take expensive machinery and working capital. The country was occupied with war coming on, World War II, and steel wasn't available. Soon the trail became altogether impassible, and if the "Old Spanish Mine" is ever re-opened a new road will have to be built over very rough terrain.

As the years passed Ben and Pauline became more engrossed in ferreting out the mysteries of their beloved mountains. They covered miles of the rough trails afoot, marking certain spots, taking pictures, running down the countless stories of buried treasure. They came to know the secrets of the Guadalupes as perhaps no other white people ever did. One time, about a mile from their cabin, they found an odd-looking rock with a cross cut into the face. The other side had Billy the Kid's name and a date. Another mystery of the legendary mountains? Pauline states that she could go back to the spot any time.

There are, according to what Uncle Ben showed Pauline, many fabulous caches in the Guadalupes, within a radius of 25 miles from Signal Peak. "I can take you right to them," Uncle Ben used to tell spellbound listeners. He described in detail the Monterey Loot, the De Gavalin Deposit, the Sealed Mine, The Crown Jewels, and others. There were also various tunnels containing skeletons, grim guardians of the secret hoards.

Uncle Ben Wattson died in June of 1963 at the age of 99, but he lived and saw so much of the history of the magnificent, mystic Guadalupe Mountains that his spirit surely rides the wind over the shining bluffs, whispers in the deep hidden canyons, watches over the spots where gold and jewels lie buried, treasures which he found and left, because, he said, the time was not right for them to be returned to the world.

Maybe, by the time the Guadalupe Mountains are made a National Park, as the bill introduced in the Senate November 7, 1963, by Senator Ralph Yarborough proposes, and the 400-mile range is thrown open to the public, the time will be right. At the present writing it is privately owned and "No Trespass" signs bar treasure hunter and camper alike. ●

MINING GOLD IN CATTLE

(Continued from page 45)

some places gold would be found in much greater quantities than others, and such could be the case with Bagley's great herds of mineralized cattle. And in some stomachs of Bagley's older steers might be found thousands of dollars worth of gold —placer gold that had been deposited there through the years. A steer's stomach was large, they concluded, and afforded lots of room for prospecting! And with Bagley's untold number of "horns" their prospects were unlimited.

They reasoned that beyond any shadow of doubt there would be an epoch-making bonanza found somewhere in the Bagley herd. They went on to figure in all their surmises that gold which gathered in a steer's stomach came from grazing in an area where the metal was to be found. They also calculated that, inasmuch as gold was indigestible, the longer the animal grazed in that particular area, the richer his stomach became. They knew some of Bagley's steers had been there a long time. They had only to find the herd that grazed over the placer grounds!

They found themselves on the range, fitted with mining tools of a kind, the sort that would be ample in their type of mining operation. They had in their outfit a gun, a butcher knife, axe and gold pan. A pack of provisions hadn't bothered them very much and captured very little of their attention during preparation. They could feast on the meat of Bagley's herd which they slaughtered for the gold that was to be found in the stomachs of the animals. Therefore a little coffee, hardtack, and lots of ammunition was all they considered essential to their operations. They needed guts, too, besides those of Bagley's herds—lots of them.

They selected an isolated corral in a deep canyon with a nice trickling stream nearby. The two old codgers had completely disregarded the possibility of Bagley's interference with their plans. Once they hit the corral and had camp set up, no time was lost in the commencement of their undertaking. They went right to work.

They rode around over the country, herded the cattle together, and drove them into the corral by the stream. They dived unhesitatingly into the task of shooting down the steers, ripping open their stomachs, and panning the contents in the stream nearby. They worked for the gold they knew to be in the stomachs. Eagerness for the first time in their lives dominated their every move. The gold bug had bitten them, and bitten deep.

They mined steer after steer, not tunneling the stomach as one might think of in a regular hardrock mining operation, but laying it open with the slash of a sharp knife. They panned carefully the contents of each. They set off no blast other than the periodic fire of the rifle which marked the beginning of each individual panning operation. Only darkness stopped their work. And then they feasted upon the prime cuts of the most recent kill of Old Bagley's cattle, drank great amounts of strong black coffee, and planned the drive for the following day, always anticipating the hour when they would hit it rich.

Stomach after stomach was panned out painstakingly and they found no color—the kind of color which Jim Glusk had found back there in his butcher pen at Yreka. The further they waded into the ordeal the more heavily mired they became. With carcass upon top of carcass littering the area all up and down the banks of the stream—with stench beginning to float through the atmosphere from the earlier slaughtered ones—and Old Bagley's herds rapidly diminishing as they fell prey to the prospectors' aims, they realized they were too deeply involved to quit.

They had to win—and win hurriedly and leave the country the same way! It had gradually begun to seep into their gold-infested minds that at most they might have two, three, or four days before Bagley might make his appearance with his band of cowhands who knew nothing to do but obey the staunch rancher's commands. The two old prospectors worked feverishly as though time had already run out on them.

They dove into their work with more vim and vigor. Still no results. Hot words began to flare up between the two, something that had never happened before. But those sudden nervous, high tensioned outbursts did not last long, and they were determined to stick together through thick and thin—and to win.

Then after close consultation, the two came up with this plan. Janfry was to remain at the corral and campsite in case someone approached. They knew their time was running out. He'd gather up their few belongings and hightail it. Melone would ride out and herd in a few more stragglers, the most likely-looking ones he could find, as a final stab in the gold-prospecting venture. It was to be—more so than usual —a fast-moving operation.

The next morning, after a last cup of black coffee and a few words with his compadre, in the early morning shadows, Melone mounted and rode away. They were dogged on their last stand.

After riding for some time, searching out every gorge and canyon for a very good prospect—the kind of critter that would tell whether or not "gold was in them air hills"—Melone happened upon a sort of motherly-looking old cow, an aged creature. She had the appearance of having weathered many storms on the Bagley spread, and if there was gold on the ranch, she would be the carrier! This he decided was to be the defining point of their undertaking. Melone knew the old cow would tell the tale. He pulled his horse around and took after her. He herded her toward the corral and the littered site of their mining operations. He plodded her right on toward the campsite where Janfry awaited his return.

But as he topped the hill nearest the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

corral and looked down upon the site where all their mining operations had taken place, he pulled his mount to a halt and froze momentarily. The old cow drifted unobtrusively away.

Bagley and his cowhands had ridden up to the corral, amidst the mess that surrounded it. A distinctive picture presented itself to Melone. They had poor old Janfry surrounded. He could do nothing. He began to jabber and make waving motions with his arms—arms that were practically covered with the bloodstained, tattered sleeves of a well-worn shirt. Melone, not far distant but out of earshot, did not know the words but he could imagine them in every detail. He saw gesticulations Janfry made. Melone well knew they were nearly the last gestures the poor fellow would ever make on earth—his dangling feet and neck in a noose would be the last.

One of the cowhands took a rope from the horn of his saddle and began to uncoil it. Melone saw the handwriting on the wall. This time he was no fool. He knew just exactly what was happening.

Suddenly the horseflesh under him felt good, better than ever before. The air was fresh and free. He felt a driving urge to run. It would be good to live longer. He dug his spurs into the mount and hit out for tall timber.

Melone never appeared again in Yreka, and it was never known whether or not he knew that his partner had died at the end of a rope. Where Melone went and what happened to him is a part of the legend none of the old timers could answer for. ●

WHY "OLD ABE" DIDN'T FIRE

(Continued from page 18)

would never have kilt hisself until all the whiskey was gone. He'd emptied that jug. Right?"

The rest of the boys echoed his logic and against such an argument, Glen Lawler could do nothing but wait for a length of rope and be led to a tree with a high branch. But the boys of Volcano had a fine sense of justice. They let Lawler drink the rest of the bottle that Old Harry hadn't had time to finish when Lawler killed him.

WHILE Volcano was going through the growing-up pains which all of the boom camps experienced, a number of fine brick, stone and other substantial buildings were erected, many of which still stand. Among them is the picturesque St. George Hotel, which has long been the center of activity in Volcano, even though the town was located in a somewhat remote area. At least one legend revolves around that fact.

A traveling whiskey drummer paid for his room at the St. George and stood for a round of drinks, paying for the whole thing with a twenty-dollar gold piece. As the story goes, the Volcano boys gathered around to view the coin which was so rare in those parts as to be considered a curiosity. The drummer told the story back in his home town of Jackson, a trading center twenty-five miles away, and everyone laughed at Volcano and its inhabitants.

But the editor of the Volcano *Torch* had the last word.

The reason the twenty-dollar coin excited attention in Volcano was because everyone was surprised to see any scamp from Jackson have so much as twenty dollars in coin to call his own, and that he would buy a round of drinks or settle his hotel bill without skipping out of town.

Volcano had its share of lucky guys and others that couldn't pick a winner if he was matching coins with himself. Such a guy was Noel Hinkle, who, before moving west, had his wife run away with a younger man, had his partner steal all of the cash out of the business they owned, and got jailed on a trumped-up charge that about broke him. But Hinkle moved into Volcano and pitched in with a vengeance. Before the giant hydraulic nozzles began washing away the hills, a man could make a good living and keep it if he didn't gamble or "girl around" as most of the miners were wont to do. But Hinkle wasn't greedy and when he had no more than recouped what he lost in his streak of bad luck back east, Hinkle sold out his claim and bought a ticket on the Sacramento stage.

But Hinkle's bad luck still had a string to run.

Getting to bed early before leaving for Sacramento, two masked thugs broke into his shack, savagely beat Hinkle, took his gold, and left him for good as dead. It was June 1st.

Gradually, Hinkle recovered, but his gold was gone forever. He left Volcano and prospected at Drytown, Sutter's Creek, and then finally returned to Volcano where he again struck it rich. The wheel of fortune made another full turn and once again Hinkle prospered, sold his claim, and took the stage for Sacramento. This time he made it, and he arranged for passage on a river steamer to San Francisco.

Having nothing else to do, he stopped into a Jay Street card room and began playing monte. Before he left there, his pockets were as empty as a communist's promise.

It was June 1st.

Just a year after he had been beaten and robbed of all his money. He had just gone through the process and money once again, though it was gentler this time.

Hinkle was as persistent as a book salesman and he lit out for the Volcano area, once again after his fortune. He did well on Maxwell Creek, then began to wash out melon-sized nuggets when he worked the sands at Melones. Once again he had enough and he took his poke and started back towards Volcano. No Sacramento or San Francisco this time. They were unlucky for Noel Hinkle. But he took the ferry to cross the Consumnes River. He was midstream when the cable broke and the ferry got loose in the stream. There was a sharp crack as the flatboat hit a rock, and sank. Hinkle saved himself and one other miner. But his doeskin pouch had fallen from his pocket and he was completely broke again. And quite naturally, it was again June 1st.

Two years from the date of his first catastrophe, and one year from the last debacle at Fate's finger.

Volcano was the Lorelei for Hinkle, but this time he took a partner, Dork Monroe, who was also anxious to make his, and go home. With hard work, they gradually accumulated enough to satisfy both of them.

But Hinkle wasn't going to tweak fate again for her annual visitation. Before he started, he sent Monroe on ahead to Sonora with instructions to buy a draft from the Adams & Company Bank, then meet him in San Francisco. Hinkle wound up their affairs and rode out of Volcano. Well satisfied with himself, he didn't hurry but when he reached San Francisco, the talk was all concerned with the failure of the Adams Bank. Hinkle knew he'd had it again. This time the bank had failed, taking his money down with it. But Hinkle was used to it and he went looking for Dork Monroe, his partner. They finally met, Dork wearing a wide smile.

"What do you have to smile about?" Hinkle asked. "Don't you know that Adams failed and we are broke again?"

But Dork's grin didn't diminish. He hugged Hinkle to him. Then he added the snapper. Dork Monroe had ridden to Sonora just as they had agreed, but had reached there after banking hours. The manager, a surly brute, had refused to accommodate Monroe, so they still had all of their money, intact, instead of a worthless draft on an insolvent bank.

Hinkle looked at a calendar, but he really didn't need to. It was June 1st, of course.

Chinese in the gold fields were a constant source of amusement and revenue to the white men. They plagued the Orientals with a variety of cruel tricks, even to the extent of cutting off their queues just to hear them squeal. "Three Fingered Jack," bloody compatriot of Murietta, took great pleasure in cutting their throats for the sheer delight of the murder.

Gentler annoyances were excluding them from any good pay dirt, and levying a tax of four or five dollars a month on them just for the privilege of living. As a result, the Chinese kept pretty much to themselves, and only worked over the cast-off tailings of mines already exhausted by the white men.

A Chinese Company arrived in Volcano and asked permission to work the tailings of the old mines there. The village was even at that time considered declining, so the request was granted, as well as the right to use a number of deserted shacks along one side of the street.

"Keep Chinaboy off street that way," the leader explained blandly.

The deal was clinched when the Americans rented the old shacks to the Chinese for ten dollars a month apiece—a princely sum, considering the houses weren't theirs, anyway.

The Chinese were inconspicuous in their activities and it wasn't until months later that someone discovered all of the Chinese had left camp, apparently under cover of night.

"Good riddance," was the general comment, when the discovery was made.

But finally, someone took the trouble to inspect the shacks where the Chinese had lived. True to their promise, the Chinaboy had kept off the streets and had kept busy in their wretched hovels, and for good reason.

The Chinese Company had been busy digging a deep cellar underneath each shack, and from there tunneling out into gold-bearing area. The white man had hastily built his town on this valuable property, never looking beneath his feet.

The white men were considerably chagrined when they received the reports of the Chinese Company bringing veritable wicker baskets of gold into San Francisco banks, taken where the Americans never thought to look. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S. Naval Scientist Reveals How You May

NOW! FILL YOUR GAS TANK ONCE A MONTH... CHANGE YOUR OIL ONCE A YEAR!

Amazing invention converts raw untapped power in ordinary gasoline into a fantastic new source of energy for your car!

Yes, SAVE EVEN up to $15.00 a month, save up to 35 gallons of gas each month . . . without adding a single new part to your car!

by CARL ANDERSON

(as compiled from official Government documents and scores of reports from the leading oil companies in the United States)

What you are about to enter is a new era of automotive history. An era of mileage miracles where you can take a 10 year old car and drive across 6 states of the union on a single tank of gas—Where you can blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3 tankfuls—an era so wondrous and startling that "impossible" savings like 29, 33 even 35 gallons per month are proven facts—

AND NOT ON SOME DREAM CAR OF THE FUTURE BUT ON THE VERY CAR YOU MAY BE DRIVING TODAY!

Yes, what you are going to do to your car is the very same thing that leading automotive scientists now do to their cars . . . the very same thing that both police cars and huge taxi fleets now do to even the worst gas gulping engines they have—Yes, the very same thing that even Rolls Royce is now doing to their most expensive models—you are going to convert the hydro-carbon atoms in ordinary gasoline into a surging new source of power for your car . . . power *that costs you not one single cent!*

So come now to secret Gov't file No. 156,695 . . . and brace yourself for the most spectacular invention of our times . . . the dream-child invention of U. S. Naval Scientist W. T. Johns, that's guaranteed to give you more blazing power, more super pick-up, more miles per gallon than you could ever possibly hope for . . . and at the same time save you as much as $300.00 a year on gas and oil, year after year after year.

Imagine the thrill of filling your gas tank as little as once a month . . . as you convert untapped power into a whole new storehouse of energy!

How is this possible? The answer is simple: You see, as any automotive engineer will tell you, the hydro-carbon atoms in gasoline, make it one of the most powerful fuels on the face of the earth. More powerful than the fuel used in jet aircraft . . . more powerful than *liquid oxygen . . . even more powerful* than the fuel in giant diesel engines.

Then what happens to all the power in those hydro-carbon atoms? Once again the answer is simple . . . only this time it's expensive, too. Because, out of every gallon of gasoline pumped into your car today, your present engine can extract only 30% of the total power potential. What happens to the other 70%—that other 25c worth of gasoline in each and *every gallon?* NOTHING! ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! Your engine just isn't equipped for the extra power in those *atoms . . . and they go wasting away out* of your exhaust pipe, unused, untapped, PURELY WASTED. It's as if your tail *pipe was literally spitting out good* money mile after mile after mile.

Can something be done about this ridiculous waste of money and gasoline? That's the question that's stumped the experts ever since they first discovered this vast storehouse of energy in ordinary gasoline. Only, now the answer is YES! Here's why:

The Amazing Discovery of U.S. Naval Scientist W. T. Johns

Years ago while working with special government engines, Naval Scientist W. T. Johns noticed a peculiar thing: these high-powered engines were able to extract more power from the gasoline fed to them, than ordinary automobile engines were able to do. Realizing he was on the verge of perhaps one of the most significant discoveries of our age . . . W. T. Johns quickly pooled all his efforts . . . plus all the knowledge he had gathered as a research Scientist for the Navy Rocket program . . . and here is what he uncovered:

More Miles Per Gallon Than You Ever Dreamed Possible!

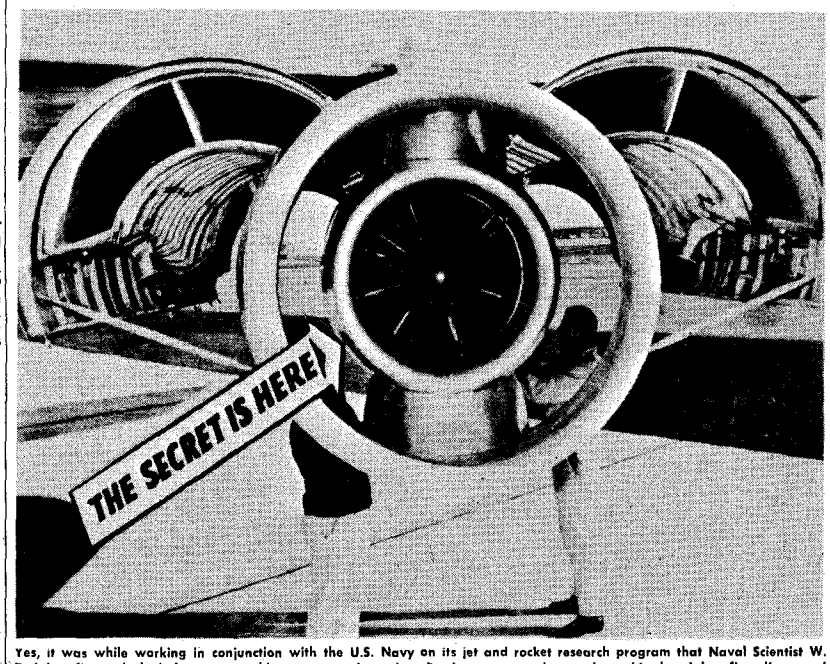
The secret of extracting more blazing power from the untapped hydro-carbon atoms in ordinary gasoline was easily achieved when his new invention called the Dynovac was attached to the car engine . . . thereby eliminating one of the greatest causes of lost hydro-carbon power . . . AND CONVERTING THOSE WASTED HYDRO-CARBON ATOMS INTO PISTON DRIVING POWER mile after mile after mile.

Even more startling, because of this conversion . . . because you could now get more power with less wear and tear *on your car's engine, W. T. Johns was* astounded to find that not only could you fill your gas tank as little as once a month . . . but you only had to change your oil as little as once a year!

In plain simple talk, the miracle that U. S. Naval Scientist W. T. Johns discovered while working for the Navy . . . he then applied to cars. So that you can now save up to 35 gallons of gas each month . . . up to $300.00 worth of oil and gas each year!

Is This Invention Available To The Public?

By now you are probably saying to yourself, is this invention yet available to the public . . . and if so, how can I get it? Well, on American cars the principles of this amazing invention is not yet standard equipment . . . and will not become so for at least 2 or 3 years OR LONGER. On foreign-made *cars the same is true with one excep*tion. Should you purchase a Rolls Royce, A BUILT-IN ELECTROLYTIC UNIT *USING THE PRINCIPLE OF JOHNS'* DISCOVERY has already been installed by the factory. But since we don't expect most people to be buying Rolls Royce cars tomorrow (even though they are the finest in the world) . . . here is how you can get a DYNOVAC for your car . . . and see with your own eyes the fantastic change it will make in your car's *engine . . . and all at our risk on* this special trial offer.



Yes, it was while working in conjunction with the U.S. Navy on its jet and rocket research program that Naval Scientist W. T. Johns first unlocked the secret to his great new invention. For it was on engines such as this that Johns first discovered how to unlock the latent power in wasted hydro-carbon atoms . . . THE VERY SAME ATOMS FOUND IN ORDINARY GASOLINE . . . ATOMS THAT YOU CAN NOW UNLEASH INTO A NEW SOURCE OF ENERGY FOR YOUR CAR! For full details read *the rest of this exciting breakthrough in automotive engineering.*

What This Means To You

It means that if you are sick and tired of seeing your car literally "ignore", waste and throw away hundreds of gallons of gas. . . If you are sick and tired of putting in a 35c gallon of gas and getting back a mere 10c worth of performance . . . then here at last is the dream discovery you've been waiting for. Because, thanks to the miracle DYNOVAC no matter if you drive in heavy stop and go city traffic . . . or if you blaze the turnpikes at 70 or 80 miles an hour speeds . . . no matter whether you drive in sub-zero climates or even *oven-hot deserts . . . no matter whether* you drive 50, 60, even 100 miles a week, month after month, year after year . . . no matter whether your car is a six cylinder or 8-cylinder, manual shift or automatic shift, whether a brand new 1964 model or one that's 10 years old . . . YOU CAN NOW FILL YOUR GAS TANK JUST ONCE A MONTH, CHANGE YOUR OIL ONCE A YEAR!

Gas Savings As High As 50% Or More

reports panel of consumers who have *tried this sensational invention! And each* day new reports of equally glowing results still keep pouring in.

46% BETTER GAS MILEAGE reports John Doremus of Passaic, N. J. "And I not only got all this extra mileage per gallon . . . but was also able to use regular rather than high test gas."

GETS 22 MILES A GALLON ON CAR 53,000 MILES OLD . . . Roscoe Wagner, *Knoxville, Iowa, confirms lab* proof that with DYNOVAC you achieve fantastic gas savings, oil savings . . . even on cars that are way past "middle age."

GAS MILEAGE SOARS AS HIGH AS 50% BETTER writes G. S. Selig, Cambridge, Mass. Lavish praise after evaluating the results of this amazing invention after 40,000 of both city and highway driving.

OVER 60% MORE MILES PER GALLON IN CONSUMER COMPARISON TEST, reports C. B. Thomas, Marysville, Mich. . . . in comparing the car with Dynovac vs. a previously owned V-8 without Dynovac.

50% MORE MILES PER GALLON raves C. Jackson, White Plains, N. Y. Still another case that confirms our belief that for improving your car's overall performance nothing can match the miracle DYNOVAC.

10 YEAR OLD CAR GETS 23 MILES A GALLON . . . R. C. Chuber, Mineola, N. Y. details his remarkable results after *installing this thrilling scientific inven*tion.

Prove It To Yourself At Our Risk

Nothing speaks louder for a product than a satisfied user . . . and nothing can convince you of DYNOVAC'S amazing results better than to have one for your car. That is why we say use it and prove to yourself the fantastic results obtained by test-scientists, test-drivers, and test laboratories of this amazing invention.

To do this simply enclose the coupon below and try this *miracle invention* for a full month. If at the end of that time you are not convinced that here is the most amazing invention in all automotive history . . . that it does not deliver every claim made on this page . . . then simply return it, it has cost you nothing, that's how positive we are of the results you will receive. But recent cost factors have pushed up our costs . . . within a short time the price of the DYNOVAC *will be increased from $4.95 to at least* $5.95 or higher. So before prices rise, order yours today!

WINTHROP-MARTIN INC., Dept. **W-9,** 744 BROAD ST., NEWARK 2, NEW JERSEY

PERFORMS GAS-SAVINGS MIRACLES ON EVERY MAKE OF CAR . . . AND INSTALLS IN JUST SECONDS

To install your DYNOVAC takes but a few minutes. Simply attach to your engine block at mouth of oil-opening—that's all . . . nothing else. (Easy directions accompany each DYNOVAC; it's so easy that you need not know a single thing about an engine to install this invention, yet you save up to 10 times the price of this amazing invention in just a few months after installing it. See NO RISK TRIAL offer at right.)

Here's the Most Sensational GUARANTEE You Ever Saw

No matter how old your car may *be, whether it's a compact, reg*ular car, bus, truck or even a 'taxi'—whether you drive in the *city—in stop and go traffic or on* high speed turnpikes, you must achieve the most incredible gas savings and overall performance from DYNOVAC or you may return DYNOVAC anytime for a full purchase price refund—no questions asked!

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY BEFORE PRICE RISE GOES INTO EFFECT

WINTHROP-MARTIN INC., Dept. W-9,
744 BROAD ST., NEWARK 2, NEW JERSEY

Please rush me the sensational DYNOVAC immediately! I understand the price is $4.95 for which I enclose cash, check or money order. It is understood that I may return the unit anytime for full purchase price refund if I am not fully satisfied.

MAKE OF CAR ..... YEAR .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

SPECIAL OFFER: Purchase one for yourself and one for a friend and save even more. *Order two DYNOVACS for just $8.95 (a savings of $1.00) same guarantee as above.*

Make of Second Car ..... Year .....

☐ C.O.D. orders enclose $1.00 deposit. Same money back guarantee.

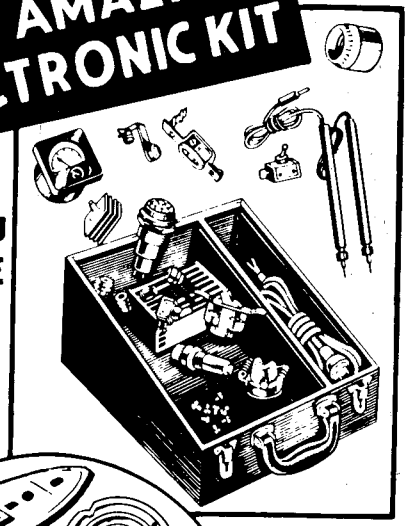
IN CANADA: 71 YORK ST., TORONTO, 1, ONT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

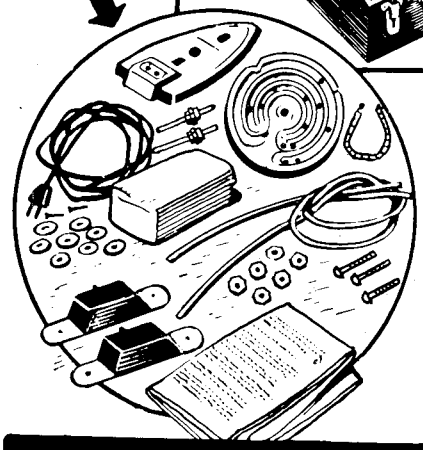
Earn BIG MONEY

Learn ELECTRIC APPLIANCE REPAIRING At Home In Your Spare Time!

WE FURNISH YOU THIS AMAZING ELECTRONIC KIT



WE GIVE YOU ALSO THE CERAMIC HEATER KIT



"All CTS graduates are entitled to CTS lifetime advisory service."

R. S. Frazer, President

START YOUR OWN BUSINESS

There are millions of electrical equipment units in daily use in factories, homes, office buildings and on farms. Skilled electrical technicians are needed to keep this equipment in good running condition. Learn at home in your spare time.

$5.00-$6.00 PER HOUR

is often charged for making ordinary repairs. We show you how to repair refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, washing machines. motors, factory equipment, electrical farm equipment. do house wiring, etc.

BEGIN IN YOUR OWN KITCHEN, BASEMENT OR GARAGE. You don't need elaborate fixtures or expensive equipment to be a successful repairman. Work as many hours as you wish. The Electrical Appliance Technician is his own boss!

IF YOU ARE MECHANICALLY INCLINED, can hold and use tools, we will give you the training and time saving kits—a multi-purpose CHRISTY ELECTRONIC KIT whose dials show you exactly where the trouble lies with electrical equipment that does not work properly—a CERAMIC HEATER KIT that enables you to wire your own heating elements and pocket all of the profits for yourself—LESSON MANUALS written in simple, easy-to-understand language profusely illustrated showing step-by-step repair shortcuts—all of which give you the Know-how for making more money and how to get financial security.

YOU ALSO LEARN how to build power tools from spare parts, how to solicit business and keep business coming in, what to charge your customers, etc. Thousands of CHRISTY graduates in all parts of the world prove the value of CTS Training. WRITE FOR SPECIAL PAY LATER FORM.

CHRISTY TRADES SCHOOL, 3214-16 W. Lawrence, Dept. A-3M, Chicago 25

SEND FOR OUR NEW 32 PAGE CATALOGUE!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

CHRISTY TRADES SCHOOL, Dept. A-3M,
3214-16 W. Lawrence, Chicago 25, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Please rush me your FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK about Electrical Appliance Servicing, facts on your Electronic Kit and Special form for paying later from earnings while learning.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

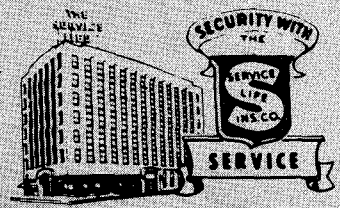
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new, low-cost SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE hospital plan protects YOU and YOUR FAMILY against staggering medical and prolonged hospital expenses

PAYS YOU $100.00 A WEEK FOR 52 WEEKS

SERVING THE 50 STATES
THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE CO.
OMAHA, NEBRASKA



YOUR POLICY PAYS $100.00 A WEEK (WHICH IS $14.28 PER DAY) FOR 52 WEEKS ($5200) FOR ANY ONE CONFINEMENT. HALF BENEFITS ARE PAID FOR CHILDREN UNDER EIGHTEEN ($2600) AT REDUCED RATES ALL BENEFITS ARE PAID DIRECTLY TO YOU IN ADDITION TO ANY OTHER INSURANCE YOU CARRY!

SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED ENROLLMENT OFFER!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you don't agree that this policy is the finest there is, just return it within 10 days and receive your dollar back. What could be fairer . . . more honest? You examine this policy carefully. No salesmen will call. We want you to be completely satisfied. There is absolutely no risk.

YES, one dollar is all you pay for two full months of hospital protection for you and your entire family if you use the easy-to-fill-out application below.

AFTER THE SECOND MONTH, you pay the low premiums listed below which are 25% to 45% less than you would pay for the same coverage elsewhere.

BASIC COVERAGE RATES

EACH PERSON	Monthly	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	12 Mo
Age 18 to 39	$1.50	$ 4.35	$ 8.55	$16.4
40 to 49	2.00	5.80	11.40	21.9
50 to 54	2.50	7.25	14.25	27.4
55 to 59	3.00	8.70	17.10	32.8
60 to 64	3.50	10.15	19.95	38.3
65 to 69	4.00	11.60	22.80	43.8
70 to 75	7.10	20.60	40.45	77.5
For Each Child Under Age 18	.75	2.20	4.30	8.2

Don't let prolonged hospital expenses rob you of your life's savings. Hospitalization expenses now are at an all time high. Since sickness or accidents come when least expected, you owe it to yourself and your family to be protected with Service Life's new, low-cost hospital plan! This sensible plan protects your savings, gives you peace of mind, the extra money you need *just when you need it the most.*

This policy helps you afford the best care . . . the kind that assures a fast return to good health. You may choose your own Doctor of Medicine and enter any hospital equipped for major surgery and providing 24 hour nursing service.

Hospital benefits are paid for accidents starting the day your policy is issued. Covered sicknesses are those originating 30 days after policy date; TB, cancer, heart disease, female conditions, back impairments and sickness requiring surgery are covered when originating six months after the policy date.

The policy provides a full 31 day grace period. You may renew this policy to age 75 with the consent of the company. THESE ARE THE ONLY EXCLUSIONS: The policy does not cover suicide, venereal disease, intoxication, criminal acts, military risks, mental disorders, dental treatment (unless for fractured jaw), maternity (except by Maternity Rider at small extra cost) and rest cures.

WHY THIS SPECIAL OFFER IS MADE

Because we employ no salesmen and pay no commissions, we use this means to acquaint you with the tremendous premium savings you get with this policy. It costs a great deal more than $1.00 to issue this SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED POLICY, but we're willing to risk this initial expense to put the policy in your hands so you can see for yourself how good it is and that you will want to keep it in force.

WHY THESE PREMIUMS ARE SO LOW

Because you deal direct with us we eliminate high selling costs. We employ no salesmen and pay no commissions. Costs are reduced to a minimum and savings of 25% to 45% are passed on to you in the form of lower premiums.

WHY CLAIMS ARE PAID FAST

Because you deal direct, your claims are processed fast. There are no adjusters or distri offices for claims to pass through, which cou result in loss of time . . . *just when you nee extra money the most, and fast.* To file a clair just notify us in writing and claim blanks a sent by return mail, with easy-to-fill instru tions. Thus you can get fast action no matt where you live!

SPECIAL COVERAGES MAY BE ADDE

Your basic policy pays for hospital roo board and general care for covered sickness accident. At small extra cost, you can add su gical or medical benefits, or maternity benef to cover pregnancy or its complications, home, in the doctor's office or in the hospit Loss of Wages Benefits up to $300 per mon are also available at low cost. For informati on each, check application blank below wh sending your $1.00 for our Special Offer.

OVER $18,500,000 IN CLAIMS PAID

Since 1923, policyholders and beneficiaries have benefited from Service Life Insurance Company. Domiciled in Nebraska as a legal reserve company, more than $18,500,000 on all forms of coverages in all states have been paid.

FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY! *Takes only a minute to complete for family protection! Do it now!*

THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF OMAHA · Dept. C-11, 1904 Farnam St., Omaha, Nebraska 68102

Gentlemen — I am enclosing $1.00 in payment for two (2) months' insurance and I hereby apply to The Service Life Insurance Company of Omaha, for a Family Hospitalization policy for myself and for my dependents, if any, whose names appear below:

Full Name of Applicant_____ Sex____

Address_____ Date of Birth_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Occupation_____ Height_____ Weight_____

ONE POLICY MAY INCLUDE AS MANY AS ARE IN THE FAMILY (Applications for 1 person may be issued to adults only). (Please print full names of members whom you wish included in this policy)

FIRST NAME · MIDDLE NAME · LAST NAME	DATE OF BIRTH MO.	DAY	YR.	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	SEX
1.						
2.						
3.						
4.						
5.						

1. Are you and all persons named herein now in good health and free from any physical defects or deformities to the best of your knowledge?

2. Have you or any other person named herein during the last five years had any medical or surgical advice or treatment or any other departure from good health? Yes_____ No_____ If the answer is yes, please give details_____

I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true. I agree to accept the policy that may be issued upon this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for payment of any benefits upon sickness, disease, or injury, arising prior to the date of acceptance of this application. **I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it.**

Dated this ____ Day of _____ 19 —

SIGNATURE_____

(Applicant) Head of the Family or Individual Applying Be Sure to Sign
WRITE—DO NOT PRINT

Please send information about your—
Surgical/Medical Expense Rider ☐ Maternity Benefit Rider ☐
Loss of Wages Rider ☐

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED